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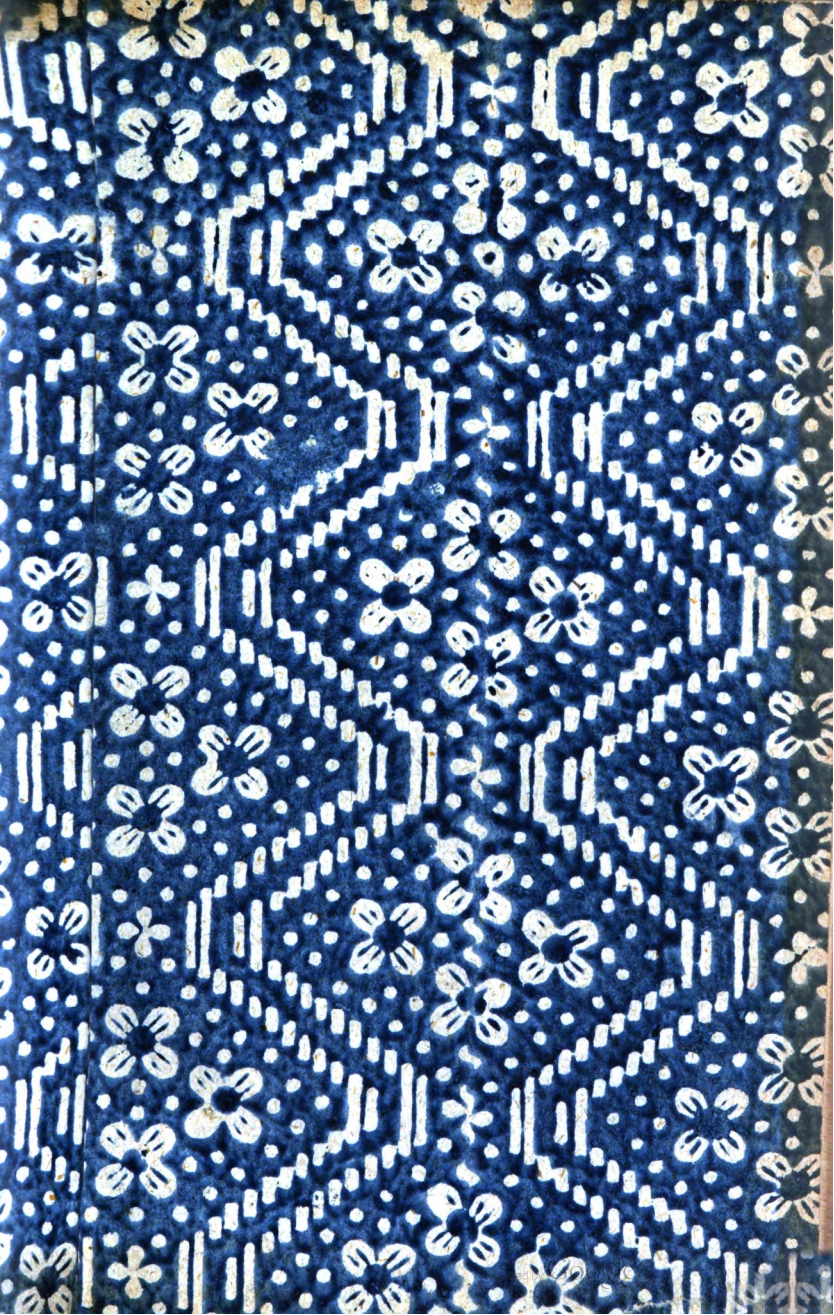

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THE WORKS OF HENRY FIELDING.

VOLUME SECOND.

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THE

WORKS

OF

HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

IN

TWELVE VOLUMES.

WITH

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

VOLUME the SECOND.

LONDON:
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OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

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THE

COFFEE-HOUSE POLITICIAN;

OR, THE

JUSTICE

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A COMEDY.

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PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr MILWARD.

IN ancient Greece, the infant muse's school,
Where Vice first felt the pen of Ridicule,
With honest freedom and impartial blows
The muse attack'd each vice as it arose:
No grandeur could the mighty villain screen
From the just satire of the comic scene:
No titles could the daring poet cool,
Nor save the great right honourable fool.
They spar'd not even the aggressor's name,
And public villainy felt public shame.
Long hath this gen'rous method been disus'd,
For vice hath grown too great to be abus'd:
By power defended from the piercing dart,
It reigns and triumphs in the lordly heart;
While beaus, and cits, and 'squires, our scenes afford,
Justice preserves the rogues who wield the sword;
All satire against her tribunals quash'd,
Nor lash the bards for fear of being lash'd.
But the heroic muse who sings to-night,
Through these neglected tracks attempts her flight;
Vice, cloath'd with pow'r, she combats with her pen,
And fearless, dares the lion in his den.
Then only reverence to pow'r is due,
When public welfare is its only view:
But when the champions, whom the public arm
For their own good with pow'r, attempt their harm,
He sure must meet the general applause,
Who 'gainst those traitors fights the public cause.
And while these scenes the conscious knave displease,
Who feels within the criminal he sees,
The uncorrupt and good must smile to find
No mark for satire in his generous mind.

DRA-

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

WORTHY,	Mr OGDEN.
SQUEEZUM,	Mr HIPPISLEY.
POLITIC,	Mr CHAPMAN.
RAMBLE,	Mr WALKER.
CONSTANT,	Mr MILWARD.
SOTMORE,	Mr HULETT.
DABBLE,	Mr RAY.
QUILL,	Mr H. BULLOCK.
STAFF,	Mr HALL.
PORER,	Mr MACLEAN.
FAITHFUL,	Mr HOUGHTON.

WOMEN.

HILARET,	Mrs YOUNGER.
ISABELLA,	Mrs BOHEME.
Mrs SQUEEZUM,	Mrs BULLOCK.
Mrs STAFF,	Mrs KILBY.
CLORIS,	Mrs STEVENS.

Evidences, Watch, &c.

SCENE, LONDON.

RAPE

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RAPE upon RAPE;

OR, THE

JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A parlour in* POLITIC's *house. A table spread with newspapers. Chairs.*

HILARET, CLORIS.

HILARET.

WELL, Cloris, this is a mad frolic. I am horridly frighted at the thoughts of throwing myself into the power of a young fellow.

Clo. It is natural to us to be frighted at first: I was in a little terror myself on my wedding-day, but it went all off before the next morning. A husband, like other bugbears, loses all his horror when we once know him thoroughly.

Hil. But if he should not prove a good husband——

Clo. Then you must not prove a good wife——If he keeps a mistress, do you keep a gallant; if he stay out with his friends at a tavern, do you be merry with your friends at home.

Hil. You give fine advice indeed.

Clo. Upon my word, Madam, it was such as I followed myself. I had a rogue of a husband that robbed me of all I had, and kept a mistress under my nose: but I was even with him: for it hath been ever my opinion, that a husband, like a courtier, who is above doing the duties of his office, should keep a deputy.

Hil.

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Hil. But ſuppoſe you had been in love with your huſband.

Clo. Why, ſo I was, Madam, as long as he deſerved it: but love, like fire, naturally goes out when it hath nothing to feed on.

Hil. Well, if it be poſſible to be aſſured of a lover's ſincerity, I think I may be aſſured of Conſtant: at leaſt it is adviſeable to perſuade myſelf of his truth, whom I ſhould love, tho' he wanted it:—Ah, Cloris! you may as eaſily remove a rock as a woman's paſſion ——

Clo. And yet it is very often built on a ſandy foundation.

Hil. Love is the ſame, whatever be its object: we as often like men for imaginary as real perfections; we all look through a priſmatic glaſs in love, and whatever beauties we have once fancied, we never loſe the opinion of—our amorous faith is as implicit as our religious.

Clo. If I have any judgment in mankind, and I am ſure I have had ſome experience in them, your paſſion could have been no where better fixed: Captain Conſtant hath all the qualities any woman can deſire. He hath youth, beauty, vigour, gallantry, conſtancy, and, as Mr Cowley ſays, a long &c.

SCENE II.

POLITIC, HILARET, CLORIS.

Pol. Ay, there it goes, tick tack, tick tack, like the pendulum of a clock. What miſchief are you hatching, hey?——It is impoſſible that two women ſhould be together without producing miſchief.

Clo. I always thought a man and woman the more likely to produce miſchief: and yet I think them the properer company.

Pol. I ſuppoſe you will tell my daughter ſo too.

Hil. Indeed, Papa, ſhe need not: for I was always of that opinion.

Pol. You was! but I ſhall prevent your wiſhes——

Hil. You may be miſtaken. [*Aſide.*

Pol. I do not believe the head of Cardinal Fleury can be more perplexed, than mine is with this girl.

To

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To govern yourſelf, is greater than to govern a kingdom, ſaid an old philoſopher; and to govern a woman, is greater than to govern twenty kingdoms.

Hil. I with you would not perplex yourſelf with cardinals or kingdoms; I wiſh you would mind your own buſineſs, inſtead of the public's; dear papa, don't give yourſelf any more trouble about Don Carlos, unleſs you can get him for a ſon-in-law.

Pol. Not if I were a king. I will make you a little ſenſible who Don Carlos is ——

Hil. Nay, I do not underſtand one word of your politics.

Pol. I am ſorry you do not—A news-paper would be a more profitable entertainment for you than a romance. You would find more in one half ſheet, than in the Grand Cyrus.

Hil. More lies, very probably——You know I do read the home paragraphs in the Whitehall Evening Poſt; and that's the beſt of them.

Pol. If you would be informed in theſe matters, you muſt read all that come out: about forty every day, and ſome days fifty: and of a Saturday, about fourſcore. Would you continue in ſuch a courſe but one twelvemonth, I do not queſtion but you might know as much of politics as—as any man that comes to our coffee-houſe. And I had rather ſee you a politician, than a woman of quality.

Hil. If I may ſpeak freely, it would have been better for me that you had been leſs a politician.

Pol. You are deceived, very much deceived: but ſome fool hath put this into your head. You may live to ſee me one of the greateſt men in England. Did I not ſay at the ſiege of Gibraltar, that within one three years, we ſhould ſee whether we ſhould have peace or no. And yet I am an Ignoramus; I know nothing, I warrant you: I had better have continued a merchant no doubt: but then what had become of my projects! Where had been all thoſe twenty different ſchemes which I have now ready to lay before the parliament, greatly for my own honour, and the intereſt of my country? Hark ye, I have contrived a method

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method to pay off the debts of the nation, without a penny of money.

Hil. And you will not get a penny by it, I dare swear.

Pol. No, no, no certainly; tho' I would not take twenty thousand pounds for the advantage which will arise to me from it. It hath lain these three years in a friend's hands of mine of the house of commons; who assured me not many days ago, that it would be taken shortly into consideration, though he believed it could not be this sessions.

Hil. Nor this age I am confident. [*Aside.*

Pol. And how do you think it is to be compassed? why, by procuring a machine to carry ships by land about a hundred miles; and so prosecute the East-India trade thro' the Mediterranean.

Hil. I wish you success, Sir: but I must take my leave of you, for it grows very late; so good-night, papa. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

POLITIC *solus.*

I cannot rest for these preparations of the Turks: what can be their design!——It must be against the emperor.—Ay, ay, we shall have another campaign in Hungary. I wish we may feel no other effect from them—should the Turkish gallies once find a passage through the Straits, who can tell the consequence? I hope I shall not live to see that day.

SCENE IV.

POLITIC, DABBLE.

Dab. We are all undone, neighbour Politic! all blown up! all ruin'd!

Pol. Protect us——what is the matter? No news of the Turks, I hope!

Dab. An express is arrived with an account of the Dauphin's death.

Pol. Worse and worse—This is a finishing stroke, indeed! Mr Dabble, I take this visit exceeding kind:

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——pray be pleased to sit: we must confabulate on this important accident.——Pray light your pipe—I wish this may not retard the introduction of Don Carlos into Italy.

Dab. I wish it may.

Pol. How!

Dab. I wish Don Carlos do not prove a more formidable power than is imagined.

Pol. Don Carlos a formidable power, Mr Dabble?

Dab. I wish we do not find him so.

Pol. Sir, I look on Don Carlos to be an errant blank in the affairs of Europe--and let me observe to you, the Turks give me much greater uneasiness than Don Carlos can: what the design of their preparations can be, is difficult to determine ——this I know, that I know nothing of the matter.

Dab. I think we have no need to travel so far for apprehensions, when danger is so near us: the prospect of affairs in the West is so black, that I see no reason to regard the East: the monstrous power which Don Carlos may be possessed of by the death of the Dauphin——

Pol. Rather the monstrous power which the emperor may be possessed of.

Dab. The emperor—ah!— } *Both shake their heads*
Pol. Don Carlos truly. } *at one another.*

Dab. I would fain ask one question, Mr Politic. Pray, how large do you take Tuscany to be?——

Pol. How large do you take Tuscany to be ——let me see ——Tuscany, ay; how large do I take it to be —hum——Faithful!——bring some more tobacco. How large do I take it to be ——why truly I take it to be about as large as the kingdom of France——or something larger.

Dab. As large as the kingdom of France——you might as well compare this tobacco-pipe to a cannon. Why Tuscany, Sir, is only a town, a garrison to be admitted into Tuscany; that is, into the town of Tuscany—

Pol. Sir, I will convince you of your error —— Here, Faithful, bring a map of Europe hither——

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Dab. I did not think, Mr Politic, you had been so ignorant in geography.

Pol. I believe I know as much as you, or any one, of it.

SCENE V.

POLITIC, DABBLE, FAITHFUL.

Faith. Sir, Sir, your daughter is gone out of the house, no one knows whither.

Pol. And give me leave to tell you, Sir, I wish your own ignorance in public affairs doth not appear to our cost.

Dab. Sir, I wish you would send for the map.

Pol. Map me no maps, Sir, my head is a map, a map of the whole world.——

Faith. Sir, your daughter.

Dab. If your head be a map, it is a very erroneous one.

Pol. Sir, I would not have called Tuscany a town in a coffee-house, to have been master of it.

Dab. Nor I have compared it to France, to have been king of both.

SCENE VI.

POLITIC, DABBLE, FAITHFUL, PORER.

Por. Great news, gentlemen, all's safe again.

Pol. More deaths?

Por. An express is arrived with a certain account of the Dauphin's being in good health.

Dab. That's good news indeed.

Pol. Is there a certain confirmation?

Por. Very certain—I came this moment from the Secretary's office.

Pol. Dear Mr Porer, you are the welcomest man alive——This news makes me the happiest creature living.

Faith. I wish, Sir, my news may not prevent it.—Your daughter, Sir, Miss Hilaret, is gone out of the house, and no one knows whither.

Pol.

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Pol. My daughter gone! that is some allay to my happiness, I confess: but the loss of twenty daughters would not balance the recovery of the Dauphin.——However, gentlemen, you will excuse me, I must go enquire into this affair.

Dab. Be not concerned at any thing, after what you have heard; let the private give way to the public ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The Street.*

SOTMORE, RAMBLE.

Sot. Why, thou wilt not leave us yet, and sneak away to some nasty little whore? A pox confound them, they have spoiled so many of my companions, and forced me to bed sober at three o'clock in the morning so often—that if the whole sex were going to the devil, I would drink a bumper to their good journey.

Ramb. And I would go thither along with them. The dear charming creatures! Woman! It is the best word that ever was invented. There's music, there's magic in it. Mark Anthony knew well to lay out his money, and when he gave the world for a woman—he bought a lumping pennyworth.

Sot. If he had given it for a hogshead of good claret, I would have commended the purchase more.

Ramb. Wine is only the prologue to love: it only serves to raise our expectations. The bottle is but a passport to the bed of pleasure. Brutes drink to quench their appetites—but lovers to enflame them.

Sot. 'Tis pity the generous liquor should be used to no better a purpose.

Ramb. It is the noblest use of the grape, and the greatest glory of Bacchus is to be page to Venus.

Sot. Before I go into a tavern again with a man who will sneak away after the first bottle, may I be cursed with the odious sight of a pint as long as I live; or become member of a city club, where men drink out of thimbles, that the fancy may be heightened by the wine, about the same time that the understanding is improved by the conversation: I'll sooner drink

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coffee with a politician, tea with a fine lady, or 'rack punch with a fine gentleman, than thus be made a whetstone of, to sharpen my friend's inclinations, that some little strumpet may enjoy the benefit of that good humour which I have raised.

Ramb. Why, thou art as ill-natured and as angry as a woman would be who was disappointed in the last moment, when her expectations were at the highest.

Set. And have I not the same cause?

Ramb. Truly, honest Nol, when a man's reason begins to stagger, I think him the propereſt company for the women: one bottle more, and I had been fit for no company at all.

Set. Then thou hadst been carried off with glory. —An honest fellow should no more quit the tavern while he can stand, than a soldier should the field; but you fine gentlemen are for preserving yourselves safe from both, for the benefit of the ladies.——— 'Sdeath! I'll use you with the same scorn that a soldier would a coward: so, Sir, when I meet you next, be not surprised if I walk on the other side of the way.

Ramb. Nay, pr'ythee dear Silenus, be not so enraged: I'll take but one refreshing turn, and come back to the tavern to thee. Burgundy shall be the word, and I will fight under thy command till I drop.

Set. Now thou art an honest fellow——and thou shalt toast whomsoever thou pleasest.—We'll bumper up her health, till thou dost enjoy her in imagination. To a warm imagination, there is no bawd like a bottle. It shall throw into your arms the sobereſt prude or wildest coquette in town; thou shalt rifle her charms, in spite of her art. Nay, thou shalt increase her charms more than her art; and when thou art surfeited with the luscious pleasure, wake coolly the next morning, without any wife by your side, or any fear of children.

Ramb. What a luscious picture hast thou drawn!

Set. And thou shalt have it, boy! Thou shalt triumph over her virtue, if she be a woman of quality —or raise her blushes, if she be a common strumpet. I'll go order a new recruit upon the table, and expect you

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you with impatience.—" Fill every glass." [*Sings.*

[*Exit* Sotmore.

SCENE VIII.

RAMBLE *solus.*

Ramb. Sure this fellow's whole sensation lies in his throat; for he is never pleased but when he is swallowing; and yet the hogshead will be as soon drunk with the liquor it contains, as he. I wish it had no other effect upon me. Pox of my paper scull! I have no sooner buried my wine in my belly, than its spirit rises in my head.——I am in a very proper humour for a frolic; if my good genius and her evil one, would but send some lovely female in my way——ha! the devil hath heard my prayers.

SCENE IX.

RAMBLE, HILARET.

Hil. Was ever any thing so unfortunate! to lose this wench in the scuffle, and not know a step of the way——What shall I do?

Ramb. By all my love of glory, an adventure.

Hil. Ha! who's that? who are you, Sir?

Ramb. A cavalier, Madam, a knight-errant rambling about the world in quest of adventures. To plunder widows and ravish virgins; to lessen the number of bullies, and increase that of cuckolds, are the obligations of my profession.

Hil I wish you all the success so worthy an adventure deserves. [*Going.*

Ramb. But hold, Madam, I am but just sallied, and you are the first adventure I have met with.

[*Takes hold of her.*

Hil. Let me go, I beseech you, Sir, I will have nothing to say to any of your profession.

Ramb. That's unkind, Madam: for, as I take it, our professions are pretty nearly allied, and, like priest and nun, we are proper company for one another.

Hil. My profession, Sir!

Ramb. Yes, Madam, I believe I am no stranger

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to the honourable rules of your order. Nay, 'tis probable I may know your abbeſs too; for tho' I have not been in town a week, I am acquainted with half a dozen.

Hil. Nothing but your drink, Sir, and ignorance of my quality, could excuſe this rudeneſs.

Ramb. (Whu—[*Whiſtles.*] Ignorance of your quality! The daughter of ſome perſon of rank, I warrant her.) [*Aſide.*] Look'ee, my dear, I ſhall not trouble myſelf with your quality: it is equal to me whether your father rode in a coach and ſix, or drove it.—— I have had as much joy in the arms of an honeſt boatſwain's wife, as with a relation of the Great Mogul.

Hil. You look, Sir, ſo much like a gentleman, that I am perſuaded this uſage proceeds only from your miſtaking me. I own it looks a little odd for a woman of virtue to be found alone in the ſtreet, at this hour.

Ramb. Yes, it does look a little odd indeed. [*Aſide.*

Hil. But when you know my ſtory, I am confident you will aſſiſt me, rather than otherwiſe. I have this very night eſcaped with my maid from my father's houſe; and as I was going to put myſelf into the hands of my lover, a ſcuffle happening in the ſtreet, and both running away in a fright to avoid it, we unluckily ſeparated from each other.—Now, Sir, I rely on the generoſity of your temper to aſſiſt an unhappy woman; for which you ſhall not only have my thanks, but thoſe of a very pretty fellow into the bargain.

Ramb. I am that very pretty fellow's very humble ſervant. But I find I am too much in love with you myſelf, to preſerve you for another: had you proved what I at firſt took you for, I ſhould have parted with you eaſily: but I read a coronet in your eyes: (She ſhall be her Grace if ſhe pleaſes, I had rather give her a title than money.) [*Aſide.*

Hil. Nay, now you miſtake me as widely as you did at firſt.

Ramb. Nay, by this frolic, Madam, you muſt be either a woman of quality, or a woman of the town ——Your low, mean people, who govern themſelves by

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by rules, dare not attempt these noble flights of pleasure. Flights only to be reached by those who boldly soar above reputation.

Hil. This is the maddest fellow. [*Aside.*

Ramb. So, my dear, whether you be of quality or no quality, you and I will go drink one bottle together at the next tavern.

Hil. I have but one way to get rid of him. [*Aside.*

Ramb. Come, my dear angel. Oh! this dear soft hand.

Hil. Could I but be assur'd that my virtue would be safe.

Ramb. No where safer. I'll give thee any thing in pawn for it—but my watch. [*Aside.*

Hil. And then my reputation——

Ramb. The night will take care of that——Virtue and reputation! These whores have learnt a strange cant since I left England. [*Aside*

Hil. But will you love me always?

Ramb. Oh! for ever and ever to be sure.

Hil. But will you—too.

Ramb. Yes, I will—too.

Hil. Will you promise to be civil?

Ramb. Oh! yes, yes:—I was afraid she would have asked me for money. [*Aside.*

Hil. Well, then, I will venture.——Go you to that corner tavern, I'll follow you.

Ramb. Excuse me, Madam, I know my duty better—so, if you please, I'll follow you.

Hil. I insist on your going first.

Ramb. And so you'll leave me in the lurch: I see you are frighted at the roughness of my dress; but 'foregad I am an honest tar, and the devil take me if I bilk you.

Hil. I don't understand you.

Ramb. Why, then, Madam, here is a pound of as good tea as ever came out of the Indies; you understand that, I hope.

Hil. I shall take no bribes, Sir.

Ramb. Refuse the tea! I like you now indeed! for you cannot have been long upon the town, I'm sure, But I grow weary with impatience. If you are a modest

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a modeſt woman, and inſiſt on the ceremony of being carried, with all my heart.

Hil. Nay, Sir, do not proceed to rudeneſs.

Ramb. In ſhort, my paſſion will be dallied with no longer. Do you conſider, I am juſt come on ſhore, that I have ſeen nothing but men and the clouds this half year, and a woman is as raviſhing a ſight to me, as the returning ſun to Greenland. I am none of your puiſny beaus, that can look on a fine woman like a ſurfeited man on an entertainment. My ſtomach's ſharp, and you are an ortelan! and if I do not eat you up, may ſalt beef be my fare for ever.

[*Takes her in his arms.*

Hil. I'll alarm the watch.

Ramb. You'll be better natur'd than that. At leaſt, to encounter danger is my profeſſion; ſo have at you, my little Venus—If you don't conſent, I'll raviſh you.

Hil. Help there! a rape, a rape!

Ramb. Huſh, huſh, you call too loud, people will think you are in earneſt.

Hil. Help, a rape!

SCENE X.

RAMBLE, HILARET, STAFF, WATCH.

Sta. That's he there, ſeize him.

Ramb. Stand off, ye ſcoundrels!

Sta. Ay, Sir, you ſhould have ſtood off——Do you charge this man with a rape, Madam?

Hil. I am frighted out of my ſenſes—

Sta. A plain caſe!——The rape is ſufficiently proved.——What, was the devil in you, to raviſh a woman in the ſtreet thus?

Hil. Oh, dear Mr Conſtable, all I deſire is, that you would ſee me ſafe home.

Sta. Never fear, Madam, you ſhall not want evidence. [*Aſide to her.*

Ramb. (Nay, if I muſt lodge with theſe gentlemen, I am reſolved to have your company, Madam.) Mr Conſtable, I charge that lady with threatning to ſwear a rape againſt me, and laying violent hands upon my perſon,

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perſon, whilſt I was inoffenſively walking along the ſtreet.

Hil. How! villain!

Ramb. Ay, ay, Madam, you ſhall be made a ſevere example of. The laws are come to a fine paſs, truly, when a ſober gentleman can't walk the ſtreets for women.

Hil. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, don't believe him.

Sta. Nay, Madam, as we have but your bare affirmation on both ſides, we cannot tell which way to incline our belief; that will be determined in the morning by your characters.—I would not have you dejected, you ſhall not want a character. [*Aſide to her.*

Hil. This is the moſt unfortunate accident ſure, that ever befel a woman of virtue.

Sta. If you are a woman of virtue, the gentleman will be hanged for attempting to rob you of it. If you are not a woman of virtue, why you will be whipped for accuſing a gentleman of robbing you of what you had not to loſe.

Hil. Oh! this unfortunate fright!—But Mr Conſtable, I am very willing that the gentleman ſhould have his liberty, give me but mine.

Sta. That requeſt, Madam, is a very corroborating circumſtance againſt you.

Ramb. Guilt will ever diſcover itſelf.

Sta. Bring them along.

1 *Watch.* She looks like a modeſt woman in my opinion.

Ramb. Confound all your modeſt women, I ſay—a man can have nothing to do with a modeſt woman, but he muſt be married, or hang'd for't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Juſtice* SQUEEZUM's; *a table, pen, ink, paper,* &c.

SQUEEZUM, QUILL.

SQUEEZUM.

DID mother Bilkum refuſe to pay my demands, ſay you?

Qui. Yes, Sir; ſhe ſays ſhe does not value your worſhip's protection of a farthing, for that ſhe can bribe two juries a-year to acquit her in Hick's-hall, for half the money which ſhe hath paid you within theſe three months.

Squeez. Very fine! I ſhall ſhew her that I underſtand ſomething of juries, as well as herſelf. Quill, make a memorandum againſt mother Bilkum's trial, that we may remember to have the pannel No 3. they are a ſet of good men and true, and hearken to no evidence but mine.

Qui. Sir, Mr Snap, the bailiff's follower, hath ſet up a ſhop, and is a freeholder. He hopes your worſhip will put him into a pannel on the firſt vacancy.

Squeez. Minute him down for No 2. I think half of that pannel are bailiff's followers. Thank Heaven, the laws have not excluded thoſe butchers——

Qui. No, Sir, the law forbids butchers to be jurymen, but does not forbid jurymen to be butchers.

Squeez. Quill, d'ee hear! look out for ſome new recruits for the pannel No 1. We ſhall have a ſwinging vacancy there the next ſeſſions.——Truly, if we do not take ſome care to regulate the juries in the Old Baily, we ſhall have no juries for Hicks's-hall.

Qui. Very true, Sir. But that pannel hath been more particularly unfortunate. I believe I remember it hanged, at leaſt twice over.

Squeez. Ay, poor fellows! We muſt all take our chance, Quill. The man who would live in this world, muſt not fear the next. The chance of peace

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is doubtful as that of war; and they who will make their fortunes at home, ſhould entertain no more dread of the bench, than a ſoldier ſhould of the field. We are all militant here; and a halter hath been fatal to many a great man, as well as a bullet.

SCENE II.

SQUEEZUM, QUILL, STAFF.

Qui. Sir, here's Mr Staff, the reforming conſtable.

Sta. An't pleaſe your worſhip, we have been at the gaming-houſe in the alley, and have taken ſix priſoners, whereof we diſcharged two who had your worſhip's licence.

Squ. What are the others?

Sta. One is an half-pay officer; another an attorney's clerk; and the other two are young gentlemen of the Temple.

Squ. Diſcharge the officer and the clerk; there is nothing to be got by the army or the law: the one hath no money, and the other will part with none. But be not too forward to quit the Templars.

Sta. Aſking your worſhip's pardon, I don't care to run my finger into the lion's mouth. I would not willingly have to do with any limb of the law.

Squ. Fear not; theſe bear no nearer affinity to lawyers, than a militia regiment of ſquires do to ſoldiers; the one gets no more by his gown, than the other by his ſword. Theſe are men that bring eſtates to the Temple, inſtead of getting them there.

Sta. Nay, they are bedawb'd with lace as fine as lords.

Squ. Never fear a lawyer in lace.—The lawyer that ſets out in lace, always ends in rags.

Sta. I'll ſecure them——We went to the houſe where your worſhip commanded us, and heard the dice into the ſtreet; but there were two coaches with coronets on them at the door, ſo we thought it proper not to go in.

Squ. You did right. The laws are turnpikes, only made to ſtop people who walk on foot, and not to

to interrupt thoſe who drive through them in their coaches.—The laws are like a game at loo, where a blaze of court-cards is always ſecure, and the knaves are the ſafeſt cards in the pack.

Sta. We have taken up a man for a rape too.

Squ. What is he?

Sta. I fancy he's ſome great man; for he talks French, ſings Italian, and ſwears Engliſh.

Squ. Is he rich?

Sta. I believe not, for we can't get a farthing out of him.

Squ. A certain ſign that he is. Deep pockets are like deep ſtreams; and money, like water, never runs faſter than in the ſhallows.

Sta. Then there's another misfortune too.

Squ. What's that?

Sta. The woman will not ſwear any thing againſt him.

Squ. Never fear that; I'll make her ſwear enough for my purpoſe. What ſort of a woman is ſhe?

Sta. A common whore, I believe.

Squ. The propereſt perſon in the world to ſwear a rape. A modeſt woman is as ſhy of ſwearing a rape, as a gentleman is of ſwearing a battery.——We will make her ſwear enough to frighten him into a compoſition, a ſmall part of which will ſatisfy the woman. So go bring them before me.—But hold! have you been at home ſince I ſent a priſoner thither this morning?

Sta. Yes, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Squ. And what ſays he?

Sta. He threatens us confoundedly; and ſays you have committed him without any accuſation. I'm afraid we ſhall get nothing out of him.

Squ. We'll try him till noon, however.

SCENE III.

SQUEEZUM, *Mrs* SQUEEZUM.

Mrs Squ. I deſire, Mr Squeezum, you would finiſh all your dirty work this morning; for I am reſolved to have the houſe to myſelf in the afternoon.

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Squ. You shall, my dear; and I shall be obliged to you, if you can let me have the coach this morning.

M. Squ. I shall use it myself.

Squ. Then I must get horses put into the chariot.

M. Squ. I am not determined whether I shall use the coach or chariot; so it is impossible you should have either. Besides, a hack is the propereſt to do business in; and, as I cannot spare you a servant, will look better.

Squ. Well, child, well, it shall be so——Let me only beg the favour of dining a little sooner than ordinary.

M. Squ. That is so far from being possible, that we cannot dine till an hour later than usual, because I must attend at an auction, or I shall lose a little China bason which is worth its weight in jewels, and it is probable I may get it for its weight in gold, which will not be above one hundred guineas; and those you must give me, child.

Squ. A hundred guineas for a china bason! Oh the devil take the East-India trade! The clay of the one Indies runs away with all the gold of the other.

M. Squ. I may buy it for less; but it is good to have rather too much money about one, than too little.

Squ. In short, I cannot support your extravagance.

M. Squ. I do not desire you to support my extravagance.

Squ. I wish you would not.

M. Squ. Thus stands the case; you say I am extravagant; I say I am not: sure my word will balance your's every where but at Hicks's hall.——And hark'e, my dear, if whenever I ask for a trifle, you object my extravagance to me, I'll be reveng'd; I'll blow you up, I'll discover all your midnight intrigues, your protecting ill houses, your bribing juries, your snacking fees, your whole train of rogueries. If you do not allow me what I ask, I'll bid fair to enter on my jointure, Sir.

Squ. Well, my dear, this time you shall be indulged.—Trust a thief or lawyer with your purse, a

whore or phyſician with your conſtitution, but never truſt a dangerous ſecret with your wife; for when once you have put it in her power to hang you, the ſooner you are hang'd, the better. [*Aſide.*

SCENE IV.

SQUEEZUM, QUILL, *Mrs* SQUEEZUM, STAFF, WATCH, RAMBLE, HILARET.

Sta. An't pleaſe your worſhip, here is a gentleman hath committed a rape laſt night on this young woman.

Squ. How! a rape! Hath he committed a rape on you, child?

M. Squ. This may be worth hearing. [*Aſide.*

Hil. Sir, I have nothing to ſay againſt him. I deſire you would give us both our liberty. He was a little frolicſome laſt night, which made me call for theſe people's help; and when once they had taken hold of us, they would not ſuffer us to go away.

Squ. They did their duty.——The power of diſcharging lieth in us, and not in them.

Ramb. Sir——

Squ. Sir, I beg we may not be interrupted. Hark'e, young woman, if this gentleman hath treated you in an ill manner, do not let your modeſty prevent the execution of juſtice. Conſider, you will be guilty yourſelf of the next offence he commits; and upon my word, by his looks, it is probable he may commit a dozen rapes within this week.

Hil. Sir, I aſſure you he is innocent.

Squ. Mr Staff, what ſay you to this affair?

Sta. May it pleaſe your worſhip, I ſaw the priſoner behave in a very indecent manner, and heard the woman ſay he had raviſhed away her ſenſes.

Squ. Fie upon you, child, will you not ſwear to this?

Hil. No, Sir; but I ſhall ſwear ſomething againſt you, unleſs you diſcharge us.

Squ. That cannot be, Madam; the fact is too plain. If you will not ſwear now, the priſoner muſt be kept in cuſtody till you will.

Sta.

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Sta. If she will not swear, we can swear enough to convict him.

Ramb. Very fine, faith! This justice is worse than a grand inquisitor. Pray, honest, formidable Sir, what private pique have you against me, that you would compel the lady to deserve the pillory, in order to promote me higher?

Squ. My dear, did you ever see such a ravishing look as this fellow hath Sir, if I was judge I would hang you without any evidence at all. They are such fellows as these who sow dissension between man and wife, and keep up the names of cuckold and bastard in the kingdom.

Ramb. Nay, if that be all you accuse me of, I will confess it freely, I have employ'd my time pretty well. Tho' as I do not remember ever to have done you the honour of dubbing, Mr Justice, I cannot see why you should be so incensed against me; for I do not imagine you any otherwise an enemy to these amusements than a popish priest to sin, or a doctor to disease.

Mrs. Squ. You are very civil, Sir, to threaten to dub my husband before my face.

Ramb. I ask pardon, Madam; I did not know with whom I had the honour to be in company: it was always against my inclination to affront a lady; but a woman of your particular merit, must have claimed the most particular respect.

Mrs. Squ. I should have expected no rudeness from a gentleman of your appearance, and would much rather attribute any misbecoming word to inadvertency than design.

Ramb. Madam, I know not how to thank so much goodness; but do assure you, I would buy an introduction to your acquaintance at a much greater danger than this prosecution, which, I believe, you already see the malice of. I hope, Madam, I stand already acquitted in your opinion.

Mrs. Squ. I hope, Sir, it will only appear to have been a frolic: I must own I have been always a great enemy to force——since there are so many willing.

Ramb. So, I find there is no danger of a rape here. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Squ. Well, child, can you find any thing againſt this gentleman?

Squ. The woman is difficult of confeſſing in public: but I fancy when I examine her in private, I may get it out of her.——So, Mr Conſtable, withdraw your priſoner.

Mrs. Squ. Nay, he appears ſo much of a gentleman, that till there be ſtronger evidence, I will take charge of him.—Come, Sir, you ſhall go drink a diſh of tea with me.——You may ſtay without.

[*To the Conſtable*, &c.

Ramb. This kindneſs of yours, Madam, will be an encouragement to offenders.

SCENE V.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET.

Squ. Come, come, child, you had better take the oath, tho' you are not altogether ſo ſure. Juſtice ſhould be rigorous. It is better for the public that ten innocent people ſhould ſuffer, than that one guilty ſhould eſcape; and it becomes every good perſon to ſacrifice their conſcience to the benefit of the public.

Hil. Would you perſuade me to perjure myſelf?

Squ. By no means. Not for the world. Perjury indeed! Do you think I do not know what perjury is better than you? He did attempt to raviſh you, you own; very well. He that attempts to do you an injury, hath done it in his heart. Beſides, a woman may be raviſhed, ay, and many a woman hath been raviſhed, ay, and men been hanged for it——when ſhe hath not certainly known ſhe hath been raviſhed.

Hil. You are a great caſuiſt in conſcience. But you may ſpare yourſelf any further trouble: for I aſſure you it will be in vain.

Squ. I ſee where your heſitation hangs; you are afraid of ſpoiling your trade.——You think ſeverity to a cuſtomer will keep people from your houſe——

Pray,

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Pray, anſwer me one queſtion—How long have you been upon the town?

Hil. What do you mean?

Squ. Come, come, I ſee you are but a novice, and I like you the better: for yours is the only buſineſs wherein people do not profit by experience.—You are very handſome.—It is a pity you ſhould continue in this abandoned ſtate.—Give me a kiſs.—Nay, be not coy to me—I proteſt, you are as full of beauty as the roſe is of ſweetneſs, and I of love as its ſtalk is full of briars.—Oh! that we were as cloſely joined together too.

Hil. Why, you will commit a rape yourſelf, Mr Juſtice.

Squ. If I thought you would prove conſtant, I would take you into keeping: for I have not liked a woman ſo much theſe many years.

Hil. I will humour this old villain, I am reſolved. [*Aſide.*

Squ. What think you? could you be conſtant to a vigorous, healthy, middle-aged man? hey!—Could this buy thy affections off from a ſet of idle raſcals, who carry their gold upon their backs, and have pockets as empty as their heads? Fellows who are greater curſes on a woman than the vapours; for as thoſe perſuade her into imaginary diſeaſes, theſe preſent her with real——Let thy ſilence give conſent: here, take this purſe as an earneſt of what I'll do for you.

Hil. Well, what ſhall I do for this?

Squ. You ſhall do——You ſhall do nothing; I will do. I will be a verb active, and you ſhall be a verb paſſive.

Hil. I wiſh you be not of the neuter gender.

Squ. Why, you little arch rogue, do you underſtand Latin huſſy?

Hil. A little, Sir; my father was a country parſon, and gave all his children a good education. He taught his daughters to write and read himſelf.

Squ. What, have you ſiſters, then?

Hil. Alack a-day, Sir! ſixteen of us, and all in the ſame way of buſineſs.

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Squ. Ay, this it is to teach daughters to write. I would as ſoon put a ſword into the hand of a madman, as a pen into thoſe of a woman; for a pen in the hand of a woman is as ſure an inſtrument of propagation, as a ſword in that of a madman is of deſtruction. [*Aſide.*]—Sure, my dear, the ſpirit of love muſt run very ſtrongly in the blood of your whole family.

Hil. Oh. Sir! it was a villainous man of war that harboured near us.—My poor ſiſters were ruined by the officers, and I fell a martyr to the chaplain.

Squ. Ay, ay, the ſailors are as fatal to our women as the ſoldiers are. One Venus roſe from the ſea, and thouſands have ſet in it But not Venus herſelf could compare to thee, my little honey-ſuckle.

Hil. Be not ſo hot, Sir.

Squ. Bid the touchwood be cold behind the burning-glaſs. The touchwood is not more eaſily kindled by the ſun than I by your dear eyes.

Hil. The touchwood is not drier, I dare ſwear.

[*Aſide.*

Squ. But hark, I hear my wife returning.——— Leave word with my clerk where I ſhall ſend to you—I will be the kindeſt of keepers, very conſtant, and very liberal——

Hil Two charming qualities in a lover!

Squ. My pretty noſe, ay, you will find me vaſtly preferable to idle young rakehells. Beſides, you are ſafe with me. You are as ſafe with a Juſtice in England, as a prieſt abroad; gravity is the beſt cloak for ſin in all countries.—— Be ſure to be punctual to the time I ſhall appoint you.

Hil. Be not afraid of me.

Squ. Adieu, my pretty charmer. I ſhall burn with impatience.

SCENE VI.

SQUEEZUM *ſolus.*

Go thy ways for a charming girl! Now, if I can get her at this wild fellow's expence, I ſhall have performed the part of a ſhrewd juſtice; for I would make others

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others pay for my ſins as well as their own. I fancy my wife hath ſufficiently frightened him by this, and that he will truckle to any terms to be acquitted; for I muſt own ſhe will pump a man much better than I. ——Oh! here they come. I muſt deal with my gentleman now in another ſtyle.

SCENE VII.

SQUEEZUM, *Mrs* SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE.

Ramb. Well, Sir, is the lady determined to ſwear ſtoutly?

Squ Truly, it is hard to ſay what ſhe determines; ſhe is gone to aſk the advice of a divine and a lawyer.

Ramb Then the odds is againſt me: for the lawyer will certainly adviſe her to ſwear: and it is poſſible the prieſt may not contradict her in it.

Squ. It is indeed a tickliſh point, and it were adviſeable to make it up as ſoon as poſſible. The firſt loſs is always the leaſt. It is better to wet your coat than your ſkin, and to run home when the clouds begin to drop, than in the middle of the ſtorm. In ſhort, it were better to give a brace of hundred pounds to make up the matter now, than to venture the conſequence. I am heartily concerned to ſee a gentleman in ſuch a misfortune. I am ſorry the age is ſo corrupt. Really I expect to ſee ſome grievous and heavy judgment fall on the nation. We are as bad as ever Sodom and Gomorrah were; and I wiſh we may not be as miſerable.

Ramb. Heark'ee, juſtice, I take a ſermon to be the firſt puniſhment which a man undergoes after conviction. It is very hard I muſt be condemned to it before-hand.

Mrs Squ. Nay, Sir, I am ſure Mr Squeezum ſpeaks for your good.——I ſhall get a necklace out of this affair. [*Aſide.*

Squ. Ay, that I am ſure I do; my intereſt ſways not one way or the other.—I would, were I in that gentleman's circumſtances, do what I adviſe him to.

Ramb. Faith, Sir, that I muſt doubt; for were you

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you in my circumſtances, you would not be worth the money.

Squ. Nay, Sir, now you jeſt with me; a gentleman can never be at a loſs for ſuch a trifle.

Ramb. Faith, you miſtake. I know a great many gentlemen not worth three farthings. He that reſolves to be honeſt cannot reſolve not to be poor.

Squ. A gentleman, and poor! Sir, they are contradictions. A man may as well be a ſcholar without learning, as a gentleman without riches. But I have no time to dally with you. If you do not underſtand good uſage, while it is dealt you, you may, when you feel the reverſe. The affair may now be made up for a trifle. the time may come when your whole fortune would be too little.—An hour's delay in the making up of an offence is as dangerous as in the ſewing up of a wound.

Ramb. Well, you have over-perſuaded me; I'll take your advice.

Squ. I'll engage you will not repent it.—I don't queſtion but you will regard me as your friend.

Ramb That I do, indeed. And to give you the moſt ſubſtantial inſtance of it, I will aſk a favour, which is expected only from the moſt intimate friendſhip——which is, that you would be ſo kind to lend me the money.

Squ. Alack-a-day, Sir, I have not ſuch a ſum in my command. Beſides, how muſt it look in me, who am an officer of juſtice, to lend a culprit money wherewith to evade juſtice! Alas, Sir, we muſt conſider our characters in life, we muſt act up to our characters; and though I deviate a little from mine, in giving you advice, it would be entirely forſaking the character of a juſtice to give you money.

Mrs Squ. I wonder how you could aſk it.

Ramb. Neceſſity obliges to any thing Madam. Mr Squeezum was ſo kind to ſhew me the neceſſity of giving money, and my pockets were ſo cruel to ſhew me the impoſſibility of it.

Squ. Well, Sir, if you cannot pay for your tranſgreſſions like the rich, you muſt ſuffer for them like the poor.—Here, Conſtable.

SCENE

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SCENE VIII.

SQUEEZUM, *Mrs* SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE, STAFF, CONSTABLES.

Squ. Take away your priſoner; keep him in ſafe cuſtody, till farther orders. If you come to a wiſer reſolution within theſe two hours, ſend me word: after that it will be too late.

Ramb. Hark'e, Mr Juſtice, you had better uſe me as you ought, and acquit me: for if you do any thing which you cannot defend, hang me, if I am not revenged on you.

Squ. Hang you!—I wiſh there may not be more meaning in thoſe words than you imagine.

Ramb. 'Sdeath! you old raſcal, I can ſcarce forbear rattling thoſe old dry bones of thine, till they crack thy wither'd ſkin.

Squ. Bear evidence of this; I am threaten'd in the execution of my office.

Ramb. Come, honeſt Mr Conſtable, Mr nocturnal juſtice, let me go any where from this fellow —— The night hath choſen a better juſtice than the day.

SCENE IX.

SQUEEZUM, *Mrs* SQUEEZUM.

Squ. I am afraid I ſhall make nothing of this fellow at laſt. I have a mind to diſcharge him.

Mrs Squ. Oh! by no means, for I am ſure he hath money.

Squ. Yes, and ſo am I. But ſuppoſe he will not part with it; it is impoſſible to take it from him; for there is no law yet in being to ſcreen a juſtice of peace from a downright robbery.

Mrs Squ. Try him a little longer, however.

Squ. I will till the afternoon; but if he ſhould not conſent by that time, I muſt diſcharge him; for I have no hopes in the woman's ſwearing. She is diſcharged already.

Mrs Squ. I'll make him a viſit at the conſtable's houſe, and try if I can alarm him into a compoſition. I may make him do more than you imagine.

Squ.

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Squ. Do ſo, my dear—I doubt not your power—Good-morrow, honey.

Mrs Squ. But, my dear, pray remember the hundred guineas.

Squ. Yes, yes, I ſhall remember them: they are not likely to be ſoon forgotten.——Follow me to my eſcritoir.

SCENE X.

Mrs SQUEEZUM *ſola.*

Since you are ſure of going to the devil, honeſt ſpouſe, I'll take care to equip you with a pair of horns, that you may be as like one another as poſſible. This dear wild fellow muſt be mine, and ſhall be mine: I like him ſo well, that if he had even raviſhed me, on my conſcience I ſhould have forgiven him.

SCENE XI. *Mr* WORTHY'S.

WORTHY, POLITIC.

Wor. Upon my word, Mr Politic, I am heartily ſorry for this occaſion of renewing our acquaintance. I can imagine the tenderneſs of a parent, tho' I never was one.

Pol. Indeed, neighbour Worthy, you cannot imagine half the troubles, without having undergone them. Matrimony baulks our expectations every way; and our children as ſeldom prove comforts to us as our wives. I had but two—whereof one was hanged long ago—and the other I ſuppoſe may be in a fair way by this.

Wor. In what manner did ſhe eſcape from you?

Pol. She had taken leave of me to retire to reſt, not half an hour before I heard of her departure. I impute it all to the wicked inſtructions of an imp of the devil called a chambermaid, who is the companion of her flight.

Wor. But do you know of no lover?

Pol. Let me ſee ——hey!—there hath been a fellow in a red coat, with whom ſhe hath converſed for ſome time, in ſpite of my teeth.

Wor,

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Wor. Depend on it, he is the occaſion of your loſs. I can grant you a warrant againſt him, if you know his name, tho' I fear you are too late.

Pol. No, Sir, I am not too late; my daughter is an heireſs, and you know the puniſhment of ſtealing an heireſs. If I could hang the raſcal, it would be ſome ſatisfaction.

Wor. That will be impoſſible, without her conſent; and truly, if ſhe be married, I would adviſe you to follow the example of that emperor, who when he diſcovered ſomething worſe than a marriage between one of his ſubjects and his daughter, choſe rather to let him enjoy her as his own, than puniſh him.

Pol. Pray where did that emperor reign?

Wor. I have almoſt forgotten, but I think it was one of the Greek emperors, or one of the Turks.

Pol. Bring me no example from the Turks, good Mr Worthy, I find no ſuch affinity in our intereſts. Sir, I dread and abhor the Turks. I wiſh we do not feel them, before we are aware.

Wor. But, Sir——

Pol. But me no buts---what can be the reaſon of all this warlike preparation, which all our news papers have informed us of? Yes, and the ſame news-papers a hundred times in the ſame words. Is the deſign againſt Perſia? Is the deſign againſt Germany? Is the deſign againſt Italy! ——Suppoſe we ſhould ſee Turkiſh gallies in the channel? We may feel them, yes, we may feel them in the midſt of our ſecurity; Troy was taken in its ſleep, and ſo may we.

Wor. Sure, Sir, you are aſleep, or in a dream——

Pol. Yes, yes, theſe things are called idle dreams —the juſteſt apprehenſions may be ſtyled dreams—but let me tell you, Sir, men betray their own ignorance often, in attacking that of other men.

Wor. But what is all this to your daughter?

Pol. Never tell me of my daughter, my country is dearer to me than a thouſand daughters; ſhould the Turks come among us, what would become of our daughters then? and our ſons, and our wives, and our eſtates, and our houſes, and our religion, and our liberty?——When a Turkiſh Aga ſhould command our nobility

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nobility, and janizaries make grandfathers of lords, where ſhould we look for Britain then?

Wor. Truly, where I may look for Mr Politic now, in the clouds.

Pol. Give me leave, Sir, only to let you a little into the preſent ſtate of Turkey.

Wor. I muſt beg to be excuſed, Sir: if I can be of any ſervice to you in relation to your daughter, you may command my attention: I may probably defend you from your own countrymen, but truly from the Turks I cannot.

Pol. I am glad to hear you have ſome apprehenſion of them, as well as myſelf,—That you are not ſo ſtupidly beſotted, as I meet with ſome people at the coffee-houſe; but perhaps you are not enough apprized of the danger. Give me leave only to ſhew you how it is poſſible for the Grand Signior to find an ingreſs into Europe,—Suppoſe, Sir, this ſpot I ſtand on to be Turkey—then here is Hungary—very well—here is France, and here is England—granted—then we will ſuppoſe he had poſſeſſion of Hungary—what then remains but to conquer France, before we find him at our own coaſt?—But, Sir, this is not all the danger; now I will ſhew you how he can come by ſea to us.

Wor. Dear Sir, refer that to ſome other time; you have ſufficiently ſatisfied me, I aſſure you.

Pol. It is almoſt time to go to the coffee-houſe---ſo, dear Mr Worthy, I am your moſt obedient ſervant.

Wor. Mr Politic, your very humble ſervant.

SCENE XII.

WORTHY *ſolus.*

I recollect the dawnings of this political humour to have appeared when we were at the Bath together; but it hath riſen finely in theſe ten years. What an enthuſiaſm muſt it have arrived to, when it could make him forget the loſs of his only daughter! The greateſt part of mankind labour under one delirium or other: and Don Quixote differed from the reſt, not in madneſs, but in the ſpecies of it. The covetous,

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the prodigal, the superstitious, the libertine, and the coffee-house politician, are all Quixottes in their several ways.

That man alone from madness free, we find,
Who, by no wild unruly passion blind,
To reason gives the conduct of his mind.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The street*

HILARET, CLORIS, *meeting*.

HILARET.

DEAR Cloris.

Clo. Dear Madam, is it you? you altogether?

Hil. Ay, ay, altogether, thank Heavens! I had like to have lost something, but all's safe, I assure you.

Clo. Ah! Madam, I wish it were.

Hil. What, don't you believe me?

Clo. I wish you could not me, or I myself. Poor captain Constant——

Hil. What of him?

Clo. Oh! Madam!

Hil. Speak quickly, or kill me, which you please——

Clo. ——Is taken up for a rape.

Hil. How!

Clo. It is too true, his own servant told me.

Hil. His servant belied him, and so do you——— Shew me where he is; if he be in a dungeon, I'll find him out.

Clo. Very generous indeed, Madam! A king should sooner visit a prisoner for treason, than I a lover for a rape.

Hil. It would be unpardonable in me to entertain so flagrant a belief on the first hearing, against a man who hath given me such substantial proofs of his constancy: besides, an affair of my own makes me more doubtful of the truth of this; but if there

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appear any proof of such a fact, I will drive him for ever from my thoughts.

Clo. Yes, Madam, Justice Squeezum will take care to have him driven another way.

Hil. Justice Squeezum! let me hug you for that information. Now, I can almost swear he is innocent: I have such an adventure to surprize you with! but let me not lose a moment—come, shew me the way.

Clo. Poor creature! she knows the way to her destruction too well——but it would be impertinence in a servant to put her out of it. [*Aside.*

SCENE II. *The Constable's House.*

CONSTANT *alone.*

I begin to be of that philosopher's opinion, who said that whoever will entirely consult his own happiness, must be little concerned about the happiness of others. Good-nature is Quixotism, and every princess Micomicona will lead her deliverer into a cage. What had I to do to interpose! What harm did the misfortunes of an unknown woman bring me, that I should hazard my own happiness and reputation on her account?——But sure, to swear a rape against me for having rescued her from a ravisher, is an unparalleled piece of ingratitude.

SCENE III.

CONSTANT *and Mrs* STAFF.

Mrs Sta. Will your honour please to drink a dram, or some 'rack punch?

Const. Dear Madam, do not trouble me; I can drink nothing.

Mrs Sta. Truly, Sir, but I can. Not trouble you! I had never such a customer here before. You a captain charged with a rape!—I should sooner take you for some poor attorney, charged with forgery and perjury; or a travelling parson, with stealing a gown and cassock.

Const.

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Conſt. Drink what you will, and I'll pay what you pleaſe.

Mrs Sta. Thank your honour! your honour will not be offended, I hope——we ſtand at a great rent: and truly, ſince this gin act, trade hath been ſo dull, that I have often wiſhed my huſband would live by the highway himſelf, inſtead of taking highwaymen.

Conſt. You are not the only wife who would give her huſband this advice, I dear ſwear. Nay, were men all ſo uxorious to take it, Tyburn would have as much buſineſs as Doctors-Commons.

Mrs Sta. I wiſh it had more; for we muſt ſtand and fall by one another; no buſineſs there, no buſineſs here; and truly, captain, 'tis with ſorrow I ſay it, where we have one felon now, we had ten, a year or two ago——I have not ſeen one priſoner brought in for a rape this fortnight, except your honour. I hope your handſel will be lucky.

SCENE IV.

CONSTANT, STAFF, *Mrs* STAFF.

Sta. Captain, your ſervant, I ſuppoſe you will be glad of company—here is a very civil gentleman, I aſſure you.

Mrs Sta. More gentlemen! this is rare news indeed.

Conſt. I had rather be alone.

Sta. I have but this one priſon room, captain: beſides, I aſſure you this is no common fellow, but a very fine gentleman, a captain too—and as merry a one——

Conſt. What is the cauſe of his misfortune?

Sta. A rape, captain, a rape—no diſhonourable offence—I would not have brought any ſcoundrels into your honour's company; but rape and murder, no gentleman need be aſhamed of; and this is an honeſt brother-raviſher—I have raviſhed women myſelf formerly: but a wife blunts a man's edge. When once you are married, you will leave off raviſhing, I warrant you—to be bound in wedlock, is as good a ſe-

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curity againſt rapes, as to be bound over to the peace is againſt murther.

Mrs Sta. My huſband will have his jeſt, I hope your honour will pardon him.

Sta. But here is the gentleman.

SCENE V.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE, STAFF, *Mrs* STAFF.

Conſt. Prodigious!

Ramb. Dear Conſtant!

Conſt. What in the name of wonder hath brought you to England?

Ramb. What in the devil's name hath brought thee to the Conſtable's?

Conſt. Only a rape, Sir; no diſhonourable offence, as Mr Conſtable hath it.

Ramb. You jeſt.

Sta. No, Sir, upon my word the captain is in earneſt.

Ramb. Why I ſhould ſooner have ſuſpected ermin or lawn-ſleeves. But I ſee gravity and hypocriſy are inſeparable——Well, give me thy hand, brother, for our fortunes agree exactly.

Sta. And will agree in the end, I don't queſtion. This is not the firſt time of their meeting together on this account; a couple of old whore-maſters, I warrant them. [*Aſide.*

Mrs Sta. Will your honours pleaſe to drink any punch, noble captains, it will keep up your ſpirits?

Sta. Don't force the gentlemen, wife, to drink whether they will or no.—I wiſh you well off this affair—In the mean time, whatever the houſe affords is at your ſervice—and let me aſſure you, the more you drink, the leſs you will lament your misfortune.

Ramb. Spoken like a true philoſopher.

SCENE VI.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE.

Ramb. But, dear Billy, I hope thou haſt not really committed, hey?

Conſt.

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Conſt. What I heartily repent of, I aſſure you. I reſcued a woman in the ſtreet, for which ſhe was ſo kind to ſwear a rape againſt me; but it gives me no uneaſineſs equal to the pleaſure I enjoy in ſeeing you.

Ramb. Ever kind and good-natur'd!

Conſt. Yet I wiſh our meeting had been on another occaſion; for the freedom of your life, makes me ſuſpect the conſequence of your confinement may be heavier than mine.

Ramb. I can't tell what the conſequence may be, nor ſhall I trouble myſelf about it: but I aſſure thee no ſucking babe can be more innocent. If our caſes differ in any thing, it is in this, that my woman hath not ſworn.

Conſt. This pleaſes me indeed!—But, pray, how came you to leave the Indies, where I thought you had been ſettled for life?

Ramb. Why, on the ſame account that I went thither, that I now am here, by which I live, and for which I live, a woman.

Conſt. A woman!

Ramb. Ay, a fine, young, rich woman! a widow with fourſcore thouſand pounds in her pocket—— there's a north ſtar to ſteer by.

Conſt. What is her name?

Ramb. Her name——her name is Ramble.

Conſt What, married!

Ramb. Ay, Sir; ſoon after you left the Indies, honeſt Mr Ingot left the world, and me the heir to his wife with all her effects.

Conſt. I wiſh you joy, dear Jack; this thy good fortune hath ſo filled me with delight, that I have no room for my own ſorrows.

Ramb. But I have not unfolded half yet.

Sot. [*without.*] Let two quarts of rum be made into punch, let it be hot—hot as hell.

Ramb. D'ye hear? we are in a fine condition, 'faith.

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SCENE VII.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE, STAFF.

Sot. Here they are, here are the brace of deſponding whore-maſters for you—Ramble, what, Nothing to ſay in praiſe of the women; Mark Anthony made a fine bargain, hey, when he gave the world for a woman? 'Sdeath! if he had been alive now, I'd have waged ſix gallons of claret I had ſeen him hanged for a rape——as I ſhall very ſuddenly my two worthy friends.

Ramb. Hearkee, Sotmore, if you ſay any thing againſt the women, we'll cut your throat, and toſs juſtice into a murder in the bargain.

Sot. Not ſpeak againſt woman! you ſhall as ſoon compel me not to drink; you ſhall ſow up my lips, if you do either.—Here, you, let the punch be gotten ready.

Sta. It ſhall, an't pleaſe your honour. (This gentleman is a rare cuſtomer to a houſe; I wiſh he would commit a rape too.) [*Aſide.*

SCENE VIII.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE.

Conſt. You muſt not rail againſt the ladies, Sotmore, before Ramble; for he is a married man.

Ramb. And what is better, my wife is at the bottom of the ſea.

Sot. And what is worſe, all her effects are at the bottom of the ſea with her.

Conſt How!

Ramb. Faith! Sotmore hath ſpoken truth for once.—Notwithſtanding my pleaſantry, the lady and her fortune are both gone together; ſhe went to the other world fourſcore thouſand ſtrong; and if there be any ſuch thing there, I don't queſtion but ſhe is married again by this time.

Sot. You would not take my advice. I have cautioned thee never to truſt any thing on the ſame bottom,

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tom with a woman. I would not enſure a ſhip that had a woman on board, for double the price.—— The ſins of one woman are enough to draw down a judgment on a fleet.

Ramb. Here's a fellow, who, like a prude, makes ſin a handle to his abuſe.——Art thou not aſhamed to mention ſin——who art a cargo of iniquity? why wilt thou fill thy venom'd mouth with that of others, when thou haſt ſuch ſtores of thy own?

Conſt. What occaſioned your ſeparating?

Ramb. A ſtorm, and my ill ſtars. I left the ſhip wherein ſhe was to dine with the captain of one of our convoy, when a ſudden violent ſtorm ariſing, I loſt ſight of her ſhip, and from that day have never ſeen or heard of her.

Sot. Nor ever will——I heartily hope. Tho' as for the innocent cheſts, thoſe I with deliver'd out of the deep. But the ſea knows its own good: it will be ſure to keep the money, tho' poſſibly it may refund the woman; for a woman will ſwim like a cork, and they are both of the ſame value; nay, the latter is the more valuable, as it preſerves our wine, which women often ſpoil.

Conſt. Why, Sotmore, wine is the touchſtone of all merit with thee, as gold is to a ſtock-jobber; and thou would'ſt as ſoon ſell thy ſoul for a bottle, as he for a guinea.

Sot. Wine, Sir, is as apt a compariſon to every thing that is good, as woman is to every thing that is bad.

Conſt. Fie, Sotmore! this railing againſt the ladies will make your company as ſcandalous to gentlemen, as railing at religion would to a parſon.

Ramb. Right, Conſtant! they are my religion, I am the high-prieſt of the ſex.

Sot. Women and religion! Women and the devil: he leaves his votaries in the lurch, and ſo do they.

Conſt. I fancy, Ramble, this friend of ours will turn parſon, one day or other——

Ramb. If he was not ſuch a ſot, I ſhould think it poſſible.

Sot. Why faith! I am almoſt ſuperſtitious enough to

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to fancy this a judgment upon thee for breaking thy word—Did I not tell thee thou wert ſtrolling off to ſome little dirty whore? and you ſee the truth of my prophecy.

Ramb. Thou art in the right: it was not only a whore, but the moſt impudent of all whores—a modeſt whore.

Conſt. A modeſt whore! let her be married to an honeſt attorney, by all means.

Ramb. And ſent together to people his majeſty's plantations.

Sot. Modeſty, now-a-days, as often covers impudence, as it doth uglineſs. It is as uncertain a ſign of virtue as quality is, or as fine cloaths are of quality.

Ramb. Yet, to do her right, the perſuaſions of the Juſtice could not prevail with her to perjure herſelf.

Sot. Conſcientious ſtrumpet! ſhe hopes to pick your pocket another time, which it were charity to thee to wiſh ſhe might: for if thou eſcapeſt this, ſhe certainly will have an opportunity.

Ramb. Pray, honeſt Nol, how didſt thou find us out! for a boy would as ſoon have ſent for his ſchoolmaſter when he was caught in an orchard, as I for thee on this occaſion.

Sot. Find thee out! why the town rings of you—there is not a huſband or guardian in it, but what is ready to get drunk for joy. If the woman be not gold proof, ſhe will be bribed to ſwear againſt you. You are a nuſance, Sir! I don't believe he hath been in town ſix days, and he hath had above ſixteen women.

Ramb. And they are a nobler pleaſure than ſo many gallons which thou haſt ſwallowed in that time.

Sot. Sir, I pay my vintner, and therefore do no injury.

Ramb. And, Sir, I do no injury: and therefore have no reaſon to pay.

Sot. Hey-day! is taking away a man's wife or daughter no injury?

Ramb. Not when the wife is weary of her huſband, and the daughter longs for one.

Conſt. Art thou not aſhamed, Sotmore, to throw a man's ſins in his face, while he is ſuffering for them!

Sot.

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Sot. That is the time, Sir; beſides, you ſee what an effect it hath on him: you might as well rail at a knight of the poſt in the pillory.

Ramb. Let him alone, the punch will be here immediately, and then he'll have no leiſure to rail.

Sot. Is it not enough to make a man rail, to have parted with a friend happy in the night, and to find him the next morning in ſo fair a way to—Death and damnation! ſhew me the whore; I'll be revenged on her and the whole ſex. If thou art hanged for raviſhing, I'll be hanged for murdering her. Deſcribe the little miſchief to me. Is ſhe tall, ſhort, black, brown, fair? In what form hath the devil diſguiſed himſelf?

Ramb. In a very beautiful one, I aſſure you: ſhe hath the fineſt ſhape that ever was beheld, genteel to a miracle; then the brighteſt eyes that ever glanced on a lover, the prettieſt little mouth, and lips as red as a cherry: and for her breaſts, not ſnow, marble, lillies, allabaſter, ivory, can come up to their whiteneſs; but their little, pretty, firm, round form, no art can imitate, no thought conceive.——Oh! Sotmore, I could die ten thouſand millions of times upon them——

Sot. You are only like to die once for them.

Conſt. All theſe raptures about a common whore, Ramble!

Sot. Ay, every woman he ſees, they are all alike to him, modeſt or immodeſt, high or low, from the garret to the cellar, St James's to the ſtews; find him but a woman, and he'll make an angel of her. He hath the ſame taſte for women, as a child for pictures, or a hungry glutton for an entertainment: every piece is a Venus, and every diſh an ortelan.

Ramb. To ſay the truth of her, Sotmore muſt have allowed her handſome, and I muſt allow her to have been a damn'd, confounded, common———

SCENE IX.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE, HILARET.

Ramb. Ha! conjured up, by Jupiter! Well, my little

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little enemy, do the prieſt and the lawyer conſent——— and will you ſwear, ha!

Hil. [*Not regarding* Ramble, *runs to* Conſtant.] My Conſtant!

Ramb. Hey-day! what, are we both in for raviſhing the ſame woman? I ſee by her fondneſs he hath really raviſhed her.

Conſt. O Hilaret! this kindneſs of yours ſinks me the deeper; can you bear to think on one accuſed of ſuch a crime as I am?

Hil. Never to believe it can I bear.

Conſt. How ſhall I repay this goodneſs! Then, by Heavens, I am innocent. [*They talk apart.*

Ramb. Hey! the devil!——Is this Conſtant's miſtreſs? Here will be fine work, i'faith! [*Aſide.*

Sot. Is this the lady that did you the favour, Sir? [*To* Ramble.

Ramb. This the lady! No,——why, this is a woman of virtue; though ſhe hath a great reſemblance of the other, I muſt confeſs.

Sot. Then I ſuppoſe this is ſhe whom Conſtant hath toaſted this half year—his honourable miſtreſs with a pox. —Rare company for a man who is in priſon for a rape!

Hil. And was you in that ſcuffle which parted me and my maid in Leiceſter fields?

Conſt. It was there this unfortunate accident happened, while I was going to the place of our appointment.

Hil. It had like to have occaſioned another to me, which, that I eſcaped, I am to thank this gentleman.

Ramb. Oh, Madam! your moſt obedient, humble ſervant——Was it you, dear Madam?

Conſt. Ha! is it poſſible my friend can have ſo far indebted me!——This is a favour I can never return.

Ramb. You over-rate it, upon my ſoul you do; I am ſufficiently repaid by this embrace.

Conſt. I can never repay thee.——Would'ſt thou have given me worlds, it could not have equalled the leaſt favour conferred on this lady.

Ramb.

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Ramb. I ſhould have conferred ſome favours on her indeed, if ſhe would have accepted them. [*Aſide.*

Hil. I am glad it is to Mr Conſtant's friend I am obliged.

Sot. Yes, you are damnably obliged to him for his character of you. [*Aſide.*

Conſt. My dear Hilaret, ſhall I beg to hear it all? I can have no pleaſure equal to finding new obligations to this gentleman.

Hil. Since you deſire it——

Ramb. I fancy, Madam, your fright at that time may have occaſioned your forgetting ſome circumſtances; therefore, ſince Captain Conſtant deſires it, I will tell him the ſtory.—I had juſt parted with this gentleman, when I heard a young lady's voice crying out for help; (I think the word Rape was mentioned, but that I cannot perfectly remember;) upon this, making directly to the place where the noiſe proceeded, I found this lady in the arms of a very rude fellow——

Hil. The moſt impudent fellow, ſure, that ever was born!

Ramb. A very impudent fellow, and yet a very cowardly one; for the moment I came up, he quitted his hold, and was gone out of ſight in the twinkling of an eye.

Conſt. My dear Ramble, what haſt thou done for me!

Ramb. No obligation, dear Conſtant! I would have done the ſame for any man breathing. But to proceed: The watch came up, who would not be ſatisfied with what ſhe then ſaid, but conveyed us both to the Round-Houſe, whence we were carried in the morning before Juſtice Squeezum, and by him, notwithſtanding this lady's proteſtations, your humble ſervant was committed to this place, where he now finds himſelf with this good company.

Conſt. Oh, my friend!——May Heaven ſend me an opportunity of ſerving thee in the ſame manner!

Ramb. May that be the only prayer which it denies to Conſtant!

SCENE

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SCENE X.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE, HILARET, STAFF.

Sta. The punch is ready, gentlemen, you may walk down; the liberty of my house is at your service.

Sot. And that is liberty enough, while thou hast punch here. If thy house were a sea of punch, I would not prefer any house in town to it.

Sta. Your honour shall not want that.

Sot. And I shall want nothing more.

Sta. Captain, a word with you. [*To* Ramble.] There's Madam Squeezum below desires to speak with you alone.

Ramb. Bring her up.—Sotmore, you must excuse me a few moments, Constant and this lady will entertain you.

Sot. Let the moments be very few. I'll lay five gallons to one, this fellow hath another whore in his eye.

SCENE XI.

RAMBLE, *Mrs* SQUEEZUM.

Ramb. So; my affair with my friend's mistress is happily over.——That I should not know a modest woman! But there is so great an affectation of modesty in some women of the town, and so great an affectation of impudence in some women of fashion, that it is not impossible to mistake. Now for Mrs Justice, her business with me is not exceeding difficult to guess.

Mrs Squ. You will think I have a vast deal of charity, Captain, who am not only the solicitress of your liberty at home to my husband, but can carry my good-nature so far as to visit you in your confinement, I cannot say but I have a generous pity for any one whom I imagine to be accused wrongfully.

Ramb. I am obliged to you indeed, Madam, for that supposal.

Mrs Squ. You are the cause of it. Where-

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fore do you imagine I ventured myſelf alone with you this morning?

Ramb. From your great humanity, Madam.

Mrs Squ. Alas, Sir, it was to try whether you were really the man you were reported to be; and I am certain I found you as inoffenſive, quiet, civil, well-bred a gentleman, as any virtuous woman could have wiſhed. Your behaviour was ſo modeſt, that I can never imagine it poſſible you ſhould have been guilty of a rape. No overgrown alderman of ſixty, or taper beau of ſix and twenty, could have been more innocent company.

Ramb. Whu! [*Aſide.*

Mrs Squ. Your then carriage hath wrought ſo great an effect upon me, that I have ventured to truſt myſelf here with you; nay, I could truſt myſelf any where with ſo modeſt a gentleman.

Ramb. I'll take care, Madam, never to forfeit your good opinion of me; you may truſt yourſelf with me any where; I'll never behave in any other manner than becomes the beſt-bred man alive with the beſt-bred lady. I ſwear by this ſoft hand, theſe lips, and all the millions of charms that dwell in this dear body.

Mrs Squ. What do you mean?

Ramb. I know not what I mean; tongue can't expreſs, nor thought conceive—we can only feel the exquiſite pleaſures love has in ſtore.

Mrs Squ. Nay, I proteſt and vow.

Ramb. Proteſtations are as vain as ſtruggling. This cloſet hath a bed in it that would not diſgrace a palace.

Sot. [*at the door.*] Why, Ramble! Jack Ramble! Art thou not aſhamed to leave thy friends thus, for ſome little dirty ſtrumpet? If thou doſt not come immediately, we'll break open the door, and drown her in punch.

Mrs Squ. [*ſoftly.*] I am undone!

Ramb. Fear nothing —— Go to your bowl, I'll come this inſtant.

Sot. I'll not wag without you.

Ramb. Then I'll come down, break your bowl, and ſpill all your liquor.

Sot. Bring thy whore along with thee; there's one

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there already, she'll be glad of her company: if you don't come in an instant, I will be back again.

Mrs Squ. What shall I do?

Ramb. My angel! Love shall instruct thee.

Mrs Squ. Let me go—some other time—I will not run any venture here.

Ramb. I will not part with you.

Mrs Squ. You shall hear from me in half an hour. You shall have your liberty, and I'll appoint you where to meet me.

Ramb. Shall I depend on you?

Mrs Squ. You may——Adieu!——Don't follow me: I can slip out a back way.

Ramb. Farewel, my angel!

SCENE XII.

RAMBLE, *solus*.

Confound this drunken rascal! this is not the first time he hath spoiled an intrigue for me. But hold, as I am to have my liberty before hand, I don't think this half hour's delay at all unlucky. That consideration may sufficiently compensate the staying of my stomach. This adventure of mine begins to put on a tolerable aspect. An intrigue with a rich justice's wife is not to be slighted by a young fellow of a desperate fortune. I do not doubt but in a very short time, when I am taken up for the next rape, to bribe the justice with his own money. Lend a man your gold, he may forget the debt; venture your life for him, he may forget the obligation; but once engage his wife, and you secure his friendship. There is no friend in all extremity so sure as your cuckold—and the surest hold you can take of a man, as of a bull, is by his horns.

SCENE XIII.

RAMBLE, CONSTANT, SOTMORE, HILARET.

Sot. Ha! what's become of thy wench? If thou hadst none, thy absence was the more inexcusable.

Const. O Ramble! this our better genius hath invented the most notable plot?——Such a net is laid for

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for the Juſtice! it will at once entangle him, and diſentangle us. Mr Hogſhead here is to play his part too.

Ramb. I am ſorry we cannot do without him; for ſhould there be any claret in his way, he'd diſappoint the whole affair for one bottle.

Sot. Not for the beſt burgundy in France. This lady hath won my heart by one bumper.—By all the pleaſures of drinking, Madam, I like you more than your whole ſex put together. There is no honeſty in man or woman, that will not drink. Honeſty is tried in wine, as gold in the fire. Madam, you have made a conqueſt of me. I'll drink your health as long as I can ſtand, and that's as long as a reaſonable woman can require.

Hil. I am exceedingly proud of my conqueſt over a man of Mr Sotmore's good ſenſe.

Conſt. Upon my word you may, you are the firſt woman I believe he ever was civil to.

Sot. It was becauſe they none of them had your merit; a parcel of tea-drinking ſluts.——If I had a daughter that drank tea, I would turn her out of doors. The reaſon that men are honeſter than women is, their liquors are ſtronger. If the ſex were bred up to brandy and tobacco, if they all liked drinking as well as you ſeem to do, Madam, I ſhould turn a lover.

Ramb. Why, Conſtant, ſuch another compliment would make thee jealous.

Hil. Upon my word, he hath reaſon already!

Sot. Madam, I like you; and if a bottle of Burgundy were on one ſide, and you on the other, I do not know which I ſhould chuſe.

Conſt. Thou would'ſt chuſe the bottle, I am ſure.

Ramb. But I long to hear this conſpiracy.

Sot. Then it muſt be below. I ſtrictly forbid any ſecrets to be told but at the council-table. The roſe is ever underſtood over the drinking-room, and a glaſs is the ſureſt turnkey to the lips.

Conſt. That's contrary to the opinion of philoſophers.

Sot. Of the ſober ones it may; but all your wiſe philoſophers were a ſet of the moſt drunken dogs alive. I never knew a ſober fellow but was an aſs——and

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your aſs is the ſobereſt of all animals. Your ſober philoſophers, and their works, have been buried long ago. I remember a ſaying of that great philoſopher and poet, Horace, who wrote in Falernian inſtead of ink:

No verſes laſt—can long eſcape the night,
Which the dull ſcribling water-drinkers write.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, SQUEEZUM'S.

SQUEEZUM, QUILL.

SQUEEZUM.

YOU delivered my letter?

Qui. Yes, an't pleaſe your worſhip, I left it at the coffee-houſe, where ſhe directed me.

Squ. Very well.——Quill!

Qui. Sir.

Squ. I think I may truſt thee with any ſecret——and what I am now going to tell, will ſhew thee what a confidence I put in thee.—In ſhort, Quill, I ſuſpect my wife——

Qui. Of what, Sir?

Squ. I am afraid that I am not the only perſon free with her, and that I am free of the corporation of cuckolds.

Qui. Then your worſhip is free of all the corporations in England.

Squ. Now thou knoweſt that there are very wholeſome laws againſt cuckoldom: the advantage of a man's horns is, that he may ſhove his wife out of doors with them.

Qui. And that is no inconſiderable advantage.

Squ. But there muſt be a diſcovery firſt. It is not enough that a man knows himſelf to be a cuckold; the world muſt know it too. He that will keep his horns in his pocket, muſt keep his wife in his boſom. Therefore, Quill, as it is in your power to obſerve my wife,

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wife. I assure you a very handsome reward on her conviction: for I begin to find, that if I do not discover her, she will shortly discover me, or ruin me by bribing her to hold her tongue. It is not a little gold will make a gag for a woman.

Qui. Sir, I shall be as diligent as possible.

Squ. And I as liberal on your success.

[*Exit* Squeezum.

SCENE II.

QUILL, *solus.*

Indeed, Justice, that bait will not do. I know you too well to trust to your liberality. Your wife will reward services better than you. Besides, I have too much honour to take fees on both sides.—And since I am her pimp in ordinary, I'll go like an honest and dutiful servant, and discover this conspiracy: for should she once be turn'd out of the family, I should make but a slender market of this close finger'd Justice, whose covetousness would suffer no rogues to live but himself.

SCENE III.

The CONSTABLE'S *House.*

RAMBLE, CONSTANT.

Ramb. This little mistress of yours is the most dextrous politician, if that drunken puppy doth not disappoint us.

Const. Never fear him; he hath cunning enough; and there hath been so long a war in his head between wine and his senses, that they seem now to have come to an agreement that he is never to be quite in them, nor ever quite out of them; his life is one continued scene of being half drunk.

Ramb. Well, as we can be of no farther use in the affair, but must stay here and expect the issue; prythee, tell me what hath become of you these three long years, since you quitted the service of the East-India company, and came over to England with Sotmore?

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Conſt. Why, at my firſt return to England, the proſpect of war was in every one's eye; and not only the reports of the people, but the augmentation of the troops aſſured us of its approach: upon which, I reſolved to embarque my ſmall remains of fortune in the ſervice of my country, and obtained the ſame commiſſion on that occaſion which I had enjoyed in the Indies. My hiſtory is not very full of adventures: I continued therein till the reduction, when I ſhared the fate of ſeveral unhappy brave fellows, and I was ſent a begging with a red coat on my back.

Ramb. It is the faculty of the cloth to be ragged. — Red is as apt to be ragged, as white to be ſpoil'd. It is commonly the fate of our brave ſoldiers to bring home ragged cloaths, as well as colours, and both are rewarded by Weſtminſter-hall —— the one is hung up in it, and the other is locked up ſafe by an order from it; for Heav'n be prais'd! the goals are always open hoſpitals for us.

Conſt. The only happineſs which hath attended me ſince my return, is my having contracted an intimacy with that young lady whom you ſaw here; which hath proceeded ſo far, that laſt night we had appointed to meet in order to our marriage; but as I was juſt arrived at the place, a woman well-dreſs'd was attacked in the ſtreet by a ruffian. I immediately flying to her aſſiſtance, the fellow quitted her, and left me alone in the poſſeſſion of the watch, who early this morning carried me before Juſtice Squeezum, and by him I was committed hither.

Ramb. What, did ſhe appear againſt you?

Conſt. No; they ſaid ſhe was ill of ſome bruiſes ſhe had received, but deſired I might be kept in cuſtody till the afternoon, at which time ſhe would appear againſt me. But by what Hilaret hath told us, and by ſome methods which have been uſed to extort money from me, I am inclined to fancy it all a contrived piece of villainy of the Juſtice, and not of the woman's, as I firſt imagined.

Ramb. Be aſſured of it;—if there be roguery, the Juſtice hath the chief part in it. But, comfort yourſelf with the expectation of revenge; for I think he cannot

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cannot possibly escape the net we have spread, unless the devil have more gratitude than he is reported to have, and will assist his very good friend at a crisis.

Const. But what do you intend in England, where you have no friends?

Ramb. I know not yet whether I have or no. I left an old father here, and a rich one. He thought fit to turn me out of doors for some frolicks, which it is probable, if he yet lives, he may have forgiven me by this. But what's become of him I know not; for I have not heard one word of him these ten years.

Const. I think you have been vastly careless in neglecting him so long.

Ramb. 'Tis as I have acted in all affairs of life; my thoughts have ever succeeded my actions; the consequence hath caused me to reflect when it was too late. I never reasoned on what I should do, but what I had done; as if my reason had her eyes behind, and could only see backwards.

SCENE IV.

RAMBLE, CONSTANT, STAFF.

Staff. Here is a letter for your honour.

Ramb. [*Reads it.*] Ay, this is a letter, indeed!

Const. What is it?

Ramb. My freedom, under a sign manual from the queen of these regions.

Const. Explain.

Ramb. Then, Sir, in plain English, without either trope or figure, it is a letter from the justice's wife, with an order to the constable for my liberty.

[*Reads.*

"SIR,

"I was no sooner recovered of the fright which "that unmannerly friend of yours occasioned, than "I have performed my promise. You will find me "at home: the constable hath orders by the bearer "to acquit you."

Here's good-nature for you! [*Kisses the letter.*] Thou dear wife of a damn'd rogue of a justice, I fly to thy arms.

Const.

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Conſt. Hark'e! ſuppoſe you brought her to be a witneſs to our deſign—and—here, take this letter of aſſignation from the juſtice to Hilaret; it will give your diſcovery credit.

Rumb. An amiable thought! I fly to execute it. Dear Conſtant, good morrow. I hope when next we meet, we ſhall meet

In happier climes, and on a ſafer ſhore,
Where no vile juſtice ſhall invade us more.

Conſt. Succeſs attend you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Tavern.*

SQUEEZUM, DRAWER.

Squ. No woman been to enquire for Mr Jones?

Draw. Sir, I know of none; but I'll aſk at the bar if you pleaſe.

Squ. Do——and leave word if any ſuch comes, to ſhew her up hither,——I have no reaſon to doubt her company, but I am impatient for it. I proteſt this woman hath revived the vigour of youth in me; ſure, I muſt have over reckoned my years!—— I cannot be above forty-nine at the moſt.—I wiſh this dear girl was come.——I am afraid I did wrong in giving her thoſe five ſhillings, in a purſe worth above two ſhillings more, which who knows but ſhe may be ſpending on ſome bully, who will perhaps ſend another preſent to me in return?

SCENE VI.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET.

Squ. Oh! are you come——you little pretty, dear, ſweet rogue!—— I have been waiting for you theſe—theſe four hours at leaſt.

Hil. Young lovers are commonly earlier than their appointment.

Squ. Give me a kiſs for that——Thou ſhalt find me a young lover, a vigorous young lover too.——Hit me a ſlap in the face, do.——Bow-wow! bow-wow! I'll eat up your clothes,——Come, what will you drink?

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drink? White or red?——Women love white beſt. —Boy, bring half a pint of mountain——Come, ſit down! do, ſit down.——Come now let us hear the ſtory how you were firſt debauched.—Come——that I may put it down in my hiſtory at home. I have the hiſtory of all the women's ruin that ever I lay with, and I call it, THE HISTORY OF MY OWN TIMES.

Hil. I'll warrant it is as big as a church bible.

Squ. It is really of a good reputable ſize; I have done execution in my time.

Hil. And may do execution ſtill.

Boy. [*Without.*] Half a pint of mountain in the Lion, ſcore.

Squ. Well——But now let me have the hiſtory—— Where did your amour begin?---at church, I warrant you. More amours begin at church than end there. ——Or perhaps you went to ſee the man of war—— Going to ſee fights hath ruined many a woman. No wonder children are lovers of them, ſince ſo many owe their being to them.

Hil. [*Aſide.*] I thank you for that remembrance, I had forgot my lover.——Ay, Sir, it was there indeed I ſaw him firſt; that was the fatal ſcene of our interview.

Squ. Well, and was the amour managed by letter, or by word of mouth?

Hil. By letter, Sir. I believe he writ two quires of paper to me before I would ſend him an anſwer: I returned him ſeveral unopened, and then ſeveral others opened——But at laſt——he obtained an anſwer.

Squ. Well, and after your anſwer, what followed then?

Hil. Oh! he thought himſelf ſure of me, as ſoon as I had anſwered his letter.

Squ. Ay, I have always obſerved in my amours, that when I received an anſwer, I never failed of the woman; a woman follows her letter infallibly. Well, and what did he ſay in his ſecond letter?

Hil. Oh! he ſwore a thouſand fond things: that his love ſhould laſt as long as his life: that his whole happineſs depended on me——and a vaſt deal of that nature.

Squ.

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Squ. Ay, ay, juſt I as have done myſelf. I find whoring is as methodical as the law.

Hil. And I fancy as tedious with you, old gentleman. [*Aſide.*

Squ. Well, and how many letters did you write to him, ey!——before——

Hil. Not many. He did not want much encouragement.

Squ. Then paſſing over the reſt of the ſuit, let us come to the laſt fatal meeting.

Hil. It was on a Sunday morning——

Squ. Right, my old method: when other people are gone to church.

Hil. In an exceeding hot day.——

Squ. May or June?——Women and cherries are commonly gathered in the ſame month.

Hil. I was fatigued with walking in the garden, and retired to an arbour to repoſe myſelf: gueſs what was my ſurpriſe, when I found the dear perfidious had convey'd himſelf thither before me.

Squ. A ſly dog! My old way again. An ambuſh is as uſeful in love as war.

Hil. At my firſt entrance he pretended a ſurpriſe at ſeeing me unexpectedly: but on my queſtioning him how and with what deſign he had conveyed himſelf there, he immediately threw off the cloak, and confeſſed all: he flew to me, ceught me in his arms with the moſt eager raptures, and ſwore the moſt violent love and eternal conſtancy. I in the greateſt agony of rage repelled him with my utmoſt force; he redoubled his attacks, I ſlackened my reſiſtance; he intreated, I raved; he ſigh'd, I cry'd; he preſſed, I ſwooned; he——

Squ. Oh!——I can bear no longer, my angel! my paradiſe! my honey-ſuckle! my dove! my darling!

Hil. What do you mean, Sir?

Squ. I mean to eat you up, to ſwallow you down, to ſqueeze you to pieces.

Hil. Help there! A rape; a rape.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET, SOTMORE.

Sot. Hey-day! what in the devil's name is here? ——Juſtice Squeezum raviſhing a woman!

Hil. Oh! for Heaven's ſake, Sir, aſſiſt a poor forlorn hapleſs maid, whom this wicked man hath treacherouſly ſeduced.

Squ. Oh lud! —— Oh lud!

Sot. Fie upon you, Mr Squeezum! you who are a magiſtrate, you who are the preſerver and executor of our laws, thus to be the breaker of them!

Squ. Canſt thou accuſe me?

Hil. You know too well how barbarouſly you have uſed me. For Pity's ſake, Sir, ſecure him; do not let him eſcape, till we ſend for a conſtable. If there be any law for a juſtice, I am reſolved to hang him.

Squ. Oh lud! what ſhame have I brought myſelf to! that ever I ſhould live to ſee this day!

Sot. If thou hadſt ſtood to thy bottle like an honeſt fellow, this had never happened; but thou muſt go a whoring with a pox to you, at your years too, with theſe ſpindle ſhanks, that weezle face, that crane's neck of a body. Who would have imagined that ſuch an old wither'd may-pole as thou art ſhould attempt to fall on a woman? Why, thou wilt be the diverſion of the whole town.—Grub ſtreet will dine a month on your account. Thou wilt be uſhered to Tyburn with more pomp than Alexander was uſhered into Babylon. Juſtice never triumphs ſo univerſally as at the execution of one of her own officers.

Squ. Sir, if there be truth on earth, I am as innocent ——

Sot. All the innocence on earth will not ſave you. ——A man doth not alwrys draw the rope by the weight of his ſins. Your innocence will not acquit you in a court of juſtice, againſt her oath; and when you come to the gallows, it will be vain to plead your innocence. All's fiſh that comes to the net there. The gallows ſo ſeldom gets its due, that it never parts with what it gets.

Hil.

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Hil. Can you pretend to innocence? Was not this gentleman an eye-witneſs to your rudeneſs, to the injuries you offered me?

Sot. Ay, ay, I can ſwear to the rape with as ſafe a conſcience as I can drink a glaſs of wine.

Squ. I ſee I am betray'd; I am caught in my own trap. There is but one way to eſcape, which is the way I have opened to others. [*Aſide.*] I ſee, Madam, your deſign is to extort money from me. I am too well acquainted with the laws to contend: I hope you will be reaſonable; for I am poor, very poor, I aſſure you: it is not for men of my honeſty to be rich.

Hil. Sir, if you would give me millions, it ſhould not ſatisfy my revenge; you ſhall be hanged for an example to others.

Squ. Here's a cruel wretch! who prefers my blood to my gold, which is almoſt my blood.

Sot. Hey-day! what vehicle is this? a vinegar-bottle—Half a pint, by Jupiter! Why, thou ſneaking raſcal, can'ſt thou pretend to honeſty, when this dram-glaſs hath been found upon thee? Were I thy judge, or thy jury, this very ſneaking vehicle ſhould hang thee, without any other evidence. But come, ſince you are to be hanged, I'll drink one bumper to your good journey to the other world.—You will find abundance of your acquaintance, whom you have ſent before you.—And now, I'll go call the drawer to fetch a conſtable.

Squ. Hold, hold, Sir; for mercy ſake do not expoſe me ſo.—Will nothing content you, Madam?

Hil. Nothing but the rigour of the law. Sir, I beſeech you loſe no time, but ſend for the conſtable immediately.

Squ. I'll do any thing; I'll conſent to any terms.

Hil. The conſtable! the conſtable!

Squ. Stay, dear Sir! I'll give you a hundred guineas; I'll do any thing.

Hil. Remember your vile commitment of two gentlemen this morning.——But I will revenge the injuries of my friends.—Sir, I beſeech you ſend for the officers.

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Squ. One is already diſmiſſed from his confinement, the other ſhall be diſmiſſed immediately.

Hil. It is too late.

Sot. Harkee, Sir, will you leave off whoreing, and take to drinking for the future?

Squ. I'll leave them off both.

Sot. Then you ſhall be hang'd: but if you will commence honeſt fellow, and get drunk every day of your life, I'll intercede with this lady, that on your acquitting the gentlemen, you ſhall be acquitted yourſelf.

Squ. I'll do any thing, I'll quit any thing.

Sot. Madam, let me perſuade you to be merciful this time to this unfortunate and undutiful ſervant of juſtice.

Hil. Sir, I can deny you nothing.

Squ. Get me a pen and ink; I'll ſend an order to bring him hither, and diſcharge him inſtantly.

Sot. Drawer, bring pen, ink, and paper, and a bottle of old Port.

Squ. [*to* Hil.] And could you have had the conſcience to have ſworn againſt a poor old man?

Sot. Faith! 'twas a little cruel. Could you have had the heart to ſee him ſwinging like a gibbeted ſkeleton? Could you have ſerved up ſuch a dry diſh to juſtice——The body of one of her own children too?——But here's the paper.—Come, Sir, write his diſcharge and your own.

[Squeezum *writes*, Sotmore *and* Hilaret *advance*.

Sot. You have managed this matter ſo well, that I ſhall have an opinion of your ſex's underſtanding ever after.

Hil. Let a woman alone for a plot, Mr Sotmore.

Sot. Ay, Madam, a woman that will drink a bumper. Wine is the fountain of thought; and

The more we drink,
The more we think.

It is a queſtion with me, whether wine hath done more good or phyſic harm in the world; I wou'd have every apothecary's ſhop in the town turn'd into a tavern.

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Hil. I am afraid, the more you have of the one, the more you will require of the other.

Sot. It is their drugs that debauch our wine: wine in itſelf is as innocent as water, and phyſic poiſons both. It is not the juice of the grape, but of the drug, that is pernicious. Let me adviſe you, Madam, leave off your damn'd adulterated water, your tea, and take to wine. It will paint your face better than vermilion, and put more honeſty in your heart than all the ſermons you can read. I'll introduce you to ſome clubs of my acquaintance, a ſet of honeſt fellows that live in the clouds of tobacco, and know no home but a tavern.

Squ. This letter, Sir, will produce the gentleman immediately.

Sot. Here, drawer——let this letter be ſent whither it is directed. Come, honeſt juſtice, our acquaintance hath an odd beginning, but we may be very good companions ſoon. Let us ſit down, and expect our friend in the manner it becometh us. Remember what you have bargained to do every day of your life, and the obligation ſhall be dated from this hour. Come, ſit thee down, honeſt publican, old juſtice merchant. [*They ſit.*] Here's a health to the propagation of trade, thy trade I mean, to the increaſe of whores, and falſe dice.—Thou art a collector of the cuſtoms of ſin, and he that would ſin with impunity muſt have thy permit. Come, pledge me, old boy; if thou leaveſt one drop in the glaſs, thou ſhalt go to gaol yet, by this bottle.

Squ. I proteſt, Sir, your hand is too bountiful; you will overcome me with wine.

Sot. Well, and I love to ſee a magiſtrate drunk; it is a comely ſight. When juſtice is drunk, ſhe cannot take a bribe.

Squ. Do you not remember how the Athenians puniſh'd drunkenneſs in a magiſtrate?

Sot. And do not I know that we have no ſuch Athenian law amongſt us? We puniſh drunkenneſs, as well as other ſins, only in the lower ſort. Drink, like the game, was intended for gentlemen——and no one

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one ſhould get drunk, who cannot go home in a coach. —Come, Madam, it is your glaſs now.

Hil. Dear Sir! I beg you would not compel me to it.

Sot. By this bottle, but I will; I'll raviſh thee to it before the juſtice's face. Come, it will be better for you than tea; you will not be obliged to ſculk away and take a dram after this. Come, drink the juſtice's health, as a token of amity: the juſtice is a good honeſt drunken fellow. But let me give you ſome wholeſome advice. [*To the Juſtice.*] Leave off fornicating; leave the girls to the boys, and ſtand to thy bottle; it is a virtue becoming our years; and don't be too hard on a wild honeſt young rake. Thou haſt committed a couple of the prettieſt boys to-day; don't do ſo any more.—— Be as ſevere as you pleaſe to whores and gameſters, that offer to act without your licence: but if ever you grant a warrant for a friend of mine again, you ſhall not only drink the wine, but eat the bottle too. Come, here's your health in hopes of your amendment; thou ſhalt pledge thy own health in a bumper. —— Here, boy, bring up a gallon of wine.

Squ. Not a drop more.

Sot. A drop! confound the name. Come, empty your glaſs; the lady is a-dry.

Squ. This is worſe than a priſon.

Sot. You will get out of this with paying leſs fees. Drink, I ſay.

Squ. Well—ſince I muſt.

Sot. Come, we'll have a ſong in praiſe of drinking. —— I'll ſing the ſtanzas, and you ſhall bear the chorus.

SONG.

I.

Let a ſet of ſober aſſes
Rail againſt the joys of drinking,
While water, tea,
And milk agree,
To ſet cold brains a thinking.

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Power and wealth,
Beauty, health,
Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd;
Joys abound,
Pleasure's found,
Only where the glass goes round.

II.

The ancient sects on happiness
All differ'd in opinion;
But wiser rules
Of modern schools,
In wine fix her dominion.
Power and wealth, &c.

III.

Wine gives the lover vigour,
It makes glow the cheeks of beauty,
Makes poets write,
And soldiers fight,
And friendship do its duty.
Power and wealth, &c.

IV.

Wine was the only Helicon,
Whence poets are long-liv'd so;
'Twas no other main,
Than brisk Champaigne,
Whence Venus was deriv'd too.
Power and wealth, &c.

V.

When Heav'n in Pandora's box
All kind of ill had sent us,
In a merry mood,
A bottle of good
Was cork'd up to content us.
Power and wealth, &c.

VI.

All virtues wine is nurse to,
Of ev'ry vice destroyer;
Gives dullards wit,
Makes just the cit,
Truth forces from the lawyer.
Power and wealth, &c.

VII. Wine

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VII.

Wine ſets our joys a flowing,
Our care and ſorrow drowning.
Who rails at the bowl,
Is a Turk in ſoul,
And a Chriſtian ne'er ſhould own him.
Power and wealth, &c.

SCENE VIII.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET, SOTMORE, CONSTANT, STAFF.

Conſt. My Hilaret! my dear!

Hil. My Conſtant!

Sot. Give you joy, dear Conſtant, of your liberty.

Conſt. Thank you, dear Sotmore, to you I am partly obliged for it: Ramble and I will make you amends; we'll give you ſix nights for this.

Sot. Where is he?

Conſt. Very ſafe; be not concerned about him.

Hil. Well, Sir, ſince our affair is ended, there is the purſe you preſented me this morning. As I have not performed your expectations one way, I'll give you what I believe you did not expect—your money again. It is unopen'd, I aſſure you.

Squ. Thou art welcome however.

Sot. Come, gentlemen, be pleaſed to take every man his chair and his glaſs; we will dedicate one hour or two to drinking, I am reſolv'd.

Squ. Firſt we will ſacrifice to juſtice. Mr Conſtable, do your duty.

Sta. Come in there.

SCENE IX.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET, SOTMORE, CONSTANT, STAFF, *Aſſiſtants.*

The Aſſiſtants ſeize Conſtant, Hilaret, *and* Sotmore.

Squ. Seize thoſe people in the king's name ——— I accuſe that woman and that man of conſpiring to ſwear a rape againſt me.

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Sta. It is vain to contend, gentlemen.

Hil. O the villain!

Squ. [*to* Sot.] The next letter you extort, Sir, be ſure to examine the contents.

Sot. Thou raſcal! will not even wine make thee honeſt.

Squ. Obſerve, gentlemen, how abuſive he is; but I'll make an example of you all: I'll proſecute you to the utmoſt ſeverity of the law.——Mr Conſtable, convey the priſoners to your houſe, whence you ſhall have orders to bring them before a juſtice.

Sot. And art thou really in earneſt?

Squ. You ſhall find I am, Sir, to your coſt.

Sot. Then I have found one man with whom I would not drink a glaſs of wine.

Sta. Come, gentlemen, you know the way to my houſe.———I am particularly glad to ſee your honour [*to* Sotmore] and will accommodate you in the beſt manner I can.

Conſt. I am too well acquainted with misfortune to repine at any; but how ſhall I bear yours, my Hilaret?

Hil. The leſs you ſeem to bear, the more you will lighten mine.

Sot. I muſt give the juſtice one wiſh. May Heaven rain ſmall beer upon thee, and may it corrupt thy body, till it is as putrified as thy mind!

Hil. One bleſſing only may Heav'n leave thy life,
May it take all things from thee—but thy wife.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, POLITIC'S *Houſe.*

POLITIC, *ſolus.*

SURE, never child inherited leſs of a father's diſpoſition than mine; her mother certainly played me foul in the begetting her; I, who have been my whole life noted for ſobriety, could never have given being to ſo wild a creature. I begin to recollect having ſeen a tall half-pay officer at my houſe formerly: nor

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nor do I think the girl unlike him. I am sure she hath ever been wild enough, to have had any officer in the kingdom for her father. Nature hath been kind to the male of all creatures but man: the bull, the horse, the dog, are not encumbered even with their own offspring: that care falls only to the females; but man, when once a gabling priest hath chattered a few mischievous words over him, is bound to have and to hold from that day forward all the brats his wife is pleased to bestow on him. Yet I must own the girl hath been ever dutiful to me, till she became acquainted with this cursed fellow in a red coat. Why should red have such charms in the eyes of a woman? The Roman senate kept their armies abroad, to prevent them sharing in their lands at home; we should do the same, to prevent their sharing in our wives. A tall lusty fellow shall make more work for a midwife in one winter at home, than he can for a surgeon in ten summers abroad.

SCENE II.

POLITIC, FAITHFUL.

Pol. Well, any news of my daughter yet?

Faith. No, Sir; but there is some news from the secretaries office, a mail is arrived from Holland, and you will have the contents of it in one of the evening papers.

Pol. Very well! I must be patient. I think we have three mails together now: I am not satisfied at all with the affairs in the North: the northern winds have not blown us any good lately; the clouds are a little darker in the East too than I could wish them.

SCENE III.

POLITIC, DABBLE.

Pol. Mr Dabble, good morrow.

Dab. Are the mails come in?

Pol. Just arrived.

Dab. I have not slept one wink for reflecting on what you told me last night; perhaps this Dutch mail

mail may give ſome inſight into thoſe affairs. But what ſays the Lying Poſt?

Pol. I have had no time to read it yet, I wiſh you would. I have only read, The London Journal, the Country Journal, the Weekly Journal, Applebee's Journal, the Britiſh Journal, the Britiſh Gazetteer, the Morning Poſt, the Coffee-houſe Morning Poſt, the Daily Poſt, the Daily Poſt-Boy, the Daily Journal, the Daily Courant, the Gazette, the Evening Poſt, the Whitehall Evening Poſt, the London Evening Poſt, and the St James's Evening Poſt. So, if you pleaſe, begin the Lying Poſt.

Dab. [*reads.*] 'Moſcow, January the 5th. We 'learn from Conſtantinople, that affairs continue ſtill 'in the ſame doubtful way; it is not yet known what 'courſe our court will take. The empreſs having 'been ſlightly indiſpoſed, the other day, took the air 'in her own coach, and returned ſo well recovered, 'that ſhe ate a very hearty ſupper.'

Pol. Hum——there is no mention of the ſupper in any other papers.

Dab. 'Berlin, January the 20th. We hear daily 'murmurs here concerning certain meaſures taken 'by a certain northern potentate; but cannot cer-'tainly learn either who that potentate is, or what 'are the meaſures which he hath taken—mean time 'we are well aſſured, that time will bring them all to 'light.'

Pol. Pray read that laſt over again.

Dab. 'Mean time, we are well aſſured that time 'will bring them all to light.'

Pol. Hum! hum!

Dab. 'Marſeilles, January the 18th. The affairs 'in regard to Italy, continue ſtill in the ſame uncer-'tain condition.'

Pol. Hum.

Dab. 'The talk of a large embarkation ſtills runs 'high.'

Pol. Hum.

Dab. 'The Spaniards continue ſtill encamped near 'Barcelona.'

Pol. Hum! [*Shakes his head.*

Dab.

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Dab. 'And every thing seems tending to a rupture —mean time we expect the return of a courier from 'Vienna, who, 'tis generally expected will bring the 'news of a general pacification.'

Pol. All is well again!

Dab. I like this, and some other papers, who disappoint you with good news. Where the beginning of a paragraph threatens you with war, and the latter part of it ensures you a peace.

Pol. Please read on——

Dab. 'However, notwithstanding these assurances, 'tis doubted by most people, whether the said courier 'will not rather bring a confirmation of the war; but 'this is all guess-work, and till such time as we see an 'actual hostility committed, we must leave our readers 'in the same uncertain state we found them.'

Pol. Hum! there is no certainty to be come at, I find; it may be either peace or war.

Dab. Tho' were I to lay a wager, I should chuse war; for, if you observe, we are twice assured of that, whereas, we have only one affirmation on the side of peace—but stay, perhaps the next paragraph, which is dated from Fontainbleau, may decide the question. 'Fontainbleau, January 23. Yesterday his majesty 'went a hunting, to-day he hears an opera, and to-'morrow he hears mass.'

Pol I don't like that; hearing mass is seldom the forerunner of good news.

Dab. 'It is observable that Cardinal Fleury'——

Pol. Ay, now for it.

Dab. 'It is observable that Cardinal Fleury hath, 'for several days last past, been in close conference with 'the minister of a certain state, which causes various 'speculations; but as we do not know what was the 'matter in debate, we cannot say what may be the 'consequence thereof. Mean time we cannot help 'observing, that it hath occasioned some people to put 'on very serene looks, who had worn cloudy ones for 'some time before; some imagine, on comparing this 'with the news from Marseilles, that a war will be 'unavoidable—others, who are more peaceably in-'clined, are as strenuous advocates on the other side.

'——We

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'——We muſt refer the whole to the determination 'of time, that great judge in worldly affairs, who ne-'ver fails with his two-edged ſcithe to mowe down 'the weeds which ſhadow over the ſecret counſels of 'ſtate, and lay them open to the naked eye of the 'diſcerning politician.'

Pol. Shall I beg to hear that over again?

SCENE IV.

POLITIC, DABBLE, FAITHFUL.

Dab. [*reads.*] 'We muſt refer the whole to the de-'termination,' &c. [Dab. *continues reading.*

Faith. Oh, Sir! Cloris hath brought the ſtrangeſt news of my young miſtreſs.

Pol. Don't interrupt us——blockhead.

Faith. If you loſe a moment, ſhe may be loſt for ever.

Pol. Sirrah! peace.

Faith Sir, my young miſtreſs, Miſs Hilaret, will be undone, ruined, hanged, if you do not aſſiſt her; ſhe's taken up for a rape.—— Oh! my poor young lady! the ſweeteſt beſt-temper'd lady ſure that ever was born. Oh! that ever I ſhould ſee the day! And can you ſit here, Sir, reading a parcel of damn'd confounded lying nonſenſe, and not go to your daughter's aſſiſtance?

Pol. Sure the fellow is poſſeſſed!

Faith. Sir, your daughter is poſſeſſed——poſſeſſed by conſtables---ſhe's taken up for a rape.

Pol. My daughter taken up for a rape!

Faith. Yes, Sir; for raviſhing a juſtice of peace.

Pol. Sure ſome accident has touched the fellow's brain.

Faith. Ay, Sir, and it would touch yours too, if you had a grain of humanity in you.——Oh! that I ſhould live to ſee my poor young lady in ſuch a misfortune!

Pol. A woman taken up for a rape!——it is impoſſible.

Faith. They may ſwear it tho', for all that——I know her to be as modeſt a good young lady as any in the

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the kingdom; but what will not a ſet of rogues ſwear? Sir, I liv'd with Squeezum before I liv'd with you; and know him to be as great a villain as any in the kingdom. Do, good Sir, come with me to Juſtice Worthy's, if you do not find your daughter there, turn me away for a vagabond.

Dab. I do remember, neighbour Politic, to have ſeen in ſome news-papers a ſtory not very different from this.

Pol. Nay, if you have ſeen it in a news-paper, it may probably have ſome truth in it; ſo, neighbour Dabble, you will excuſe me; I will meet you within an hour at the coffee-houſe, and there we will conſer further.

SCENE V. WORTHY'S *houſe.*

WORTHY, ISABELLA.

Wor. Sure modeſty is quite baniſhed from the age we live in. There was a time when virtue carried ſomething of a divine awe with it, which no one durſt attack; but now the inſolence of our youth is ſuch, no woman dare walk the ſtreets, but thoſe who do it for bread.

Iſa. And yet our laws, brother Worthy, are as rigorous as thoſe of other countries, and as well executed.

Wor. That I wiſh they were; but golden ſands too often clog the wheels of juſtice, and obſtruct her courſe: the very riches which were the greateſt evidence of his villainy, have too often declared the guilty innocent; and gold hath been found to cut a halter ſurer than the ſharpeſt ſteel.

Iſa. Well, I am reſolved to take care how I venture a ſtep again after it is dark: I find the ſun is the only guard to us women; for however chaſte the moon may be in herſelf, ſhe takes but very little care of ours.

Wor. But could the villain be ſo very rude?

Iſa. As rude as ſo ſhort a time would permit. I would have given all I was worth in the world to have been here; but ſince I eſcaped, let us forget it.

Wor. Forget! by Heaven it ſhocks me; that we, who boaſt as wholeſome laws as any kingdom upon

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earth, ſhould by the roguery of ſome of their executors loſe all their benefit. I long to ſee the time when here, as in Holland, the traveller may walk unmoleſted, and carry his riches openly with him.

SCENE VI.

WORTHY, ISABELLA, SQUEEZUM.

Squ. Mr Worthy, your humble ſervant. I come to wait on you on the ſtrangeſt piece of buſineſs. We are brought to a fine paſs indeed, when magiſtrates ſhall not be ſafe; we are like to protect others, when we cannot protect ourſelves.

Wor. What is the occaſion of all this paſſion, Mr Squeezum?

Squ. Occaſion! I have ſcarce power to tell you. I have diſcovered one of the moſt damnable conſpiracies that hath been invented ſince the gun-powder-treaſon plot.

Wor. Nothing againſt the government, I hope.

Squ. Marry, but it is; for that which is againſt the officers of the government, is againſt the government. In ſhort, Sir, it is a conſpiracy againſt me, againſt myſelf. What do you think, brother Worthy, but that, moved and ſeduced by the inſtigation of the devil, a vile woman hath conſpired to ſwear a rape againſt me?

Wor. A rape againſt you! fooliſh jade! Why, your very face would acquit you—you have innocence in your looks, brother Squeezum.

Squ. I hope my character will acquit me againſt ſuch an accuſation.

Wor. I think it ought; a man whoſe character would not, is very unfit for that honourable commiſſion you bear.

Squ. True! theſe ſlurs reflect on us all. The accuſing a member, is accuſing the body. We ſhould conſider it may be our own caſe. We ſhould ſtand by one another as the lawyers do. I hope, brother, you will ſhew me extraordinary juſtice; and I aſſure you, ſhould any affair of yours come before me, my partiality ſhall lean on your ſide.

Wor.

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Wor. Partiality, Sir! I hope no cauſe of mine ever will require it. I aſſure you, I ſhall do the ſtricteſt juſtice; I believe you will not need more.

Squ. Sir, my caſe needs no more; but I think it incumbent on us all, to diſcountenance any proſecution of ourſelves on any account whatſoever.

Wor. To diſcountenance it by the innocence of our lives, is indeed laudable, but no farther. It is a curſed law which exempts the maker, or the executor of it, from its penalty.

Squ. Truly, brother Worthy, I think the makers of laws, and the executors of them, ſhould be free of them; as authors and actors are free of the play-houſe.

Wor. You are ludicrous, Mr Squeezum. But let me tell you, he is the greateſt of villains, who hath the impudence to hold the ſword of juſtice, while he deſerves its edge.

Squ. And let me tell you, brother Worthy, he is the greateſt of fools who holds the ſword of juſtice, and hurts himſelf with it.

Iſa. Brother, your ſervant; my preſence will be very little neceſſary at this trial.

SCENE VII.

WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, CONSTANT, HILARET, STAFF, SOTMORE, BRAZENCOURT, FIREBALL, *three Aſſiſtants.*

Squ. But here come the priſoners.——Brother Worthy, this is the woman whom I accuſe of this deteſtable fact; the manner of it was this; I received a letter in an unknown hand, appointing me to meet at a tavern, which out of pure good nature I complied with; and upon my arrival, found that woman there alone, who, after a ſhort diſcourſe, laid hold of me and bawl'd out; on which that man there entered, and both threaten'd me, that unleſs I immediately diſcharged that man [*points to* Conſt.] with another whom I had committed for notorious crimes, that the woman ſhould ſwear a rape againſt me. This I am ready to ſwear.

1.
2. *Aff.* } And we are ready to swear.
3.

Wor. What do you say, young woman, to this? You do not look like one whom I should suspect of such behaviour.

Hil. That I did threaten him, as he says, indeed I confess.

Wor. But did he attempt any such thing?

Hil. I can't say he did, but——

Squ. Do you hear this, brother Worthy? I think you have nothing to do but to make her mittimus.

Wor. And for what reason did you offer this?

Hil. I offer'd it only to frighten him to the discharge of two gentlemen, whom he had villainously committed to the custody of that constable.

Wor. For what crimes do they stand committed, Mr Constable?

Staff. For two rapes, an't please your Worship.

Hil. One of them on my account—though I never swore the least thing against him.

Wor. On your account,—I begin to be afraid he was unjustly committed indeed.

Squ. Now, Sir, we shall proceed to blacken a little the character of this woman. Call Mr Brazencourt; Mr Brazencourt, what do you know of this fine lady?

Brazen. I know nothing more of her, than that I kept her half-a-year.

Wor. Kept her!——in what capacity did you keep her?

Brazen. In the capacity of a whore, till I was obliged to turn her off, for stealing four of my shirts, two pair of stockings, and my Common Prayer-Book.

Squ. Call Captain Fireball.

Wor. Captain Fireball, pray, do you know any harm of that person there?

Fire. Harm of her! ay, and so doth my surgeon too. She came to me from Major Brazencourt. I kept her two months.

Hil. Sir, I beseech you hear me.

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Wor. By and by. You muſt not interrupt them—Go on. Did you loſe any thing by her too?

Fire. No, but I got ſomething by her, which made my ſurgeon get ſomething by me—I love to expreſs myſelf in modeſt terms, but I believe you all know what I mean.

Conſt. Damnation!

Squ. Call Mr Drury. We ſhall blacken her farther preſently.

Wor. Indeed, you need not; let us hear no more; for her ſake, I will never put confidence in an innocent countenance again—Well, woman, can you ſay any thing for yourſelf?

Hil. Oh! that I could hide myſelf for ever from the world, and never from this hour behold the ſun again!

Wor. Indeed but you ſhall, Madam, and be beheld by others too.

Conſt. Come to my boſom, thou deareſt, ſweeteſt, loveliеſt; hide thy ſorrows there—Death only ſhall tear thee from my arms again. Death! hell itſelf cannot have a torment equal to ſeeing one tear of thine.

Sot. Hark'e, Juſtice, I believe thou art honeſter than thy brother; I am ſure thou canſt not be a greater rogue: if thou wilt act the right part, acquit us, and ſend that villain to priſon.

SCENE VIII.

WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, CONSTANT, HILARET, SOTMORE, STAFF, *Conſtable, Aſſiſtants,* POLITIC, FAITHFUL, CLORIS.

Faith. Now, Sir, will you believe your own eyes?—Is not that your own daughter?

Pol. It is indeed,——Oh my unfortunate child!——

Wor. Mr Politic, your humble ſervant——I will but commit this woman to goal, and then I will be at your command.

Pol. Sir, you ſhall not be my humble ſervant, nor will I be yours; and if you commit my daughter to priſon, you are the worſt of Turks.

War. Your daughter, Sir!

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Pol. Yes, Sir, my daughter, Sir.

Hil. Oh! my father!

Pol. My poor child!—That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee in ſuch a misfortune!

Wor. Is it poſſible, Mr Politic, that this young lady is your daughter?

Pol. Yes, Sir, it is as poſſible, as that the Turks may come into our part of Europe; and I wiſh this may not be as ſure as that.

SCENE IX.

WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, CONSTANT, HILARET, STAFF, *Conſtables*, *Aſſiſtants*, POLITIC, FAITHFUL, SOTMORE, CLORIS, RAMBLE, *Mrs* SQUEEZUM, QUILL.

Mrs Squ. Where is this glory of the bench, this gallant Juſtice? this terror and example of ſin? Do you know this hand, Sir? Did you write this aſſignation? You are a noble gentleman, truly, to make an appointment with a fine lady, and then bring her before a magiſtrate.

Squ O my malignant ſtars!

Wor. Mrs Squeezum, what is the matter?

Mrs Squ. You, Mr Worthy, I am ſure will pity one who hath the misfortune to be married to a man, who is as much a ſcandal to the commiſſion he bears, as you are an honour to it; my conſcience hath been too long burthened with conniving at his rogueries. He, Sir, he alone is guilty, and every one whom he hath accuſed is innocent.

Wor. I know not what to think.

Ramb. Sir, that fellow there, that butcher of juſtice, is the greateſt villain that ever was born.——Being a little frolickſome laſt night with this lady, that conſtable ſeiz'd us. 'Tis to me ſhe is indebted for all this trouble; tho' Mr Conſtable may claim ſome ſhare, in not ſuffering us to depart at her deſire.

Mrs Squ. And Mr Juſtice may claim a little, who committed you to the conſtable's houſe without any evidence, or even accuſation.

Ramb

Ramb. That he might extort two hundred pounds, for which ſum he offered to compromiſe the matter.

Squ. Hark'e, Madam, I ſhall be obliged to commit you to Bedlam.

Mrs Squ. No, Sir, I ſhall prevent you in that, as well as in your other deſigns; your plot with Mr Quill, which the whole world ſhall know; you ſhall be divorced, Sir, tho' not the way you deſire.

Squ. Sir, I beſeech you to hear no more.

Wor. That, Sir, I cannot grant.

Ramb. Sir, I deſire that you would read that letter which he ſent to this young lady whom he hath accuſed.

Wor. [*Reads.*] 'My little honey-ſuckle, I will meet 'you within this half hour at the Eagle. I hope after 'what you have received from me to-day, you will not 'diſappoint yours till then and ever after.'——

Did you write this letter, Mr Squeezum?

Squ. No, Sir, as I am ready to ſwear.

Mrs Squ. Sir, I will ſwear it to be his hand ——

Faith. And ſo will I——I lived with him a twelvemonth, and therefore ſhould know it.

Qui. And I carried it to the lady.

Sot. Come, come, Juſtice, thou haſt proof enough of her innocence. I will give you the word of a man of honour, which is more than the oaths of twenty ſuch ſcoundrels as theſe, that ſhe never intended more than to frighten him to the acquittal of Captain Conſtant, here, whom he had unjuſtly committed.

Conſt. And offered to acquit for a ſum of money.

Wor. Captain Conſtant! is your name Conſtant, Sir?

Conſt. At your ſervice.

Wor. Deſire my ſiſter to walk hither---I am more obliged to you than you know.

Squ. Come, Sir, this is only loſing time —— I want the Mittimus.

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SCENE X.

WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE, CONSTANT, SOTMORE, HILARET, POLITIC, *Mrs* SQUEEZUM, QUILL, STAFF, FAITHFUL, &c. ISABELLA.

Wor. Sister, do you know this gentleman!

Isa. Captain Conſtant! It is happy for me that I do ——I thank you, Sir, for your generous reſcue laſt night, which my fright at that time prevented my acknowledging.

Conſt. And was it you, Madam?——

Ramb. My Iſabella!

Isa. Ha!—— it is, it is my Ramble ——

Ramb. My touch deceives me not, it is my charming ſhe, once more reſtored to my deſpairing hopes.

Isa. What lucky ſtars can have contrived this interview?

Ramb. Very lucky ſtars they appear now; but they had a confounded ugly aſpect ſome time ago.

Isa. Surpriſing! Brother, let that fellow be ſecured. He was the perſon from whoſe hands this gentleman delivered me. [*To* Fireball.

Qui. I hope your worſhip will forgive me; but I hir'd theſe two men, by my maſter's command, to be evidences for him.

Wor. Surpriſing villainy!—ſecure them inſtantly; and particularly that juſtice,—whom I ſhall no longer treat as a gentleman, but as his villainy hath merited. —Conſtable, I charge you with them all——and let them be kept below in the parlour, whither I will come immediately, and ſign their commitment.

Squ. Sir, you ſhall wiſh you had dealt more favourably with me.

Wor. Sir, your threatnings will not terrify me.

Faith. Come, gentlemen, we'll be your ſafe-guard.

Mrs Squ. I'll follow thee, like thy evil genius, till I have brought thee to that juſtice thou deſerveſt.

SCENE

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SCENE *the Laſt.*

WORTHY, RAMBLE, CONSTANT, SOTMORE, HILARET, ISABELLA, POLITIC.

Ramb. My dear Iſabella, I am ſo overjoyed at this unexpected meeting, that I do not aſk for the ſafety of our treaſure. Since the ſea hath refunded Iſabella, let it take the jewels.

Iſa. The ſea hath been even kinder than your wiſh, it hath return'd you both.

Ramb. I ſhould ſoon have forgotten that loſs, in having Iſabella; yet for her ſake, the treaſure is welcome too.

Wor. Mr Politic, I am heartily concerned at this misfortune which hath befallen your daughter.

Ramb. Mr Politic!—by Heavens, his features are the ſame. Had you not a ſon, Sir, once?

Pol. Yes, Sir, I had; but I turn'd him out of doors, and believe he was hanged long ago.

Ramb. Then I am his ghoſt, juſt arrived from the Indies. When you turn'd me out of doors, I got admitted into the Eaſt India company's ſervice; I changed my name in order to eſcape your diſcovery—and I hope you will now give us both your bleſſing.

Pol. And are you really that wild fellow my ſon?

Ramb. I am that very identical wild perſon, I aſſure you.

Pol. I don't know whether I'll give you my bleſſing or no, till I ſee how you are married.

Wor. Mr Politic, I rejoice in the union of our families; this lady, your ſon's wife, is my ſiſter——and if fourſcore thouſand pounds can make the match agreeable to you, it will be ſo.

Pol. Hath the wild rogue made his fortune at laſt! Well, ſon, I give you my bleſſing; and my dear daughter, I give you joy, and I hope the boy will give it you, ay, and laſting, conſtant joy. If he doth not make you a good huſband, I'll not own him; if he doth not make you bleſſed, he ſhall have no bleſſing of mine.

Iſa. Sir, I doubt him not.

Ramb.

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EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs YOUNGER.

AT length the dreadful hurricane is ended,
And I and ſpouſe are ſafe together landed.
For after all this mighty fuſs about it,
Our play hath ended modeſtly without it.
But, ladies, did not you too ſympathize?
Hey! pray, confeſs, do all your frowns ariſe
Becauſe ſo much of Rape and Rape we bawl?
Or is it that we have no rape at all?
Indeed, our poet, to oblige the age,
Had brought a dreadful ſcene upon the ſtage:
But I, perceiving what his muſe would drive at,
Told him the ladies never would connive at
A downright actual Rape——unleſs in private.
But notwithſtanding what theſe poets tell us,
Who'd think our beaus were ſuch high-mettled fellows!
O! may our youth, whoſe vigour is ſo parlous,
To Italy be wafted with Don Carlos;
There ſhould one victory but give them ſcope,
They would not leave one maidenhead for the Pope;
Or ſhould ſome new pope Joan the chair poſſeſs,
They'd play the devil with her——holineſs.
No nunnery one virgin ſhould encloſe,
But new Rome fall by what the old aroſe.
'Twas a ſtrange doctrine that Lucretia taught,
Who on herſelf reveng'd her lover's fault!
Heatheniſh wretch! the pious Chriſtian wife,
Tho' raviſh'd, ſtill contents herſelf with life:
So zealous from ſelf-murder we refrain,
We live, tho' ſure of raviſhing again.
But may no fears of ſuch a fate affright
The beauteous kind ſpectators of to-night;
Safe to your huſbands' arms may you eſcape,
And never know that dreadful thing, a Rape.

THE

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THE
TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES:
OR, THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
TOM THUMB THE GREAT.

With the ANNOTATIONS of

H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDSUS.

First acted in 1730, and altered in 1731.

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H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS;

HIS

PREFACE.

THE town hath been seldom more divided in its opinion, than concerning the merit of the following scenes. Whilst some publickly affirmed, that no author could produce so fine a piece but Mr P——, others have with as much vehemence insisted, that no one could write any thing so bad but Mr F——.

Nor can we wonder at this dissention about its merit, when the learned world have not unanimously decided, even the very nature of this tragedy. For tho' most of the universities in Europe have honoured it with the name of "Egregium & maximi pretii opus, tragœdiis "tam antiquis quàm novis longè antiponendum;" nay, Dr B—— hath pronounced, "Cirius Mævii "Æneadem quàm Scribleri istius tragœdiam hanc "crediderim, cujus autorem Senecam ipsum tradidisse "haud dubitârim:" and the great professor Burman hath stiled Tom Thumb, "Heroüm omnium tragi-"corum facilè principem:" Nay, tho' it hath, among other languages, been translated into Dutch, and celebrated with great applause at Amsterdam (where burlesque never came) by the title of Mynheer Vander Thumb, the burgo-masters receiving it with that reverend and silent attention which becometh an audience at a deep tragedy: Notwithstanding all this, there have not been wanting some who have represented these scenes in a ludicrous light: and Mr D—— hath been heard to say, with some concern, that he wondered a tragical and Christian nation would permit a representation on its theatre, so visibly designed to ridicule and extirpate every thing that is great and solemn among us.

This learned critic and his followers were led into so great an error by that surreptitious and piratical copy which stole last year into the world; with what

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injuſtice and prejudice to our author, will be acknowledged, I hope, by every one who ſhall happily peruſe this genuine and original copy. Nor can I help remarking, to the great praiſe of our author, that however imperfect the former was, even that faint reſemblance of the true Tom Thumb contained ſufficient beauties to give it a run of upwards of forty nights to the politeſt audiences. But, notwithſtanding that applauſe which it received from all the beſt judges, it was as ſeverely cenſured by ſome few bad ones, and, I believe, rather maliciouſly than ignorantly, reported to have been intended a burleſque on the loftieſt part of tragedy, and deſigned to baniſh what we generally call *fine things* from the ſtage.

Now, if I can ſet my country right in an affair of this importance, I ſhall lightly eſteem any labour which it may coſt. And this I the rather undertake, firſt, as it is indeed in ſome meaſure incumbent on me to vindicate myſelf from that ſurreptitious copy before mentioned, publiſhed by ſome ill meaning people under my name: ſecondly, as knowing myſelf more capable of doing juſtice to our author than any other man, as I have given myſelf more pains to arrive at a thorough underſtanding of this little piece, having for ten years together read nothing elſe: in which time, I think I may modeſtly preſume, with the help of my Engliſh dictonary, to comprehend all the meanings of every word in it.

But ſhould any error of my pen awaken Clariſſ. Bentleium to enlighten the world with his annotations on our author, I ſhall not think that the leaſt reward or happineſs ariſing to me from theſe my endeavours.

I ſhall wave at preſent what hath cauſed ſuch feuds in the learned world, whether this piece was originally written by Shakeſpear; though certainly that, were it true, muſt add a conſiderable ſhare to its merit; eſpecially with ſuch who are ſo generous as to buy and commend what they never read, from an implicit faith in the author only: a faith! which our age abounds in as much, as it can be called deficient in any other.

Let it ſuffice, that the TRAGEDY of TRAGEDIES; or, The Life and DEATH of TOM THUMB, was

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written in the reign of queen Elizabeth. Nor can the objection made by M. D——, that the tragedy must then have been antecedent to the history, have any weight, when we consider, that tho' the HISTORY of TOM THUMB, printed by and for Edward M——r, at the Looking-glass on London-bridge, be of a later date, still must we suppose this history to have been transcribed from some other, unless we suppose the writer thereof to be inspired: a gift very faintly contended for by the writers of our age. As to this history's not bearing the stamp of second, third, or fourth edition, I see but little in that objection; editions being very uncertain lights to judge of books by; and perhaps Mr M——r may have joined twenty editions in one, as Mr C——l hath ere now divided one into twenty.

Nor doth the other argument, drawn from the little care our author hath taken to keep up to the letter of this history, carry any greater force. Are there not instances of plays, wherein the history is so perverted, that we can know the heroes whom they celebrate by no other marks than their names? nay, do we not find the same character placed by different poets in such different lights, that we can discover not the least sameness, or even likeness in the features! The Sophonisba of Mairet, and of Lee, is a tender, passionate, amorous mistress of Masinissa: Corneille and Mr Thomson give her no other passion but the love of her country, and make her as cool in her affection to Masinissa as to Syphax. In the two latter she resembles the character of queen Elizabeth; in the two former, she is the picture of Mary queen of Scotland. In short, the one Sophonisba is as different from the other, as the Brutus of Voltaire is from the Marius jun. of Otway; or as the Minerva is from the Venus of the ancients.

Let us now proceed to a regular examination of the tragedy before us, in which I shall treat separately of the Fable, the Moral, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Diction. And first of the

Fable; which I take to be the most simple imaginable; and to use the word of an eminent author, "One, regular, and uniform, not charged with a mul-

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'tiplicity of incidents, and yet affording several re-
'volutions of fortune; by which the passions may be
'excited, varied, and driven to their full tumult of
'emotion.'——Nor is the action of this tragedy less great than uniform. The spring of all is the love of Tom Thumb for Huncamunca; which caused the quarrel between their majesties in the first act; the passion of Lord Grizzle in the second; the rebellion, fall of Lord Grizzle, and Glumdalca, devouring of Tom Thumb by the Cow, and that bloody catastrophe, in the third.

Nor is the moral of this excellent tragedy less noble than the fable; it teaches these two instructive lessons, *viz.* That human happiness is exceeding transient; and, that death is the certain end of all men: the former whereof is inculcated by the fatal end of Tom Thumb; the latter, by that of all the other personages.

The characters are, I think, sufficiently described in the Dramatis Personæ; and I believe we shall find few plays, where greater care is taken to maintain them throughout, and to preserve in every speech that characteristical mark which distinguishes them from each other. 'But, (says Mr D——) how well doth the 'character of Tom Thumb, whom we must call the 'hero of this tragedy, if it hath any hero, agree with 'the precepts of Aristotle, who defineth "Tragedy to "be the imitation of a short, but perfect action, con-"taining a just greatness in itself," &c. What great-'ness can be in a fellow, whom history relateth to have 'been no higher than a span?' This gentleman seemeth to think, with Serjeant Kite, that the greatness of a man's soul is in proportion to that of his body; the contrary of which is affirmed by our English physiognomical writers. Besides, if I understand Aristotle right, he speaketh only of the greatness of the action, and not of the person.

As for the Sentiments and the Diction, which now only remain to be spoken to; I thought I could afford them no stronger justification, than by producing parallel passages out of the best of our English writers. Whether this sameness of thought and expression, which I have quoted from them, proceeded from an agrement in their way of thinking, or whether they have borrowed

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vowed from our author, I leave the reader to determine. I shall adventure to affirm this of the sentiments of our author; that they are generally the most familiar which I have ever met with, and at the same time delivered with the highest dignity of phrase; which brings me to speak of his diction.—Here I shall only beg one postulatum, *viz.* That the greatest perfection of the language of a tragedy is, that it is not to be understood; which granted (as I think it must be) it will necessarily follow, that the only ways to avoid this is by being too high or too low for the understanding, which will comprehend every thing within its reach. Those two extremities of style Mr Dryden illustrates by the familiar image of two inns, which I shall term the aerial and the subterrestrial.

Horace goes farther, and sheweth when it is proper to call at one of these inns, and when at the other;

Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas & sesquipedalia verba.

That he approveth of the sesquipedalia verba, is plain; for had not Telephus and Peleus used this sort of diction in prosperity, they could not have dropt it in adversity. The aerial inn, therefore, (says Horace) is proper only to be frequented by princes and other great men, in the highest affluence of fortune; the subterrestrial is appointed for the entertainment of the poorer sort of people only, whom Horace advises,

——dolere sermone pedestri.

The true meaning of both which citations is, that bombast is the proper language for joy, and doggrel for grief; the latter of which is literally implied in the sermo pedestris, as the former is in the sesquipedalia verba.

Cicero recommendeth the former of these. "Quid "est tam furiosum vel tragicum quàm verborum so-"nitus inanis, nullâ subjecta sententiâ neque scientiâ." What can be so proper for tragedy as a set of big sounding words, so contrived together as to convey no meaning? which I shall one day or other prove to be

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the ſublime of Longinus. Ovid declareth abſolutely for the latter inn:

Omne genus ſcripti gravitate tragœdia vincit.

Tragedy hath, of all writings, the greateſt ſhare in the Bathos; which is the profound of Scriblerus.

I ſhall not preſume to determine which of theſe two ſtiles be properer for tragedy. It ſufficeth that our author excelleth in both. He is very rarely within ſight through the whole play, either riſing higher than the eye of your underſtanding can ſoar, or ſinking lower than it careth to ſtoop. But here, it may, perhaps, be obſerved, that I have given more frequent inſtances of authors who have imitated him in the ſublime, than in the contrary. To which I anſwer, firſt, Bombaſt being properly a redundancy of genius, inſtances of this nature occur in poets, whoſe names do more honour to our author, than the writers in the doggrel, which proceeds from a cool, calm, weighty way of thinking; inſtances whereof are moſt frequently to be found in authors of a lower claſs. Secondly, That the works of ſuch authors are difficultly found at all. Thirdly, That it is a very hard taſk to read them, in order to extract theſe flowers from them. And laſtly, it is very difficult to tranſplant them at all; they being like ſome flowers of a very nice nature, which will flouriſh in no ſoil but their own; for it is eaſy to tranſcribe a thought, but not the want of one. The EARL OF ESSEX, for inſtance, is a little garden of choice rarities, whence you can ſcarce tranſplant one line ſo as to preſerve its original beauty. This muſt account to the reader for his miſſing the names of ſeveral of his acquaintance, which he had certainly found here, had I ever read their works; for which if I have not a juſt eſteem, I can at leaſt ſay with Cicero, "Quæ non contemno, quippè quæ nunquam legerim." However, that the reader may meet with due ſatisfaction in this point, I have a young commentator from the univerſity, who is reading over all the modern tragedies, at five ſhillings a dozen, and collecting all that they have ſtole from our author, which ſhall ſhortly be added as an appendix to this work.

DRAMATIS

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

KING ARTHUR, a paſſionate ſort of King, huſband to Queen Dollallolla, of whom he ſtands a little in fear; father to Huncamunca, whom he is very fond of; and in love with Glumdalca,	Mr MULLART.
TOM THUMB THE GREAT, a little hero with a great ſoul, ſomething violent in his temper, which is a little abated by his love for Huncamunca,	Young VERHUYC,
GHOST of Gaffer Thumb, a whimſical ſort of Ghoſt,	Mr LACY.
LORD GRIZZLE, extremely zealous for the liberty of the ſubject, very choleric in his temper, and in love with Huncamunca,	Mr JONES.
MERLIN, a conjurer, and in ſome ſort father to Tom Thumb,	Mr HALLAM.
NOODLE, Courtiers in place, and conſequently	Mr REYNOLDS.
DOODLE, of that party which is uppermoſt,	Mr WATHAN.
FOODLE, a courtier that is out of place, and conſequently of that party which is undermoſt,	Mr AYRES.
BAILIF, and of the party of	Mr PETERSON.
FOLLOWER, the plaintiff,	Mr HICKS.
PARSON, of the ſide of the church,	Mr W_TSON.

WO-

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WOMEN.

QUEEN DOLLALLOLLA, wife to King Arthur, and mother to Huncamunca, a woman intirely faultleſs, ſaving that ſhe is a little given to drink, a little too much a virago towards her huſband, and in love with Tom Thumb,	Mrs MULLART.
The PRINCESS HUNCAMUNCA, daughter to their majeſties King Arthur and Queen Dollallolla, of a very ſweet, gentle and amorous diſpoſition, equally in love with Lord Grizzle and Tom Thumb, and deſirous to be married to them both,	Mrs JONES.
GLUMDALCA, of the Giants, a captive Queen belov'd by the King, but in love with Tom Thumb,	Mrs DOVE.
CLEORA, MUSTACHA, Maids of honour, in love with	NOODLE. DOODLE.

Courtiers, Guards, Rebels, Drums, Trumpets, Thunder, and Lightning.

SCENE, *The Court of* KING ARTHUR, *and a Plain thereabouts.*

TOM

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TOM THUMB THE GREAT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The* PALACE.

DOODLE, NOODLE.

DOODLE.

SURE such a day * as this was never seen!
The sun himself, on this auspicious day,
Shines like a beau in a new birth-day suit:
This down the seams embroider'd that the beams.
All nature wears one universal grin.

Nood.

* Corneille recommends some very remarkable day wherein to fix the action of the tragedy. This the best of our tragical writers have understood to mean a day remarkable for the serenity of the sky, or what we generally call a fine summer's day; so that, according to this their exposition, the same months are proper for tragedy which are proper for pastoral. Most of our celebrated English tragedies, as Cato, Mariamne, Tamerlane, &c. begin with their observations on the morning. Lee seems to have come the nearest to this beautiful description of our author's:

> The morning dawns with an unwonted crimson,
> The flowers all odorous seem, the garden birds
> Sing louder, and the laughing sun ascends
> The gaudy earth with an unusual brightness,
> All nature smiles. *Caes. Borg.*

Masiniſſa in the new Sophoniſba is also a favourite of the sun:

> ——The sun too seems,
> As conscious of my joy, with broader eye
> To look abroad the world, and all things smile
> Like Sophoniſba.

Memnon, in the Persian Princess, makes the sun decline rising, that he may not peep on objects which would prophane his brightness:

——The

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Nood. This day, O Mr Doodle, is a day
Indeed! ——A day,* we never saw before,
The mighty † Thomas Thumb victorious comes;
Millions of giants crowd his chariot-wheels,
‡ Giants! to whom the giants in Guild-hall

Are

——The morning rises slow,
And all those ruddy streaks that us'd to paint
The day's approach are lost in clouds, as if
The horrors of the night had sent 'em back,
To warn the sun he should not leave the sea,
To peep, &c.

* This line is highly conformable to the beautiful simplicity of the ancients. It hath been copied by almost every modern.

Not to be is not to be in woe. *State of Innocence.*

Love is not sin but where 'tis sinful love. *Don Sebastian.*

Nature is nature, Lælius. *Sophonisba.*

Men are but men, we did not make ourselves. *Revenge.*

† Dr B——y reads; The mighty Tall-mast Thumb. Mr D——'s; The mighty Thumbing Thumb. Mr T——d reads; Thundering. I think Thomas more agreeable to the great simplicity so apparent in our author.

‡ That learned historian Mr S——n, in the third number of his criticism on our author, takes great pains to explode this passage. "It is, says he difficult to guess what giants are here meant, unless the giant Despair in the Pilgrim's Progress, or the giant Greatness in the Royal Villain; for I have heard of no other sort of giants in the reign of King Arthur." Petrus Burmanus makes three Tom Thumbs, one whereof he supposes to have been the same person whom the Greeks called Hercules; and that by these giants are to be understood the Centaurs slain by that hero. Another Tom Thumb he contends to have been no other than the Hermes Trismegistus of the ancients. The third Tom Thumb he places under the reign of King Arthur; to which third Tom Thumb, says he, the actions of the other two were attributed. Now tho' I know that this opinion is supported by an assertion of Justus Lipsius, "Thomam illum Thumbum non aliumquàm Herculem fuisse satis constat," yet shall I venture to oppose one line of Mr Midwinter against them all;

In Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live.

"But then, (says Dr B——y), if we place Tom Thumb in the court of King Arthur, it will be proper to place that court out of Britain, where no giants were ever heard of." Spencer, in his Fairy Queen, is of another opinion, where, describing Albion, he says,

——Far

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Are infant dwarfs. They frown, and foam and roar,
While Thumb, regardleſs of their noiſe, rides on.
So ſome cock-ſparrow in a farmer's yard,
Hops at the head of an huge flock of turkeys.

Dood. When goody Thumb firſt brought this Thomas forth,
The Genius of our land triumphant reign'd;
Then, then, O Arthur! did thy Genius reign.

Nood. They tell me it is * whiſper'd in the books
Of all our ſages that this mighty hero,
By Merlin's art begot, hath not a bone
Within his ſkin, but is a lump of griſtle.

Dood. Then 'tis a griſtle of no mortal kind;
Some god, my Noodle, ſtept into the place
Of gaffer Thumb, and more than † half begot
This mighty Tom.

Nood. —— ‡ Sure he was ſent expreſs

——Far within, a ſalvage nation dwelt
Of hideous giants.

And in the ſame canto,

Then Elfar, with two brethren giants had,
The one of which had two heads——
The other three.

Riſum teneatis, amici?

* "To whiſper in books, (ſays Mr D—— s,) is arrant nonſenſe." I am afraid this learned man does not ſufficiently underſtand the extenſive meaning of the word Whiſper. If he had rightly underſtood what is meant by the 'ſenſes whiſp'ring the ſoul,' in the Perſian Princeſs, or what 'whiſp'ring like winds' is, in Aurengzebe, or like thunder in another author, he would have underſtood this. Emmeline, in Dryden, ſees a voice; but ſhe was born blind, which is an excuſe Panthea cannot plead in Cyrus, who hears a ſigh.

——Your deſcription will ſurpaſs
All fiction, painting, or dumb ſhew of horror,
That ever ears yet heard, or eyes beheld.

When Mr D——s underſtands theſe, he will underſtand whiſpering in books.

† —Some ruffian ſtept into his father's place,
And more than half begot him. *Mary Q. of Scots.*

‡ —For Ulmar ſeems ſent expreſs from Heaven,
To civilize this rugged Indian clime.
Liberty Aſſerted.

From

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From Heav'n to be the pillar of our ſtate.
Tho' ſmall his body be, ſo very ſmall
A chairman's leg is more than twice as large,
Yet is his ſoul like any mountain big;
And as a mountain once brought forth a mouſe,
* So doth this mouſe contain a mighty mountain.
Dood. Mountain indeed! So terrible his name,
† The giant nurſes frighten children with it,
And cry, Tom Thumb is come, and if you are
Naughty, will ſurely take the child away.
Nood. But hark! ‡ theſe trumpets ſpeak the king's approach.
Dood. He comes moſt luckily for my petition.
[*Flouriſh.*

SCENE II.

KING, QUEEN, GRIZZLE, NOODLE, DOODLE, FOODLE.

King. ‖ Let nothing but a face of joy appear;
The man who frowns this day ſhall loſe his head,
That he may have no face to frown withal.
Smile

* "Omne majus continet in ſe minus, ſed minus non in ſe majus continere poteſt," ſays Scaliger in Thumbo.—— I ſuppoſe he would have cavilled at theſe beautiful lines in the Earl of Eſſex;

——Thy moſt inveterate ſoul,
That looks through the foul priſon of thy body;

And at thoſe of Dryden,

The palace is without too well deſign'd;
Conduct me in, for I will view thy mind. *Aurengzebe.*

† Mr Banks hath copied this almoſt verbatim.

It was enough to ſay, Here's Eſſex come,
And nurſes ſtill'd their children with the fright.
E. of Eſſex.

‡ The trumpet in a tragedy is generally as much as to ſay, Enter King, which makes Mr Banks, in one of his plays, call it, the trumpet's formal ſound.

‖ Phraortes, in the Captives, ſeems to have been acquainted with King Arthur.
Proclaim

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Smile, Dollallolla——Ha! what wrinkled ſorrow,
* Hangs, ſits, lies, frowns upon thy knitted brow?
Whence flow thoſe tears faſt down thy blubber'd cheeks,
Like a ſwoln gutter, guſhing through the ſtreets?

Queen. † Exceſs of joy, my lord, I've heard folks ſay,
Gives tears as certain as exceſs of grief.

King. If it be ſo, let all men cry for joy,
‡ 'Till my whole court be drowned with their tears; Nay,

Proclaim a feſtival for ſeven days ſpace,
Let the court ſhine in all its pomp and luſtre,
Let all our ſtreets reſound with ſhouts of joy;
Let muſic's care-diſpelling voice be heard;
The ſumptuous banquet, and the flowing goblet
Shall warm the cheek, and fill the heart with gladneſs.
Aſtarbe ſhall ſit miſtreſs of the feaſt.

* Repentance frowns on thy contracted brow. *Sophoniſba.*

Hung on his clouded brow, I mark'd deſpair. *Ibid.*

——A ſullen gloom
Scowls on his brow. *Buſiris.*

† Plato is of this opinion, and ſo is Mr Banks;

Behold theſe tears ſprung from freſh pain and joy.
E. of Eſſex.

‡ Thoſe floods are very frequent in the tragic authors.

Near to ſome murmuring brook I'll lay me down,
Whoſe waters, if they ſhould too ſhallow flow,
My tears ſhall ſwell them up till I will drown.
Lee's Sophoniſba.

Pouring forth tears at ſuch a laviſh rate,
That were the world on fire they might have drown'd
The wrath of Heav'n, and quench'd the mighty ruin.
Mithridates.

Our author changes the waters of grief to thoſe of joy.

——Theſe tears, that ſprung from tides of grief,
Are now augmented to a flood of joy. *Cyrus the Great.*

Another,

Turns all the ſtreams of heat, and makes them flow
In pity's channel. *Royal Villain.*

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Nay, till they overflow my utmoſt land,
And leave me nothing but the ſea to rule.
Dood. My liege, I a petition have here got.
King. Petition me no petitions, Sir, to-day;
Let other hours be ſet apart for buſineſs,
To-day it is our pleaſure to be * drunk,
And this our Queen ſhall be as drunk as we.
Queen. (Tho' I already † half ſeas over am)
If the capacious goblet overflow
With arrack-punch—'fore George! I'll ſee it out;
Of rum and brandy I'll not taſte a drop.
King. Though rack, in punch, eight ſhillings be a quart,
And rum and brandy be no more than ſix,
Rather than quarrel you ſhall have your will.
[*Trumpets.*

One drowns himſelf.

——Pity like a torrent pours me down,
Now I am drowning all within a deluge. *Anna Bullen.*

Cyrus drowns the whole world.

Our ſwelling grief
Shall melt into a deluge, and the world
Shall drown in tears. *Cyrus the Great.*

* An expreſſion vaſtly beneath the dignity of tragedy, ſays Mr D—s; yet we find the word he cavils at in the mouth of Mithridates leſs properly uſed, and applied to a more terrible idea;

I would be drunk with death. *Mithridates.*

The author of the new Sophoniſba taketh hold of this monoſyllable, and uſes it pretty much to the ſame purpoſe:

The Carthaginian ſword with Roman blood
Was drunk.

I would aſk Mr D—s, which gives him the beſt idea, a drunken king, or a drunken ſword?

Mr Tate dreſſes up king Arthur's reſolution in heroic;

Merry, my lord, o'th'captain's humour right,
I am reſolv'd to be dead drunk to-night.

Lee alſo uſes this charming word;

Love's the drunkenneſs of the mind. *Gloriana.*

† Dryden hath borrowed this, and applied it improperly;

I'm half ſeas o'er in death. *Cleom*

But

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But ha! the warrior comes; the great Tom Thum,
The little hero, giant-killing boy,
Preſerver of my kingdom, is arriv'd.

SCENE III.

TOM THUMB *to them, with Officers, Priſoners, and Attendants.*

King. * Oh! welcome moſt, moſt welcome to my arms.
What gratitude can thank away the debt
Your valour lays upon me?

Queen. ————————† Oh! ye gods! [*Aſide.*

Thumb. When I'm not thank'd at all I'm thank'd enough,
‡ I've done my duty, and I've done no more.

Queen. Was ever ſuch a godlike creature ſeen! [*Aſide.*

King. Thy modeſty's a ‖ candle to thy merit,
It ſhines itſelf, and ſhews thy merit too.
But ſay, my boy, where didſt thou leave the giants?

Thumb. My liege, without the caſtle gates they ſtand,
The caſtle gates too low for their admittance.

King. What look they like?

Thumb. Like nothing but themſelves.

Queen. ** And ſure thou art like nothing but thyſelf. [*Aſide.*

King. Enough! the vaſt idea fills my ſoul.
I ſee them, yes, I ſee them now before me:

* This figure is in great uſe among the tragedians;
'Tis therefore, therefore 'tis. *Victim.*
I long, repent, repent and long again. *Buſiris.*

† A tragical exclamation.

‡ This line is copied verbatim in the Captives.

‖ We find a candleſtick for this candle in two celebrated authors:

————Each ſtar withdraws
His golden head, and burns within the ſocket. *Nero.*
A ſoul grown old and ſunk into the ſocket. *Sebaſtian.*

** This ſimile occurs very frequently among the dramatic writers of both kinds.

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The monſtrous ugly, barb'rous ſons of whores.
But ha! what form majeſtic ſtrikes our eyes?
* So perfect, that it ſeems to have been drawn
By all the gods in council: ſo fair ſhe is,
That ſurely at her birth the council paus'd,
And then at length cry'd out, This is a woman!
Thumb. Then were the gods miſtaken—ſhe is not
A woman, but a gianteſs—whom we,
† With much ado, have made a ſhift to hawl
Within the town; ‡ for ſhe is by a foot
Shorter than all the ſubject giants were.
Glum. We yeſterday were both a queen and wife,
One hundred thouſand giants own'd our ſway,
Twenty whereof were married to ourſelf.
Queen. Oh! happy ſtate of giantiſm——where huſbands
Like muſhrooms grow, whilſt hapleſs we are forc'd
To be content, nay, happy thought with one.

* Mr Lee hath ſtolen this thought from our author;
——This perfect face drawn by the gods in council,
Which they were long a-making. *Luc. Jun. Brut.*
——At his birth the heavenly council paus'd,
And then at laſt cry'd out, This is a man.
Dryden hath improved this hint to the utmoſt perfection:
So perfect that the very gods who form'd you, wonder'd
At their own ſkill, and cry'd, a lucky hit
Has mended our deſign! Their envy hinder'd,
Or you had been immortal, and a pattern,
When Heaven would work for oſtentation's ſake,
To copy out again. *All for Love.*
Banks prefers the works of Michael Angelo to that of the gods:
A pattern for the gods to make a man by,
Or Michael Angelo to form a ſtatue.

† It is impoſſible, ſays Mr W——, ſufficiently to admire this natural eaſy line.

‡ This tragedy, which in moſt points reſembles the ancients, differs from them in this, that it aſſigns the ſame honour to lowneſs of ſtature, which they did to height. The gods and heroes in Homer and Virgil, are continually deſcribed higher by the head than their followers, the contrary of which is obſerved by our author. In ſhort, to exceed on either ſide is equally admirable; and a man of three foot is as wonderful a ſight as a man of nine.

Glum.

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Glum. But then to loſe them all in one black day,
That the ſame ſun, which riſing, ſaw me wife
To twenty giants, ſetting, ſhould behold
Me widow'd of them all.—* My worn out heart,
That ſhip leaks faſt, and the great heavy lading,
My ſoul, will quickly ſink.

Queen. ——Madam, believe
I view your ſorrows with a woman's eye;
But learn to bear them with what ſtrength you may:
To-morrow we will have our grenadiers
Drawn out before you, and you then ſhall chuſe
What huſbands you think fit.

Glum. —— † Madam, I am
Your moſt obedient, and moſt humble ſervant.

King. Think, mighty princeſs, think this court your own,
Nor think the landlord me, this houſe my inn;
Call for whate'er you will you'll nothing pay.
‡ I feel a ſudden pain within my breaſt,
Nor know I whether this ariſe from love
Or only the wind-cholic. Time muſt ſhew.
Oh Thumb! what do we to thy valour owe?
Aſk ſome reward, great as we can beſtow.

Thumb. ‖ I aſk not kingdoms, I can conquer thoſe,
I aſk not money, money I've enough;
For what I've done, and what I mean to do,
For giants ſlain, and giants yet unborn,
Which I will ſlay——if this be call'd a debt,

* My blood leaks faſt, and the great heavy lading
My ſoul will quickly ſink. *Mithrid.*
My ſoul is like a ſhip. *Injur'd Love.*

† This well-bred line ſeems to be copied in the Perſian Princeſs;
To be your humbleſt, and moſt faithful ſlave.

‡ This doubt of the king, puts me in mind of a paſſage in the Captives, where the noiſe of feet is miſtaken for the ruſtling of leaves.

——Methinks I hear
The ſound of feet;
No, 'twas the wind that ſhook yon cypreſs boughs.

‖ Mr Dryden ſeems to have had this paſſage in his eye in the firſt page of Love Triumphant.

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Take my receipt in full——I ask but this;
* To sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes.
King. Prodigious bold request!
Queen. —— † Be still, my soul. } [*Aside.*
Thumb. ‡ My heart is at the threshold of your mouth,
And waits its answer there.—— Oh! do not frown;
I've try'd, to reason's tune, to tune my soul,
But love did overwind and crack the string,
Tho' Jove in thunder had cry'd out, YOU SHAN'T,
I should have lov'd her still—— for oh strange fate,
Then when I lov'd her least I lov'd her most!
King. It is resolv'd——the princess is your own.
Thumb. ‖ Oh! happy, happy, happy, happy Thumb!
Queen. Consider, Sir, reward your soldier's merit,
But give not Huncamunca to Tom Thumb.
King. Tom Thumb! Odzooks, my wide extended realm
Knows not a name so glorious as Tom Thumb.
Let Macedonia Alexander boast,

* Don Carlos, in the Revenge, suns himself in the charms of his Mistress;

While in the lustre of her charms I lay,

† A tragical phrase much in use.

‡ This speech hath been taken to pieces by several tragical authors, who seem to have rifled it, and shared its beauties among them.

My soul waits at the portal of thy breast,
To ravish from thy lips the welcome news. *Anna Bullen.*

My soul stands listning at my ears. *Cyrus the Great.*

Love to his tune my jarring heart would bring,
But reason overwinds and cracks the string. *D. of Guise.*

——I shou'd have lov'd,
Though Jove in muttering thunder had forbid it.
New Sophonisba.

And when it *(my heart)* wild resolves to love no more,
Then is the triumph of excessive love. *Ibidem.*

‖ Masinissa is one fourth less happy than Tomb Thumb. Oh! happy, happy, happy.

Let

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Let Rome her Cæſars and her Scipios ſhow,
Her Meſſieurs France, let Holland boaſt Mynheers,
Ireland her O's, her Macs let Scotland boaſt,
Let England boaſt no other than Tom Thumb.
Queen. Tho' greater yet his boaſted merit was,
He ſhall not have my daughter, that is pos'.
King. Ha! ſay'ſt thou, Dollallolla!
Queen. ——I ſay he ſhan't.
King. * Then by our royal ſelf we ſwear you lie,
Queen. † Who but a dog, who but a dog
Would uſe me as thou doſt? Me, who have lain
‡ Theſe twenty years ſo loving by thy ſide;
But I will be reveng'd. I'll hang myſelf,
Then tremble all who did this match perſuade,
§ For riding on a cat from high I'll fall,
And ſquirt down royal vengeance on you all.
Food. ‖ Her majeſty the queen is in a paſſion.
King. ¶ Be ſhe, or be ſhe not——I'll to the girl
And pave thy way, oh Thumb. Now by ourſelf,
We were indeed a pretty king of clouts
To truckle to her will. For when by force
Or art the wife her huſband over-reaches,
Give him the petticoat and her the breeches.

* No by myſelf. *Anna Bullen.*

† ——Who caus'd
This dreadful revolution in my fate,
Ulamar, Who but a dog, who but a dog?
Liberty Aſſerted.

‡ ——A bride,
Who twenty years lay loving by your ſide. *Banks.*

§ For born upon a cloud from high I'll fall,
And rain down royal vengeance on you all.
Albion Queens.

‖ An information very like this we have in the tragedy of Tyrannic Love; where Cyrus having ſtormed in the moſt violent manner, Cyaxares obſerves very calmly,

Why, nephew Cyrus——you are mov'd.

¶ 'Tis in your choice,
Love me, or love me not. *Conqueſt of Granada.*
Thumb.

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Thumb. * Whiſper, ye winds, that Huncamunca's mine;
Echoes repeat that Huncamunca's mine!
The dreadful buſineſs of the war is o'er,
And beauty, heav'nly beauty, crowns my toils;
I've thrown the bloody garment now aſide,
And hymeneal ſweets invite my bride.
So when ſome chimney-ſweeper all the day,
Hath through dark paths purſu'd his ſooty way,
At night, to waſh his hands and face he flies,
And in his t'other ſhirt with his Brickduſta lies.

SCENE IV.

GRIZZLE, *ſolus.*

† Where art thou, Grizzle! where are now thy glories?
Where are the drums that waken thee to honour?
Greatneſs is a lac'd coat from Monmouth Street,
Which Fortune lends us for a day to wear,
To-morrow puts it on another's back.
The ſpiteful ſun but yeſterday ſurvey'd
His rival high as Saint Paul's cupola:
Now may he ſee me as Fleet-ditch laid low.

SCENE V.

QUEEN, GRIZZLE.

Queen. ‡ Teach me to ſcold, prodigious minded Grizzle.
Mountain of treaſon, ugly as the devil,
Teach this confounded hateful mouth of mine
To ſpout forth words malicious as thyſelf,
Words, which might ſhame all Bilingſgate to ſpeak.

* There is not one beauty in this charming ſpeech, but what hath been borrowed by almoſt every tragic writer.

† Mr Banks has (I wiſh I could not ſay too ſervilely) imitated this of Grizzle in his Earl of Eſſex.
Where art thou, Eſſex, &c.

‡ The Counteſs of Nottingham in the Earl of Eſſex is apparently acquainted with Dollallolla.

Griz.

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Griz. Far be it from my pride to think my tongue
Your royal lips can in that art inſtruct
Wherein you ſo excel. But may I aſk,
Without offence, wherefore my queen would ſcold?
Queen. Wherefore? Oh! blood and thunder, han't you heard
(What ev'ry corner of the court reſounds)
That little Thumb will be a great man made?
Griz. I heard it, I confeſs——for who, alas!
* Can always ſtop his ears—But wou'd my teeth,
By grinding knives, had firſt been ſet on edge.
Queen. Wou'd I had heard at the ſtill noon of night,
The hallalloo of fire in every ſtreet!
Odſbobs! I have a mind to hang myſelf,
To think I ſhou'd a grandmother be made
By ſuch a raſcal.—Sure the king forgets,
When in a pudding, by his mother put,
The baſtard, by a tinker, on a ſtyle
Was dropp'd.—O, good Lord Grizzle! can I bear
To ſee him from a pudding mount the throne?
Or can, oh can! my Huncamunca bear
To take a pudding's offspring to her arms?
Griz. Oh horror! horror! horror! ceaſe, my queen,
† Thy voice, like twenty ſcreech-owls, wracks my brain.
Queen. Then rouſe thy ſpirit—we may yet prevent
This hated match.——
Griz.——We will ‡; not fate itſelf,
Should it conſpire with Thomas Thumb, ſhould cauſe it.
I'll ſwim thro' ſeas; I'll ride upon the clouds;
I'll dig the earth; I'll blow out ev'ry fire;

* Grizzle was not probably poſſeſſed of that glew of which Mr Banks ſpeaks in his Cyrus.

I'll glew my ears to every word.

† Screech-owls, dark ravens and amphibious monſters,
Are ſcreaming in that voice. *Mary Q. of Scots.*

‡ The reader may ſee all the beauties of this ſpeech in a late Ode called the Naval Lyrick.

I'll

I'll rave; I'll rant; I'll riſe; I'll ruſh; I'll rore;
Fierce as the man whom * ſmiling dolphins bore,
From the proſaic to poetic ſhore.
I'll tear the ſcoundrel into twenty pieces.

Queen. Oh, no! prevent the match, but hurt him not;
For tho' I wou'd not have him have my daughter,
Yet can we kill the man that kill'd the giants?

Griz. I tell you, Madam, it was all a trick,
He made the giants firſt, and then he kill'd them;
As fox-hunters bring foxes to the wood,
And then with hounds they drive them out again.

Queen. How! have you ſeen no giants? are there not
Now, in the yard, ten thouſand proper giants?

Griz. † Indeed, I cannot poſitively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not one.

Queen. Hence! from my ſight! thou traitor hie away;
By all my ſtars! thou envieſt Tom Thumb.
Go, ſirrah! go ‡ hie away! hie!——thou art
A ſetting dog, be gone.

Griz.

* This epithet to a dolphin doth not give one ſo clear an idea as were to be wiſhed; a ſmiling fiſh ſeeming a little more difficult to be imagined than a flying fiſh. Mr Dryden is of opinion, ſmiling is the property of reaſon, and that no irrational creature can ſmile.

Smiles not allowed to beaſts, from reaſon move.
State of Innocence.

† Theſe lines are written in the ſame key with thoſe in the Earl of Eſſex.

Why ſay'ſt thou ſo, I love thee well, indeed
I do, and thou ſhalt find by this, 'tis true.

Or with this in Cyrus;

The moſt heroic mind that ever was.

And with above half of the modern tragedies.

‡ Ariſtotle, in that excellent work of his, which is very juſtly ſtiled his Maſter-piece, earneſtly recommends uſing the terms of art, however coarſe or even indecent they may be. Mr Tate is of the ſame opinion.

Bru.

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Griz. Madam I go.
Tom Thumb ſhall feel the vengeance you have rais'd;
So when two dogs are fighting in the ſtreets,
With a third dog one of the two dogs meets,
With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,
And this dog ſmarts for what that dog hath done.

SCENE VII.

QUEEN, *ſolus.*

And whither ſhall I go?——Alack-a-day!
I love Tom Thumb—But muſt not tell him ſo;
For what's a woman when her virtue's gone!
A coat without its lace; wig out of buckle;
A ſtocking with a hole in't———I can't live
Without my virtue, or without Tom Thumb.
* Then let me weigh them in two equal ſcales;
In this ſcale put my virtue, that Tom Thumb.
Alas! Tom Thumb is heavier than my virtue.
But hold!———perhaps I may be left a widow:
This match prevented then Tom Thumb is mine:
In that dear hope I will forget my pain.
So, when ſome wench to Tothill Bridewell's ſent,
With beating hemp and flogging ſhe's content,
She hopes in time to eaſe her preſent pain,
At length is free, and walks the ſtreets again.

Bru. Do not, like young hawks, fetch a courſe about,
Your game flies fair.
Fra. Do not fear it.
He anſwers you in your own hawking phraſe.
Injur'd Lover.

I think theſe two great authorities are ſufficient to juſtify Dollallolla in the uſe of the phraſe, "Hie away, hie!" when in the ſame line ſhe is ſpeaking to a ſetting-dog.

* We meet with ſuch another pair of ſcales in Dryden's King Arthur.

Arthur and Oſwald and their different fates,
Are weighing now within the ſcales of Heaven.

Alſo in Sebaſtian;

This hour my lot is weighing in the ſcales.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

BAILIFF, FOLLOWER.

BAILIFF.

COME on, my truſty follower, come on:
This day diſcharge thy duty, and at night
A double mug of beer and beer ſhall glad thee.
Stand here by me, this way muſt Noodle paſs.
Follow. No more, no more, oh Bailiff! every word
Inſpires my ſoul with virtue.——Oh! I long
To meet the enemy in the ſtreet—and nab him:
To lay arreſting hands upon his back,
And drag him trembling to the ſpunging-houſe.
Bail. There when I have him, I will ſpunge upon him.
* Oh! glorious thought! by the ſun, moon, and ſtars,
I will enjoy it, tho' it be in thought!
Yes, yes, my follower, I will enjoy it.
Follow. Enjoy it then ſome other time, for now
Our prey approaches.
Bail. Let us retire.

SCENE II.

TOM THUMB, NOODLE, BAILIFF, FOLLOWER.

Thumb. Truſt me, my Noodle, I am wondrous ſick;
For thongh I love the gentle Huncamunca,
Yet at the thought of marriage I grow pale:
For oh!——but ſwear thou'lt keep it ever ſecret,
I will unfold a tale will make thee ſtare.

* Mr Rowe is generally imagined to have taken ſome hints from this ſcene in his character of Bajazet; but as he, of all the tragic writers, bears the leaſt reſemblance to our author in his diction, I am unwilling to imagine he would condeſcend to copy him in this particular.

† This method of ſurpriſing an audience by raiſing their expectation to the higheſt pitch and then balking it, hath been practis'd with great ſucceſs by moſt of our tragical authors.

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Nood. I swear by lovely Huncamunca's charms.
Thumb. Then know——* my grandmamma hath often said,
Tomb Thumb, beware of marriage.
Nood. Sir, I blush
To think a warrior great in arms as you,
Should be affrighted by his grandmamma;
Can an old woman's empty dreams deter
The blooming hero from the virgin's arms?
Think of the joy that will your soul alarm,
When in her fond embraces clasp'd you lie,
While on her panting breast dissolv'd in bliss,
You pour out all Tom Thumb in every kiss.
Thumb. Oh! Noodle, thou hast fir'd my eager soul;
Spite of my grandmother she shall be mine;
I'll hug, caress, I'll eat her up with love;
Whole days, and nights, and years shall be too short
For our enjoyment, every sun shall rise
† Blushing, to see us in our bed together.
Nood. Oh, Sir! this purpose of your soul pursue.
Bail. Oh, Sir! I have an action against you,
Nood. At whose suit is it?
Bail. At your taylor's, Sir.

* Almeyda in Sebastian is in the same distress;

Sometimes methinks I hear the groan of ghosts,
Thin hollow sounds and lamentable screams;
Then like a dying echo from afar,
My mother's voice that cries, Wed not, Almeyda;
Forewarn'd, Almeyda. marriage is thy crime.

† "As very well he may, if he hath any modesty in him," says Mr D——s. The author of Busiris is extremely zealous to prevent the sun's blushing at any indecent object; and therefore on all such occasions he addresses himself to the sun, and desires him to keep out of the way.

Rise never more, O sun! let night prevail,
Eternal darkness close the world's wide scene. *Busiris.*

Sun hide thy face, and put the world in mourning. *Ibid.*

Mr Banks makes the sun perform the office of Hymen; and therefore not likely to be disgusted at such a sight;

The sun sets forth like a gay brideman with you.
Mary Q. of Scots.

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Your Taylor put this warrant in my hands,
And I arreſt you Sir, at his commands.

Thumb. Ha! dogs! arreſt my friend before my face!
Think you Tom Thumb will ſuffer this diſgrace!
But let vain cowards threaten by their word,
Tom Thumb ſhall ſhew his anger by his ſword.

[*Kills the bailiff and his follower.*

Bail. Oh, I am ſlain!

Fol. I am murdered alſo,
And to the ſhades, the diſmal ſhades below,
My bailiff's faithful follower I go.

Nood. * Go then to hell like raſcals as you are,
And give our ſervice to the bailiffs there.

Thumb. Thus periſh all the bailiffs in the land,
Till debtors at noon-day ſhall walk the ſtreets,
And no one fear a bailiff or his writ.

SCENE III.

The Princeſs HUNCAMUNCA's *Apartment.*

HUNCAMUNCA, CLEORA, MUSTACHA.

Hunc. † Give me ſome muſic—ſee that it be ſad.

CLEORA *ſings.*

I.

Cupid, eaſe a love ſick maid,
Bring thy quiver to her aid;
With equal ardour wound the ſwain:
Beauty ſhould never ſigh in vain.

II.

Let him feel the pleaſing ſmart,
Drive the arrow through his heart;
When one you wound, you then deſtroy;
When both you kill, you kill with joy.

* Neurmahal ſends the ſame meſſage to heaven;

For I would have you, when you upwards move,
Speak kindly of us to our friends above. *Aurengzebe.*

We find another to hell, in the Perſian Princeſs;

Villain, get thee down
To hell, and tell them that the fray's begun.

† Antony gives the ſame command in the ſame words.

Hunc.

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Hunc. * O Tom Thumb! Tom Thumb! wherefore art thou Tom Thumb?
Why hadſt thou not been born of royal race?
Why had not mighty Bantam been thy father?
Or elſe the king of Brentford, Old or New?

Muſt. I am ſurpris'd that your Highneſs can give yourſelf a moment's uneaſineſs about that little inſignificant fellow, † Tom Thumb the Great—one properer for a play-thing than a huſband.—Were he my huſband, his horns ſhould be as long as his body.—If you had fallen in love with a grenadier, I ſhould not have wonder'd at it.—If you had fallen in love with ſomething; but to fall in love with nothing!

Hunc. Ceaſe, my Muſtacha, on thy duty ceaſe.
The Zephyr, when in flow'ry vales it plays,
Is not ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet as Thummy's breath.
The dove is not ſo gentle to its mate.

Muſt. The dove is every bit as proper for a huſband.——Alas! Madam, there's not a beau about the court looks ſo little like a man.—He is a perfect butterfly, a thing without ſubſtance, and almoſt without ſhadow too.

Hunc. This rudeneſs is unſeaſonable; deſiſt,
Or I ſhall think this railing comes from love.
Tom Thumb's a creature of that charming form,
That no one can abuſe, unleſs they love him.

Muſt. Madam, the king.

SCENE IV.

KING, HUNCAMUNCA.

King. Let all but Huncamunca leave the room.
[*Exe.* Cleora *and* Muſtacha.
Daughter, I have obſerved of late ſome grief
Unuſual in your countenance——your eyes,

* Oh! Marius, Marius, wherefore art thou Marius?
Otway's Marius.

† Nothing is more common than theſe ſeeming contradictions; ſuch as,

Haughty weakneſs. *Victim.*
Great ſmall world. *Noah's Flood.*

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* That like two open windows, us'd to ſhew
The lovely beauty of the rooms within,
Have now two blinds before them.--What is the cauſe?
Say, have you not enough of meat and drink?
We've giv'n ſtrict orders not to have you ſtinted.
Hunc. Alas! my Lord, I value not myſelf,
That once I ate two fowls and half a pig;
† Small is that praiſe! but oh! a maid may want
What ſhe can neither eat nor drink.
King. What's that?
Hunc. ‡ O ſpare my bluſhes! but I mean a huſband.
King. If that be all, I have provided one,

* Lee hath improv'd this metaphor.

Doſt thou not view joy peeping from my eyes,
The caſements open'd wide to gaze on thee?
So Rome's glad citizens to windows riſe,
When they ſome young triumpher fain would ſee.
Gloriana.

† Almahide hath the ſame contempt for theſe appetites:

To eat and drink can no perfection be.
Conqueſt of Granada.

The Earl of Eſſex is of a different opinion, and ſeems to place the chief happineſs of a general therein.

Were but commanders half ſo well rewarded,
Then they might eat. *Banks's Earl of Eſſex.*

But if we may believe one, who knows more than either, the devil himſelf; we ſhall find eating to be of more moment than is generally imagined.

Gods are immortal only by their food.
Lucifer in the State of Innocence.

‡ "This expreſſion is enough of itſelf (ſays Mr D——s) utterly to deſtroy the character of Huncamunca;" yet we find a woman of no abandon'd character in Dryden adventuring far her, and thus excuſing herſelf;

To ſpeak our wiſhes firſt, forbid it pride,
Forbid it modeſty: true, they forbid it,
But Nature does not: when we are athirſt,
Or hungry, will imperious Nature ſtay,
Nor eat, nor drink, before 'tis bid fall on? *Cleomenes.*

Caſſandra ſpeaks before ſhe is aſked: Huncamunca afterwards. Caſſandra ſpeaks her wiſhes to her lover: Huncamunca only to her father.

A huſband

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A husband great in arms, whose warlike sword
Streams with the yellow blood of slaughter'd giants,
Whose name in Terrâ Incognitâ is known,
Whose valour, wisdom, virtue make a noise,
Great as the kettle-drums of twenty armies.
Hunc. Whom does my royal father mean?
King. Tom Thumb.
Hunc. Is it possible!
King. Ha! the window-blinds are gone,
* A country-dance of joy is in your face,
Your eyes spit fire, your cheeks grow red as beef.
Hunc. O, there's a magic-music in that sound,
Enough to turn me into beef indeed.
Yes, I will own, since licens'd by your word,
I'll own Tom Thumb the cause of all my grief.
For him I've sigh'd, I've wept, I've gnaw'd my sheets.
King. Oh! thou shalt gnaw thy tender sheets no more,
A husband thou shalt have to mumble now.
Hunc. Oh! happy sound! henceforth let no one tell
That Huncamunca shall lead apes in hell.
Oh! I am overjoy'd!
King. I see thou art.
† Joy lightens in thine eyes, and thunders from thy brows;
Transports, like lightning, dart along thy soul,
As small-shot thro' a hedge.
Hunc. Oh! say not small.
King. This happy news shall on our tongue ride post,
Ourself will bear the happy news to Thumb.
Yet think not, daughter, that your powerful charms
Must yet detain the hero from his arms;

* Her eyes resistless magic bear,
Angels, I see, and gods are dancing there.
Lee's Sophonisba.

† Mr Dennis, in that excellent tragedy, call'd Liberty Asserted, which is thought to have given so great a stroke to the late French king, hath frequent imitations of this beautiful speech of king Arthur;

Conquest light'ning in his eyes, and thund'ring in his arm:
Joy lighten'd in her eyes.
Joys like light'ning dart along my soul.

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Various his duty, various his delight;
Now in his turn to kiſs, and now to fight;
And now to kiſs again. So, mighty * Jove,
When with exceſſive thund'ring tir'd above,
Comes down to earth, and takes a bit—and then
Flies to his trade of thund'ring back again.

SCENE V.

GRIZZLE, HUNCAMUNCA.

† *Griz.* Oh! Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!
Thy pouting breaſts, like kettle-drums of braſs,
Beat everlaſting loud alarms of joy;
As bright as braſs they are, and oh, as hard;
Oh Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!

Hunc. Ha! doſt thou know me, princeſs as I am,
‡ That thus of me you dare to make your game.

Griz. Oh Huncamunca, well I know that you
A princeſs are, and a king's daughter too!
But love no meanneſs ſcorns, no grandeur fears;
Love often lords into the cellar bears,
And bids the ſturdy porter come up ſtairs.
For what's too high for love, or what's too low!
Oh Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!

Hunc. But granting all you ſay of love were true,
My love, alas! is to another due!

* Jove, with exceſſive thund'ring tir'd above,
Comes down for eaſe, enjoys a nymph, and then
Mounts dreadful, and to thund'ring goes again. *Gloriana.*

† This beautiful line, which ought, ſays Mr W———, to be written in gold, is imitated in the new Sophoniſba;

Oh! Sophoniſba, Sophoniſba, oh!
Oh! Narva, Narva, oh!

The author of a ſong, called Duke upon Duke, hath improv'd it.

Alas! O Nick, O Nick, alas!

Where, by the help of a little falſe ſpelling, you have two meanings in the repeated words.

‡ Edith, in the Bloody Brother, ſpeaks to her lover in the ſame familiar language;

Your grace is full of game.

In

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In vain to me a ſuitoring you come,
For I'm already promis'd to Tom Thumb.
Griz. And can my princeſs ſuch a durgen wed,
One fitter for your pocket than your bed!
Advis'd by me, the worthleſs baby ſhun,
Or you will ne'er be brought to bed of one.
Oh take me to thy arms, and never flinch,
Who am a man by Jupiter ev'ry inch.
* Then while in joys together loſt we ly,
I'll preſs thy ſoul while gods ſtand wiſhing by.
Hunc. If, Sir, what you inſinuate you prove,
All obſtacles of promiſe you remove;
For all engagements to a man muſt fall,
Whene'er that man is prov'd no man at all.
Griz. Oh, let him ſeek ſome dwarf, ſome fairy miſs,
Where no joint ſtool muſt lift him to the kiſs.
But by the ſtars and glory you appear
Much fitter for a Pruſſian grenadier;
One globe alone on Atlas' ſhoulders reſts,
Two globes are leſs than Huncamunca's breaſts:
The milky-way is not ſo white, that's flat,
And ſure thy breaſts are full as large as that.
Hunc. Oh, Sir, ſo ſtrong your eloquence I find,
It is impoſſible to be unkind.
Griz. Ah! ſpeak that o'er again, and let the ſound †
From one pole to another pole rebound;
The earth and ſky each be a battle-door,
And keep the ſound, that ſhuttlecock, up an hour;
To Doctors Commons for a licence I,
Swift as an arrow from the bow will fly.
Hunc. Oh no, leſt ſome diſaſter we ſhould meet,
'Twere better to be married at the Fleet.

* Traverſe the glitt'ring chambers of the ſky,
Born on a cloud in view of fate I'll ly,
And preſs her ſoul while Gods ſtand wiſhing by.
Hannibal.

† Let the four winds from diſtant corners meet,
And on their wings firſt bear it into France;
Then back again to Edina's proud walls,
Till victim to the ſound th' aſpiring city falls.
Albion Queens.
Griz.

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Griz. Forbid it, all ye powers, a princeſs ſhould
By that vile place contaminate her blood;
My quick return ſhall to my charmer prove
I travel on the * poſt-horſes of love.

Hunc. Thoſe poſt-horſes to me will ſeem too ſlow,
Though they ſhould fly ſwift as the gods, when they
Ride on behind that poſt-boy, Opportunity.

SCENE VI.

TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA.

Thumb. Where is my princeſs, where's my Hunca-
munca?
Where are thoſe eyes, thoſe cardmatches of love,
That † light up all with love my waxen ſoul?
Where is that face, which artful nature made
‡ In the ſame moulds where Venus' ſelf was caſt?

* I do not remember any metaphors ſo frequent in the tragic poets, as thoſe borrowed from the riding poſt;

The Gods and opportunity ride poſt. *Hannibal.*

——Let's ruſh together,
For death rides poſt. *Duke of Guiſe.*

Deſtruction gallops to thy murder poſt. *Gloriana.*

† 'Tis image too very often occurs;

——Bright as when the eye
Firſt lighted up our loves. *Aurengzebe.*

'Tis not a crown alone lights up my name. *Buſiris.*

‡ There is a great diſſention among the poets concerning the method of making man. One tells his miſtreſs, that the mold ſhe was made in being loſt, Heaven cannot form ſuch another. Lucifer, in Dryden, gives a merry deſcription of his own formation;

Whom Heaven neglecting, made and ſcarce deſign'd,
But threw me in for number to the reſt: *State of Innocence.*

In one place the ſame poet ſuppoſes man to be made of metal;

I was formed
Of that coarſe metal, which when ſhe was made,
The Gods threw by for rubbiſh. *All for Love.*

Hunc.

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Hunc. * Oh! what is muſic to the ear that's deaf,
Or a gooſe-pye to him that has no taſte?
What are theſe praiſes now to me, ſince I
Am promis'd to another?
Thumb. Ha! promis'd?
Hunc. Too ſure; 'tis written in the book of fate.
Thumb. † Then I will tear away the leaf
Wherein it's writ, or if fate won't allow
So large a gap within it's journal book,
I'll blot it out at leaſt.

In another of dough;

When the gods moulded up the paſte of man,
Some of their clay was left upon their hands,
And ſo they made Egyptians. *Cleomenes.*

In another of clay;

————Rubbiſh of remaining clay. *Sebaſtian.*

One makes the ſoul of wax;

Her waxen ſoul begins to melt apace. *Anna Bullen.*

Another of flint;

Sure our two ſouls have ſomewhere been acquainted
In former beings, or ſtruck out together,
One ſpark to Africk flew, and one to Portugal. *Sebaſtian.*

To omit the great quantities of iron, brazen and leaden ſouls which are ſo plenty in modern authors—I cannot omit the dreſs of a ſoul as we find it in Dryden;

Souls ſhirted but with air. *King Arthur.*

Nor can I paſs by a particular ſort of ſoul in a particular ſort of deſcription, in the New Sophoniſba.

Ye myſterious powers,
——Whether thro' your gloomy depths I wander,
Or on the mountains walk, give me the calm,
The ſteady ſmiling ſoul, where wiſdom ſheds
Eternal ſun-ſhine, and eternal joy.

* This line Mr Banks has plunder'd entire in his Anna Bullen.

† Good heaven! the book of fate before me lay,
But to tear out the journal of that day.
Or if the order of the world below,
Will not the gap of one whole day allow,
Give me that minute when ſhe made her vow.
Conqueſt of Granada.

SCENE.

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SCENE VII.

GLUMDALCA, TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA.

Glum. * I need not aſk if you are Huncamunca,
Your brandy-noſe proclaims——
Hunc. I am a princeſs;
Nor need I aſk who you are.
Glum. A gianteſs;
The queen of thoſe who made and unmade queens.
Hunc. The man whoſe chief ambition is to be
My ſweetheart, hath deſtroy'd theſe mighty giants.
Glum. Your ſweetheart? Doſt thou think the man, who once
Hath worn my eaſy chains, will e'er wear thine?
Hunc. Well may your chains be eaſy, ſince, if fame
Says true, they have been try'd on twenty huſbands.
† The glove or boot, ſo many times pull'd on,
May well ſit eaſy on the hand or foot.
Glum. I glory in the number, and when I
Sit poorly down, like thee, content with one,
Heaven change this face for one as bad as thine.
Hunc. Let me ſee nearer what this beauty is,
That captivates the heart of men by ſcores.
[*Holds a candle to her face.*
Oh! Heaven, thou art as ugly as the devil.
Glum. You'd give the beſt of ſhoes within your ſhop
To be but half ſo handſome.
Hunc. ——Since you come

* I know ſome of the commentators have imagined, that Mr Dryden, in the altercative ſcene between Cleopatra and Octavia, a ſcene which Mr Addiſon inveighs againſt with great bitterneſs, is much beholden to our author. How juſt this their obſervation is, I will not preſume to determine.

† "A cobling poet indeed," ſays Mr D. and yet I believe we may find as monſtrous images in the tragic authors: I'll put down one;

Untie your folded thoughts, and let them dangle looſe as a bride's hair. *Injur'd Love.*

Which line ſeems to have as much title to a milliner's ſhop, as our author's to a ſhoemaker's.

To

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* To that, I'll put my beauty to the teſt ;
Tom Thumb, I'm yours, if you with me will go.
Glum. Oh ! ſtay Tom Thumb, and you alone ſhall fill
That bed where twenty giants us'd to lie.
Thum. In the balcony that o'erhangs the ſtage,
I've ſeen a whore two 'prentices engage ;
One half a crown does in his fingers hold,
The other ſhews a little piece of gold ;
She the half guinea wiſely does purloin,
And leaves the larger and the baſer coin.
Glum. Left, ſcorn'd, and loath'd for ſuch a chit as this ;
† I feel the ſtorm that's riſing in my mind,
Tempeſts, and whirlwinds riſe, and roll and roar.
I'm all within a hurricane, as if
‡ The world's four winds were pent within my carcaſe.
§ Confuſion, horror, murder, guts and death !

SCENE VIII.

KING, GLUMDALCA.

King. ** Sure never was ſo ſad a king as I !
†† My life is worn as ragged as a coat

* Mr L—— takes occaſion in this place to commend the great care of our author to preſerve the metre of blank verſe, in which ſhakeſpear, johnſon and Fletcher were ſo notoriouſly negligent ; and the moderns, in imitation of our author, ſo laudably obſervant ;

——Then does
Your majeſty believe that he can be
A traitor ! *Earl of Eſſex.*

Every page of ſophoniſba gives us inſtances of this excellence.

† Love mounts and rolls about my ſtormy mind. *Aureng.*
Tempeſts and whirlwinds thro' my boſom move. *Cleom.*

‡ With ſuch a furious tempeſt on his brow,
As if the world's four winds were pent within
His bluſt'ring carcaſe. *Anna Bullen.*

§ Verba tragica.

** This ſpeech has been terribly maul'd by the poet.

†† ——My life is worn to rags,
Not worth a prince's wearing. *Love Triumphant.*

A beggar

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A beggar wears; a prince ſhould put it off,
* To love a captive and a gianteſs.
Oh love! oh love! how great a king art thou!
My tongue's thy trumpet, and thou trumpeteſt,
Unknown to me, within me. † Oh! Glumdalca!
Heav'n thee deſign'd a gianteſs to make,
But an angelic ſoul was ſhuffled in.
‡ I am a multitude of walking griefs;
And only on her lips the balm is found,
‖ To ſpread a plaiſter that might cure them all.

Glum. What do I hear?
King. What do I ſee?
Glum. Oh!
King. Ah!
Glum. ** Ah! wretched queen!
King. Oh! wretched king!

* Muſt I beg the pity of my ſlave?
Muſt a king beg? but love's a greater king,
A tyrant, nay, a devil that poſſeſſes me,
He tunes the organ of my voice, and ſpeaks,
Unknown to me, within me. *Sebaſt.*

† When thou wert form'd Heav'n did a man begin;
But a brute ſoul by chance was ſhuffled in. *Aureng.*

‡ ——I am a multitude
Of walking griefs *New Sophon.*

‖ I will take thy ſcorpion blood,
And lay it to my grief till I have eaſe. *Anna Bul.*

** Our author, who every where ſhews his great penetration into human nature, here outdoes himſelf: where a leſs judicious poet would have rais'd a long ſcene of whining love, he, who underſtood the paſſions better, and that ſo violent an affection as this muſt be too big for utterance, chuſes rather to ſend his characters off in this ſullen and doleful manner; in which admirable conduct, he is imitated by the author of the juſtly celebrated Eurydice. Dr Young ſeems to point at this violence of paſſion:

——Paſſion choaks
Their words, and they're the ſtatues of deſpair.

And Seneca tells us, "Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes ſtupent," The ſtory of the Egyptian king in Herodotus is too well known to need to be inſerted; I refer the more curious reader to the excellent Montagne, who hath written an eſſay on this ſubject.

I *Glum.*

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Thum. * Ah!
King. Oh!

SCENE IX.

TOMB THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA, PARSON.

Parſon. Happy's the wooing that's not long a doing;
For, if I gueſs right, Tom Thum this night
Shall give a being to a new Tom Thumb.
Thumb. It ſhall be my endeavour ſo to do.
Hunc. Oh! fy upon you, Sir, you make me bluſh.
Thumb. It is the virgin's ſign, and ſuits you well:
† I know not where, nor how, nor what I am;
‡ I'm ſo tranſported, I have loſt myſelf.
Hunc. Forbid it, all ye ſtars, for you're ſo ſmall,
That were you loſt you'd find yourſelf no more.
So the unhappy ſempſtreſs once, they ſay,
Her needle in a pottle, loſt, of hay;

In

* To part is death———
———'Tis death to part.
———Ah.
———Oh. *Don Carlos.*

† Nor know I whether,
What am I, who or where. *Buſiris.*
I was I know not what, and am I know not how.
Gioriana.

‡ To underſtand ſufficiently the beauty of this paſſage, it will be neceſſary that we comprehend every man to contain two ſelfs. I ſhall not attempt to prove this from philoſophy, which the poets make ſo plainly evident.
One runs away from the other;

Let me demand your majeſty,
Why fly you from yourſelf? *D. of Guiſe.*

In a 2d, one ſelf is a guardian to the other:
Leave me the care of me. *Conq. of Gran.*

Again,
Myſelf am to myſelf leſs dear. *Ibid.*

In the ſame, the firſt ſelf is proud of the ſecond;
I myſelf am proud of me. *State of Inno.*

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In vain she look'd, and look'd, and made her moan,
For ah! the needle was for ever gone.

Parson. Long may they live, and love, and propagate,
Till the whole land be peopled with Tom Thumbs.
* So when the Cheshire cheese a maggot breeds,
Another and another still succeeds:
By thousands and ten thousands they increase,
Till one continued maggot fills the rotten cheese.

SCENE X.

NOODLE, *and then* GRIZZLE.

Nood. † Sure Nature means to break her solid chain,
Or else unfix the world, and in a rage
To hurl it from its axle-tree and hinges?
All things are so confus'd; the king's in love,

The

In a third, distrustful of him;

Fain would I tell, but whisper it in my ear,
That none besides might hear, nay not myself. *E. of Essex.*

In a 4th, honours him;

I honour Rome,
And honour too myself. *Saphonisba.*

In a 5th, at variance with him:

Leave me not thus at variance with myself. *Busiris.*

Again, in a 6th;

I find myself divided from myself. *Medea.*
She seemed the sad effigies of herself. *Banks.*

Assist me, Zulema, if thou wouldst be
The friend thou seemest, assist me against me. *Albion Queens.*

From all which it appears that there are two selfs; and therefore Tom Thumb's losing himself, is no such solecism as it hath been represented by men, rather ambitious of criticising, than qualified to criticize.

* Mr F——— imagines this parson to have been a Welch one, from his simile.

† Our author hath been plunder'd here, according to custom.

Great Nature, break thy chain that links together
The fabric of the world, and make a chaos,
Like that within my soul. *Love Triumph.*

——Startle

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The queen is drunk, the princeſs married is.
Griz. Oh! Noodle, haſt thou Huncamunca ſeen?
Nood. I've ſeen a thouſand fights this day, where none
Are by the wonderful bitch herſelf outdone.
The king, the queen, and all the courts are fights.
Griz. * D——n your delay, you trifler, are you drunk, ha?
I will not hear one word but Huncamunca.
Nood. By this time ſhe is marry'd to Tom Thumb.
Griz. † My Huncamunca!
Nood. Your Huncamunca?
Tom Thumb's Huncamunca, every man's Huncamunca.
Griz. If this be true, all womankind are damn'd.
Nood. If it be not, may I be ſo myſelf.
Griz. See, where ſhe comes! I'll not believe a word
Againſt that face, upon whoſe ‡ ample brow
Sits innocence with majeſty enthron'd.

GRIZZLE, HUNCAMUNCA.

Griz. Where has my Huncamunca been? See here
The licence in my hand!
Hunc. Alas! Tom Thumb.
Griz. Why doſt thou mention him?
Hunc. Ah me! Tom Thumb.
Griz. What means my lovely Huncamunca?
Hunc. Hum!
Griz. Oh! ſpeak.
Hunc. Hum!

——Startle, nature and unfix the globe,
And hurl it from its axle-tree and hinges. *Albion Queens.*

The tottering earth ſeems ſliding off its props.

* D——n your delay, ye torturers proceed,
I will not hear one word but Almahide. *Conq. of Granada.*

† Mr Dryden hath imitated this in All for Love.

‡ This Miltonic ſtile abounds in the New Sophoniſba.

——And on her ample brow
Sat majeſty.

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Griz. Ha! your every word is hum:
* You force me ſtill to anſwer you, Tom Thumb.
Tom Thumb, I'm on the rack, I'm in a flame,
† Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb, you love the name;
So pleaſing is that ſound, that were you dumb,
You ſtill would find a voice to cry, Tom Thumb.
Hunc. Oh! be not haſty to proclaim my doom,
My ample heart for more than one has room;
A maid like me, Heaven form'd at leaſt for two,
‡ I married him, and now I'll marry you.
Griz. Ha! doſt thou own thy falſehood to my face?
Think'ſt thou that I will ſhare thy huſband's place?
Since to that office one cannot ſuffice,
And ſince you ſcorn to dine one ſingle diſh on,
Go, get your huſband put into commiſſion.
Commiſſioners to diſcharge (ye Gods) it fine is,
The duty of a huſband to your highneſs;
Yet think not long I will my rival bear,
Or unreveng'd the ſlighted willow wear;
The gloomy, brooding tempeſt, now confin'd
Within the hollow caverns of my mind,
In dreadful whirl ſhall roll along the coaſts,
Shall thin the land of all the men it boaſts,
‖ And cram up ev'ry chink of hell with ghoſts.

So

* Your every anſwer ſtill ſo ends in that,
You force me ſtill to anſwer you Morat. *Aureng.*

† Morat, Morat, Morat, you love the name. *Ibid.*

‡ 'Here is a ſentiment for the virtuous Huncamunca! (ſays Mr D——s), and yet with the leave of that great man, the virtuous Panthea in Cyrus hath an heart every whit as ample;

For two I muſt confeſs are Gods to me,
Which is my Abradatus firſt and thee. *Cyrus the Great.*

Nor is the Lady in Love Triumphant more reſerv'd, though not intelligible.

——I am ſo divided,
That I grieve moſt for both, and love both moſt.

‖ A ridiculous ſuppoſition to any one who conſiders the great and extenſive largeneſs of hell, ſays a commentator: but not ſo to thoſe who conſider the great expanſion of immaterial ſubſtance. Mr Banks

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* So have I ſeen, in ſome dark winter's day,
A ſudden ſtorm ruſh down the ſky's high-way,
Sweep thro' the ſtreets with terrible ding dong,
Guſh thro' the ſpouts, and waſh whole crowds along.
The crowded ſhops the thronging vermin ſkreen,
Together cram the dirty and the clean,
And not one ſhoe-boy in the ſtreet is ſeen.

Hunc. Oh, fatal raſhneſs! ſhould his fury ſlay
My hapleſs bridegroom on his wedding-day;
I, who this morn of two choſe which to wed,
May go again this night alone to bed.
† So have I ſeen ſome wild unſettled fool,
Who had her choice of this and that joint-ſtool;

Banks makes one ſoul to be ſo expanded that heaven could not contain it;

The heavens are all too narrow for her ſoul.
Virtue Betray'd.

The Perſian Princeſs hath a paſſage not unlike the author of this.

We will ſend ſuch ſhoals of murder'd ſlaves,
Shall glut hell's empty regions.

This threatens to fill hell even tho' it was empty; Lord Grizel, only to fill up the chinks, ſuppoſing the reſt already full.

* Mr Addiſon is generally thought to have had this ſimile in his eye, when he wrote that beautiful one at the end of the third act of his Cato.

† This beautiful ſimile is founded on a proverb, which does honour to the Engliſh language;

Between two ſtools the breech falls to the ground.

I am not ſo well pleaſed with any written remains of the ancients, as with thoſe little aphoriſms which verbal tradition hath delivered down to us, under the title of Proverbs. It were to be wiſhed, that inſtead of filling their pages with the fabulous theology of the pagans, our modern poets would think it worth their while to enrich their works with the proverbial ſayings of their anceſtors. Mr Dryden hath chronicled one in heroic;

Two ifs ſcarce make one poſſibility. *Conqueſt of Granada.*

My lord Bacon is of opinion, that whatever is known of arts and ſciences might be proved to have lurked in the Proverbs of Solomon. I am of the ſame opinion in relation to thoſe above mentioned: at leaſt I am confident, that a more perfect ſyſtem of ethics, as well as œconomy, might be compiled out of them than is at preſent extant, either in the works of the ancient philoſophers, or thoſe more valuable, as more voluminous ones of the modern divines.

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To give the preference to either loth,
And fondly coveting to ſit on both:
While the two ſtools her ſitting part confound,
Between 'em both fall ſquat upon the ground.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *King* ARTHUR's *Palace.*

* GHOST, *ſolus.*

HAIL! ye black horrors of midnight's midnoon!
Ye fairies, goblins, bats and ſcreech-owls, hail!
And oh! ye mortal watchmen, whoſe hoarſe throats
Th' immortal ghoſts dread croakings counterfeit,
All hail!——Ye dancing fantoms, who by day,
Are ſome condemn'd to faſt, ſome feaſt in fire;
Now play in church-yards, ſkipping o'er the graves,
To the † loud muſic of the ſilent bell,
All hail!

* Of all the particulars in which the modern ſtage falls ſhort of the ancient, there is none ſo much to be lamented as the great ſcarcity of ghoſts. Whence this proceeds I will not preſume to determine. Some are of opinion, that the moderns are unequal to that ſublime language which a ghoſt ought to ſpeak. One ſays, ludicrouſly, that ghoſts are out of faſhion; another, that they are properer for comedy; forgetting, I ſuppoſe, that Ariſtotle hath told us, that a ghoſt is the ſoul of tragedy; for ſo I render the ψυχὴ ὁ μῦθος τῆς τραγῳδίας, which M. Dacier, amongſt others, hath miſtaken; I ſuppoſe miſled by not underſtanding the Fabula of the Latins, which ſignifies a Ghoſt as well as a Fable.

——"Te premet nox, fabulæque manes." *Hor.*

Of all the ghoſts that have ever appeared on the ſtage, a very learned and judicious foreign critic gives the preference to this of our author. Theſe are his words, ſpeaking of this tragedy;

——"Nec quidquam in illâ admirabilius quàm phaſma quoddam horrendum, quod omnibus aliis ſpectris, quibuſcum ſcatet Angelorum tragœdia, longè (pace D—yſii V. Doctiſſ. dixerim) prætulerim."

† We have already given inſtances of this figure.

SCENE

SCENE II.

KING *and* GHOST.

King. What noiſe is this? —— What villain dares
At this dread hour, with feet and voice profane,
Diſturb our royal walls?
Ghoſt. One who defies
Thy empty power to hurt him; * one who dares
Walk in thy bed-chamber.
King. Preſumptuous ſlave!
Thou dieſt.
Ghoſt. Threaten others with that word,
† I am a ghoſt, and am already dead.
King. Ye ſtars! 'tis well; were thy laſt hour to come
This moment had been it; ‡ yet by thy ſhroud
I'll pull thee backward, ſqueeze thee to a bladder,
'Till thou doſt groan thy nothingneſs away.
Thou fly'ſt! 'Tis well. [*Ghoſt retires.*

* Almanzor reaſons in the ſame manner;

——A ghoſt I'll be,
And from a ghoſt you know, no place is free.
Conqueſt of Granada.

† "The man who writ this wretched pun (ſays Mr D.) would have picked your pocket;" which he proceeds to ſhew not only bad in itſelf, but doubly ſo on ſo ſolemn an occaſion. And yet in that excellent play of Liberty Aſſerted, we find ſomething very much reſembling a pun in the mouth of a miſtreſs, who is parting with the lover ſhe is fond of;

Ul. Oh, mortal woe! one kiſs, and then farewel.
Irene. The Gods have given to others to fare well.
O miſerably muſt Irene fare.

Agamemnon, in the Victim, is full as facetious on the moſt ſolemn occaſion, that of ſacrificing his daughter;

Yes, daughter, yes; you will aſſiſt the prieſt;
Yes, you muſt offer up your——vows for Greece.

‡ I'll pull thee backwards by thy ſhroud to light,
Or elſe I'll ſqueeze thee, like a bladder, there,
And make thee groan thyſelf away to air.
Conqueſt of Granada.

Snatch me, ye Gods, this moment into nothing.
Cyrus the Great.

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* I thought what was the courage of a ghoſt!
Yet, dare not, on thy life——Why ſay I that,
Since life thou haſt not?——Dare not walk again
Within theſe walls, on pain of the Red ſea.
For, if henceforth I ever find you here,
As ſure, ſure as a gun, I'll have thee laid ———
Ghoſt. Were the Red-Sea a ſea of Holland's gin,
The liquor (when alive) whoſe very ſmell
I did deteſt, did loath——yet, for the ſake
Of Thomas Thumb, I would be laid therein.
King. Ha! ſaid you?
Ghoſt. Yes, my liege, I ſaid Tom Thumb,
Whoſe father's ghoſt I am———once not unknown.
To mighty Arthur. But, I ſee, 'tis true,
The deareſt friend, when dead, we all forget.
King. 'Tis he, it is the honeſt Gaffer Thumb.
Oh! let me preſs thee in my eager arms,
Thou beſt of ghoſts! thou ſomething more than ghoſt!
Ghoſt. Would I were ſomething more, that we again
Might feel each other in the warm embrace,
But now I have th' advantage of my King,
† For I feel thee, whilſt thou doſt not feel me.
King. But ſay, ‡ thou deareſt air, oh! ſay, what dread
Important buſineſs ſends thee back to earth?
Ghoſt. Oh! then prepare to hear——which, but to hear,

* So, art thou gone? Thou canſt no conqueſt boaſt.
I thought what was the courage of a ghoſt.
Conqueſt of Granada.

King Arthur ſeems to be as brave a fellow as Almanzor, who ſays moſt heroically,

———————In ſpight of ghoſts I'll on.

† The ghoſt of Lauſaria in Cyrus, is a plain copy of this, and is therefore worth reading.

Ah, Cyrus!
Thou may'ſt as well graſp water, or fleet air,
As think of touching my immortal ſhade.
Cyrus the Great.

‡ Thou better part of heavenly air.
Conqueſt of Granada.

Is

Is full enough to ſend thy ſpirit hence.
Thy ſubjects up in arms, by Grizzle led,
Will, ere the roſy-finger'd morn ſhall ope
The ſhutters of the ſky, before the gate
Of this thy royal palace, ſwarming ſpread;
* So have I ſeen the bees in cluſters ſwarm,
So have I ſeen the ſtars in froſty nights,
So have I ſeen the ſand in windy days,
So have I ſeen the ghoſts on Pluto's ſhore,
So have I ſeen the flowers in ſpring ariſe,
So have I ſeen the leaves in autumn fall,
So have I ſeen the fruits in ſummer ſmile,
So have I ſeen the ſnow in winter frown.

King. D — n all thou haſt ſeen! —— Doſt thou beneath the ſhape
Of Gaffer Thumb, come hither to abuſe me
With ſimilies to keep me on the rack?
Hence —— or, by all the torments of thy hell,
† I'll run thee thro' the body, tho' thou'ſt none.

Ghoſt. Arthur, beware; I muſt this moment hence,
Not frighted by your voice, but by the cocks!
Arthur beware, beware, beware, beware!
Strive to avert thy yet impending fate;
For if thou'rt kill'd to-day,
To-morrow all thy care will come too late.

SCENE III.

KING, *ſolus.*

King. Oh! ſtay, and leave me not uncertain thus!
And whilſt thou telleſt me what's like my fate,
Oh! teach me how I may avert it too!
Curſt be the man who firſt a ſimile made!

* "A ſtring of ſimiles (ſays one) proper to be hung up in the cabinet of a prince.

† This paſſage has been underſtood ſeveral different ways by the commentators. For my part, I find it difficult to underſtand it at all. Mr Dryden ſays,

I have heard ſomething how two bodies meet,
But how two ſouls join I know not.

So that till the body of a ſpirit be better underſtood, it will be difficult to underſtand how it is poſſible to run him through it.

Curſt

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Curſt ev'ry bard who writes —— So have I ſeen
Thoſe whoſe compariſons are juſt and true,
And thoſe who liken things not like at all.
The devil is happy, that the whole creation
Can furniſh out no ſimile to his fortune.

SCENE IV.

KING QUEEN.

Queen. What is the cauſe, my Arthur, that you ſteal
Thus ſilently from Dollallolla's breaſt?
Why doſt thou leave me in the dark alone,
When well thou know'ſt I am afraid of ſpirits!

King. Oh Dollallolla, do not blame my love:
I hop'd the fumes of laſt night's punch had laid
Thy lovely eye-lids faſt.—But oh! I find
There is no power in drams to quiet wives;
Each morn, as the returning ſun, they wake,
And ſhine upon their huſbands.

Queen. Think, oh think!
What a ſurpriſe it muſt be to the ſun,
Riſing, to find the vaniſh'd world away.
What leſs can be the wretched wife's ſurpriſe
When, ſtretching out her arms to hold thee faſt,
She folds her uſeleſs bolſter in her arms.
† Think, think on that—Oh! think, think well on that.
I do remember alſo to have read
‡ In Dryden's Ovid's Metamorphoſis,
That Jove in form inanimate did lie
With beauteous Danäe; and truſt me, love,
‖ I fear'd the bolſter might have been a Jove.

King.

* Cydaria is of the ſame fearful temper with Dollallolla, I never durſt in darkneſs be alone. *Ind. Emp.*

† Think well of this, think that, think every way. *Sophoniſba.*

‡ Theſe quotations are more uſual in the comic, than in the tragic writers.

‖ "This diſtreſs (ſays Mr D—) I muſt allow to be extremely beautiful, and tends to heighten the virtuous character of Dollallolla.

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King. Come to my arms, moſt virtuous of thy ſex;
Oh, Dollallolla! were all wives like thee,
So many huſbands never had worn horns.
Should Huncamunca of thy worth partake,
Tom Thumb indeed were bleſt—Oh, fatal name!
For didſt thou know one quarter what I know,
Then wouldſt thou know—Alas! what thou wouldſt know!

Queen. What can I gather hence! Why doſt thou ſpeak
Like men who carry raree-ſhows about?
"Now you ſhall ſee, Gentlemen, what you ſhall ſee."
O tell me more, or thou haſt told too much.

SCENE V.

KING, QUEEN, NOODLE.

Nood. Long life attend your Majeſties ſerene,
Great Arthur, king, and Dollallolla, queen!
Lord Grizzle with a bold rebellious crowd,
Advancing to the palace, threat'ning loud,
Unleſs the princeſs be deliver'd ſtraight,
And the victorious Thumb, without his pate,
They are reſolv'd to batter down the gate.

SCENE VI.

KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA, NOODLE.

King. See where the princeſs comes? Where is Tom Thumb!

Hunc Oh, Sir, about an hour and half ago
He ſallied out to encounter with the foe,
And ſwore, unleſs his fate had him miſled,
From Grizzle's ſhoulders to cut off his head,
And ſerve't up with your chocolate in bed.

King. 'Tis well, I find one devil told us both,
Come, Dollallolla, Huncamunca, come,
Within we'll wait for the victorious Thumb.

lolla, who is ſo exceeding delicate, that ſhe is in the higheſt apprehenſion from the inanimate embrace of a bolſter. An example worthy of imitation from all our writers of tragedy."

In

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In peace and safety we secure may stay.
While to his arm we trust the bloody fray;
Tho' men and giants should conspire with gods,
* He is alone equal to all these odds.

Queen. He is, indeed, a helmet to us all,
While he supports we need not fear to fall;
His arm dispatches all things to our wish,
And serves up ev'ry foe's head in a dish.
Void is the mistress of the house of care,
While the good cook presents the bill of fare;
Whether the cod, that northern king of fish,
Or duck, or goose, or pig, adorn the dish,
No fear the number of her guests afford,
But at her hour she sees the dinner on the board.

SCENE VII. *A Plain.*

Lord GRIZZLE, FOODLE, *and Rebels.*

Griz. Thus far our arms with victory are crown'd;

* "Credat Judæus Apella, non ego,——(says Mr D.)——For passing over the absurdity of being equal to odd, can we possibly suppose a little insignificant fellow—I say again, a little insignificant fellow able to vie with a strength which all the Samsons and Hercules's of antiquity would be unable to encounter?"

I shall refer this incredulous critic to Mr Dryden's defence of his Almanzor; and lest that should not satisfy him, I shall quote a few lines from the speech of a much braver fellow than Almanzor, Mr Johnson's Achilles;

Though human race rise in embattel'd hosts,
To force her from my arms——Oh, son of Atreus!
By that immortal power, whose deathless spirit
Informs this earth, I will oppose them all. *Victim.*

† "I have heard of being supported by a staff (says Mr D.) but never of being supported by a helmet." I believe he never heard of sailing with wings, which he may read in no less a poet than Mr Dryden;

Unless we borrow wings, and sail through air.
Love Triumphant.

What will he say to a kneeling valley?

——I'll stand
Like a safe valley, that low bends the knee
To some aspiring mountain. *Injur'd Love.*

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For tho' we have not fought, yet we have found
* No enemy to fight withal.
Food. Yet I,
Methinks, would willingly avoid this day,
† This firſt of April to engage our foes.
Griz. This day of all the days of th' year I'd
choose,
For on this day my grandmother was born.
Gods! I will make Tom Thumb an April-fool;
‡ Will teach his wit an errand it ne'er knew,
And ſend it poſt to the Elyſian ſhades.
Food. I'm glad to find our army is ſo ſtout,
Nor does it move my wonder leſs than joy.
Griz. § What friends we have, and how we came
ſo ſtrong,
I'll ſoftly tell you as we march along.

SCENE VIII. *Thunder and Lightning.*

TOM THUMB, GLUMDALCA, *cum ſuis.*

Thumb. Oh, Noodle! haſt thou ſeen a day like this?
‖ The unborn thunder rumbles o'er our heads,

I am aſham'd of ſo ignorant a carper, who doth not know that an epithet in tragedy is very often no other than an expletive. Do not we read in the new Sophoniſba of "grinding chains, blue plagues, white occaſions, and blue ſerenity?" Nay, it is not the adjective only, but ſometimes half a ſentence is put by way of expletive, as, "Beauty pointed high with ſpirit," in the ſame play——and, "in the lap of bleſſing, to be moſt curſt," in the Revenge.

* A victory like that of Almanzor:
Almanzor is victorious without fight. *Conq. of Gran.*

† Well have we choſe an happy day for fight,
For every man in courſe of time has found,
Some days are lucky, ſome unfortunate. *K. Arthur.*

‡ We read of ſuch another in Lee;
Teach his rude wit a flight ſhe never made,
And ſend her poſt to the Elyſian ſhade. *Gloriana.*

§ Theſe lines are copied verbatim in the Indian Emperor.

‖ Unborn thunder rolling in a cloud. *Conq. of Gran.*

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* As if the gods meant to unhinge the world,
And heaven and earth in one confusion hurl;
Yet will I boldly tread the tott'ring ball.
Merl. Tom Thumb!
Thumb. What voice is that I hear?
Merl. Tom Thumb!
Thumb. Again it calls.
Merl. Tom Thumb!
Glum. It calls again.
Thumb. Appear, whoe'er thou art, I fear thee not.
Merl. Thou hast no cause to fear, I am thy friend,
Merlin by name, a conjurer by trade,
And to my art thou dost thy being owe.
Thumb. How!
Merl. Hear then the mystic getting of Tom Thumb.

† His father was a ploughman plain,
His mother milk'd the cow;
And yet the way to get a son,
This couple knew not how;
Until such time the good old man
To learned Merlin goes,
And there to him, in great distress,
In secret manner shows,
How in his heart he wish'd to have
A child, in time to come,
To be his heir, tho' it may be
No bigger than his thumb:
Of which old Merlin was foretold,
That he his wish should have;
And so a son of stature small,
The charmer to him gave.

Thou'st heard the past, look up and see the future.

* Were heaven and earth in wild confusion hurl'd,
Should the rash Gods unhinge the tolling world,
Undaunted would I tread the tott'ring ball,
Crush'd, but unconquer'd in the dreadful fall.
Female Warrior.

† See the history of TOM THUMB, page 2.
Thumb.

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Thumb. * Loſt in amazement's gulph my ſenſes ly:
See there, Glumdalca, ſee another † me!
Glum. O ſight of horror! ſee, you are devour'd
By the expanded jaws of a red cow.
Mel. Let not theſe ſights deter thy noble mind,
‡ For lo! a ſight more glorious courts thy eyes;
See from afar a theatre ariſe,
There ages, yet unborn, ſhall tribute pay
To the heroic actions of this day;
Then buſkin'd Tragedy at length ſhall chuſe
Thy name, the beſt ſupporter of her muſe.
Thumb. Enough, let every warlike muſic ſound:
We fall contented, if we fall renown'd.

SCENE IX.

Lord GRIZZLE, FOODLE, *Rebels, on one ſide.*
TOM THUMB, GLUMDALCA, *on the other.*

Food. At length the enemy advances nigh,
‖ I hear them with my ear, and ſee them with my eye.
Griz. Draw all your ſwords; for liberty we fight,
§ And liberty the muſtard is of life.
Thumb. Are you the man whom men fam'd Grizzle name?

Griz.

* ——Amazement ſwallows up my ſenſe,
And in th' impetuous whirl of circling fate
Drinks down my reaſon. *Perſian Princeſs.*

† ——I have outfac'd myſelf,
What! am I two? is there another me? *K. Arthur.*

‡ The character of Merlin is wonderful throughout, but moſt ſo in this prophetic part. We find ſeveral of theſe prophecies in the tragic authors, who frequently take this opportunity to pay a compliment to their own country, and ſometimes to their prince. None but our author (who ſeems to have deteſted the leaſt appearance of flattery) would have paſt by ſuch an opportunity of being a political prophet.

‖ I ſaw the villain, Myron, with theſe eyes I ſaw him.
Buſiris.

In both which places it is intimated, that it is ſometimes poſſible to ſee with other eyes than our own.

§ "This muſtard (ſays Mr D.) is enough to turn one's ſtomach: I would be glad to know what idea the author had in his head

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Griz. *Are you the much more fam'd Tom Thumb!
Thumb. The fame.
Griz. Come on, our worth upon ourſelves we'll prove;
For liberty I fight.
Thumb. And I for love.

[*A bloody engagement between the two armies here; drums beating, trumpets ſounding, thunder and lightning.——They fight off and on ſeveral times. Some fall.* Grizzle *and* Glumdalca *remain.*]

Glum. Turn, coward, turn, nor from a woman fly.
Griz. Away—thou art too ignoble for my arm.
Glum. Have at thy heart.
Griz. Nay, then I thruſt at thine.
Glum. You puſh too well; you've run me thro' the guts,
And I am dead.
Griz. Then there's an end of one.
Thumb. When thou art dead, then there's an end of two,
† Villain.
Griz. Tom Thumb!
Thumb. Rebel!
Griz. Tom Thumb!
Thumb. Hell!

when he wrote it. This will be, I believe, beſt explained by a line of Mr Dennis:

And gave him liberty, the ſalt of life.

Liberty aſſerted.

The underſtanding that can digeſt the one, will not riſe at the other.

* *Han.* Are you the chief, whom men fam'd Scipio call?
Scip. Are you the much more famous Hannibal?
Hannibal.

† Dr Young ſeems to have copied this engagement in his Buſiris.

Myr. Villain!
Mem. Myron!
Myr. Rebel!
Mem Myron!
Myr. Hell!
Mem. Mandane.

Griz.

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Griz. Huncamunca!
Thumb. Thou haſt it there.
Griz. Too ſure I feel it.
Thumb. To hell then, like a rebel as you are,
And give my ſervice to the rebels there.
Griz. Triumph not, Thumb, nor think thou ſhalt enjoy
Thy Huncamunca undiſturb'd; I'll ſend
* My ghoſt to fetch her to the other world:
† It ſhall but bait at heaven, and then return.
‡ But, ha! I feel death rumbling in my brains,
‖ Some kinder ſpright knocks ſoftly at my ſoul,
And gently whiſpers it to haſte away.
I come, I come, moſt willingly I come.
§ So when ſome city wife, for country air,
To Hampſtead or to Highgate does repair,
Her to make haſte her huſband does implore,
And cries, 'My dear, the coach is at the door;'
With equal wiſh, deſirous to be gone,
She gets into the coach, and then ſhe cries—'Drive on!'
Thumb. With thoſe laſt words ** he vomited his ſoul,

* This laſt ſpeech of my Lord Grizzle hath been of great ſervice to our poets:

——————————I'll hold it faſt
As life, and when life's gone I'll hold this laſt;
And if thou tak'ſt it from me, when I'm ſlain,
I'll ſend my ghoſt, and fetch it back again.
Conq. of Granada.

† My ſoul ſhould with ſuch ſpeed obey,
It ſhould not bait at heaven to ſtop its way.

Lee ſeems to have had this laſt in his eye:

'Twas not my purpoſe, Sir, to tarry there,
I would but go to heaven to take the air. *Gloriana.*

‡ A riſing vapour rumbling in my brains. *Cleomenes.*

‖ Some kind ſpright knocks ſoftly at my ſoul,
To tell me fate's at hand.

§ Mr Dryden ſeems to have had this ſimile in his eye, when he ſays.
My ſoul is packing up, and juſt on wing.
Conq. of Granada.

** And in a purple vomit pour'd his ſoul. *Cleomenes.*

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Which, * like whipt cream, the devil will ſwallow down.
Bear off the body, and cut off the head,
Which I will to the king in triumph lug.
Rebellion's dead, and now I'll go to breakfaſt.

SCENE X.

KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA, *and Courtiers.*

King. Open the priſons, ſet the wretched free,
And bid our treaſurer diſburſe ſix pounds
To pay their debts.———Let no one weep to-day.
Come, Dollallolla; † curſe that odious name!
It is ſo long it aſks an hour to ſpeak it.
By heav'ns! I'll change it into Doll, or Loll,
Or any other civil monoſyllable,
That will not tire my tongue.—Come, ſit thee down.
Here ſeated let us view the dancer's ſports;
Bid 'em advance. This is the wedding-day
Of princeſs Huncamunca and Tom Thumb;
Tom Thumb! who wins two victories ‡ to-day,
And this way marches, bearing Grizzle's head.

[*A dance here.*]

Nood. Oh! monſtrous, dreadful, terrible, Oh! Oh!
Deaf be my ears, for ever blind my eyes!
Dumb be my tongue: feet lame! all ſenſes loſt!

* The devil ſwallows vulgar ſouls
Like whipt cream. *Sebaſtian.*

† How could I curſe my name of Ptolemy!
It is ſo long it aſks an hour to write it.
By heaven! I'll change it into Jove, or Mars!
Or any other civil monoſyllable,
That will not tire my hand. *Cleomenes.*

‡ Here is a viſible conjunction of two days into one, by which our author may have either intended an emblem of a wedding, or to inſinuate, that men in the honey-moon are apt to imagine time ſhorter than it is. It brings into my mind a paſſage in the comedy called, the Coffee-Houſe Politician;

We will celebrate this day at my houſe to-morrow.

Howl,

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* Howl wolves, grunt bears, hiſs ſnakes, ſhriek all ye ghoſts!

King. What does the blockhead mean?

Nood. I mean, my liege,

† Only to grace my tale with decent horror:
Whilſt from my garret, twice two ſtories high,
I look'd abroad into the ſtreets below;
I ſaw Tom Thumb attended by the mob,
Twice twenty ſhoe-boys, twice two dozen links,
Chairmen and porters, hackney-coachmen, whores:
Aloft he bore the grizly head of Grizzle;
When of a ſudden through the ſtreets there came
A cow of larger than the uſual ſize,
And in a moment——gueſs, oh! gueſs the reſt!
And in a moment ſwallow'd up Tom Thumb.

King. Shut up again the priſons, bid my treaſurer
Not give three farthings out—hang all the culprits,
Guilty or not—no matter Raviſh virgins,
Go bid the ſchoolmaſters whip all their boys;
Let lawyers, parſons, and phyſicians looſe,
To rob, impoſe on, and to kill the worſd.

Nood. Her Majeſty the Queen is in a ſwoon.

Queen. Not ſo much in a ſwoon, but I have ſtill
Strength to reward the meſſenger of ill-news.
[*Kills* Noodle.

Nood. Oh! I am ſlain.

Cle. My lover's kill'd, I will revenge him ſo.
[*Kills the Queen.*

Hunc. My Mamma kill'd! vile murdereſs, beware.
[*Kills* Cleora.

Dood. This for an old grudge to thy heart.
[*Kills* Huncamunca.

Muſt. And this
I drive to thine, oh Doodle! for a new one.
[*Kills* Doodle.

King. Ha! murdereſs vile, take that.
[*Kills* Muſtacha.

* These beautiful phraſes are all to be found in one ſingle peech of King Arthur, or the Britiſh Worthy.

† I was but teaching him to grace his tale
With decent horror. *Cleomen.*

And I

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* And take thou this. [*Kills himself and falls.*

So when the child whom nurſe from danger guards,
Sends Jack for muſtard with a pack of cards,
Kings, Queens, and Knaves, throw one another down,
'Till the whole pack lies ſcatter'd and o'erthrown;
So all our pack upon the floor is caſt,
And all I boaſt is —— that I fall the laſt. [*Dies.*

* We may ſay with Dryden,

Death did at length ſo many ſlain forget,
And left the tale, and took them by the great.

I know of no tragedy which comes nearer to this charming and bloody cataſtrophe than Cleomenes, where the curtain covers five principal characters dead on the ſtage. Theſe lines too,

I aſk no queſtion then, of who kill'd who?
The bodies tell the ſtory as they ly.

ſeem to have belonged more properly to this ſcene of our author — Nor can I help imagining they were originally his. The Rival Ladies too ſeem beholden to this ſcene;

We're now a chain of lovers link'd in death;
Julia goes firſt, Gonſalvo hangs on her,
And Angelina hangs upon Gonſalvo,
As I on Angelina

No ſcene, I believe, ever received greater honours than this. It was applauded by ſeveral Encores, a word very unuſual in tragedy. And it was very difficult for the actors to eſcape without a ſecond ſlaughter. This I take to be a lively aſſurance of that fierce ſpirit of liberty which remains among us, and which Mr Dryden, in his Eſſay on Dramatic Poetry, hath obſerved.—— "Whether cuſtom (ſays he) hath ſo inſinuated itſelf into our countrymen, or nature hath ſo formed them to fierceneſs, I know not; but they will ſcarcely ſuffer combats, and other objects of horror to be taken from them."——And indeed I am for having them encouraged in this martial diſpoſition: nor do I believe our victories over the French have been owing to any thing more than to thoſe bloody ſpectacles daily exhibited in our tragedies, of which the French ſtage is ſo entirely clear.

THE

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THE LETTER-WRITERS; OR, A NEW WAY TO KEEP A WIFE AT HOME.

A FARCE, IN THREE ACTS.

First acted in 1731.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

RAKEL,	Mr LACY.
COMMONS,	Mr MULLART.
Mr WISDOM,	Mr JONES.
Mr SOFTLY,	Mr HALLAM.
RISQUE,	Mr REYNOLD.
JOHN,	Mr WATHAM.
SNEAKSBY,	Mr DAVENPORT.

WOMEN.

Mrs WISDOM.	Mrs LACY.
Mrs SOFTLY,	Mrs MULLART.
BETTY,	Mrs STOKES.

Conſtables, Whores, Fidlers, Servants, &c.

SCENE, *the Street.*

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A

NEW WAY.

TO KEEP A

WIFE AT HOME.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

RAKEL, RISQUE.

RAKEL, [*reading a Letter.*]

" SIR,

" YOUR late behaviour hath determined me
" never to ſee you more; if you get entrance
" into this houſe for the future, it will not be
" by my conſent; for I deſire you would henceforth
" imagine there never was any acquaintance between
" you and LUCRETIA SOFTLY."

So! the letter was thrown out of the window, was it?

Riſq. Ay, Sir, I am ſure there is no good news in it, by the face of that jade Suſan. I know by the countenance of the maid when the miſtreſs is in good humour.

Rak. Well, may you meet with better ſucceſs in the next expedition. Here carry this letter to Mrs Wiſdom: I'll wait here till you return with an anſwer.

Riſq. But, Sir——

Rak. Well, Sir?

Riſq. This affair, Sir, may end in a blanketing, and that

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that is a danger I never love to run with an empty ſtomach.

Rak. Sirrah! if I were to be toſſed myſelf, I would wiſh to be as empty as poſſible; but thou art ſuch an epicure, thou art continually thinking on thy belly.

Riſq. The reaſon of that is very plain, Sir; for I am continually hungry. Whilſt I follow'd your honour's heels as a ſoldier, I expected no better fare; but ſince I have been promoted to the office of a pimp, I ought to live in another manner. Would it not vex a man to the heart to run about gnawing his nails like a ſtarv'd ſkeleton, and ſee every day ſo many plump brethren of the ſame profeſſion riding in their coaches.

Rak. Bring me but an anſwer to my wiſh, and then——

Riſq. Don't promiſe me, Sir——for then I ſhall be ſure of having nothing.——If you were but as like a great man in your riches, as you are in your promiſes, I ſhould dine oftener by two or three days a week than I do now.

Rak. To your buſineſs. It is happy for the nation that this fellow run away from his maſter; for had he become an authoriſed attorney, he would have been a greater burden to the town he was quartered on than our whole regiment.

SCENE II.

RAKEL, COMMONS.

Com. Captain Rakel, your ſervant.

Rak. Jack Commons!——My dear rake, welcome to town: how do all our friends at quarters?

Com. All in the old way. I left your two brother officers with two parſons and the mayor of the town as drunk as your drums.

Rak. Mr Mayor, indeed, is a thorough honeſt fellow; and hath not, I believe, been ſober ſince he was in the chair; he encourages that virtue as a magiſtrate which he lives by as a publican.

Com. Very fine faith! and if the mayor was a glazier, I ſuppoſe he would encourage breaking windows too.

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Rak. But prithee, what hath brought thee to town?

Com. My own inclinations chiefly. I resolved to take one swing in the charming plains of iniquity; so I am come to take my leave of this delicious lewd place, of all the rakes and whores of my acquaintance—to spend one happy month in the joys of wine and women, and then sneak down into the country, and go into orders.

Rak. Ha, ha, ha. And thou hast the impudence to pretend to a call?

Com. Ay, Sir; the usual call; I have the promise of a good living. Lookee, captain, my call of piety is much the same as yours of honour.—You will fight, and I shall pray, for the same reasons, I assure you.

Rak. If thy gown doth not rob thee of sincerity, thou wilt have one virtue under it at least.

Com. Ay, ay, sincerity is all that can be expected; that is the chief difference among men. All men have sins; but some hide them. Vice is as natural to us as our skins, and both would equally appear, if we had neither cloaths nor hypocrisy to cover them.

Rak. Thou art a fine promising holderforth, faith, and dost begin to preach in a most orthodox manner.

Com. Pox of preaching! will you go steal an act or two of the new tragedy?

Rak. Not I——I go to no tragedy——but the tragedy of Tom Thumb.

Com. The tragedy of Tom Thumb! what the devil is that?

Rak. Why, Sir, it is a tragedy that makes me laugh: and if your sermons will do as much, I shall be glad to make one of your audience.

Com. Will you to the tavern?

Rak. No, I am engaged.

Com. Engaged? then it must be to a bawdy-house, and I'll along with you.

Rak. Indeed, you cannot, my young Levite; for mine is a private bawdy-house, and you will not be admitted, even tho' you had your gown on.

Com. If thy engagement be not pressing, thou shalt go along with me: I will introduce thee to a charming fine girl, a relation of mine.

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Rak. Doſt thou think me dull enough to undergo the ceremonies of being introduced by a relation to a modeſt woman?—Haſt thou a mind to marry me to her?

Com. No, Sir, ſhe is married already.—There are a brace of them, as fine women as you have ſeen, and both married to old huſbands.

Rak. Nay, then they are worth my acquaintance, and ſome other time thou ſhalt introduce me to them.

Com. Nay, thou ſhalt go drink tea with one of them now—It is but juſt by—I dined there to-day, and my uncle is now gone abroad. Come, 'tis but two ſteps into the ſquare here, at the firſt two lamps.

Rak. The firſt two lamps!

Com. Ay, no farther——Her huſband's name is Wiſdom.

Rak. By all that's unlucky, the very woman I have ſent Riſque to! [*Aſide.*

Com. Come, we'll go make her a viſit now, and to-morrow I'll carry thee to my aunt Softly.

Rak. Another miſtreſs of mine, by Lucifer. [*Aſide.*] Haſt thou no more female relations in town?

Com. No more! Won't two ſerve your unreaſonable appetite?

Rak But thou ſeemeſt to be ſo free of them, I could wiſh thee, for the ſake of the public, related to all the beauties in Chriſtendom. But, Jack, I hope theſe two aunts of thine are not rigidly virtuous.

Com. Ha, ha, ha.—Do not I tell thee they are young and handſome, and that their huſbands are old?

Rak. And thou wouldſt not take it amiſs if one were to dub thine uncle a cuckold.

Com. Harkee, Tom, if thou hadſt read as much as I, thou wouldſt know that cuckold is no ſuch term of reproach as it is imagined; half the great men in hiſtory are cuckolds on record. Take it amiſs! ha, ha, ha. Why, my uncle himſelf will not; for the whole world knows he is a cuckold already.

Rak. How!

Com Ay, Sir, when an old man goes publicly to church with a young woman, he proclaims that title loud enough. But come, will you to my aunt?

Rak.

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Rak. You muſt excuſe me now.

Com. When I make you ſuch another offer, you ſhan't refuſe it: I thought you would have poſtpon'd any buſineſs for a miſtreſs.

Rak. But I am in purſuit of another miſtreſs, one I am pre-engaged to.—Afterwards, Sir, I am at the ſervice of your whole family.

Com. Succeſs attend your iniquity.—I'll enquire for you at the Tilt-yard. So, your ſervant.

Rak. Yours.—A very pretty fellow this—I find, if he ſhould diſcover my amours, he is not likely to be any obſtacle to them.

SCENE III.

RAKEL, RISQUE.

Rak. So, Sir.

Riſq. Sir, I have with great dexterity deliver'd your honour's letter, and with equal pleaſure have brought you an anſwer.

Rak. [*Reads.*]

" Be here at the time you mention, my huſband is " luckily out of the way. I wiſh your happineſs be " (as you ſay) entirely in the power of

ELIZABETH WISDOM."

Ay, now thou haſt performed well indeed, and I'll give thee all the money I have in my pocket for an encouragement. Odſo! I have but ſixpence about me —— here, take, take this and be diligent.

Riſq. Very fine encouragement truly! This it is to ſerve a poor, beggarly, louſy —— If half this dexterity had been employ'd in the ſervice of a great man, I had been a captain or a Middleſex juſtice long ago.—But I muſt tug along the empty portmanteau of this ſhabby no-pay enſign. Pox on't, what can a man expect who is but the rag carrier of a rag-carrier?

SCENE IV.

Mrs WISDOM, RAKEL.

Mrs Wiſd. Sure never any thing was ſo lucky for us as this threatning letter: while my huſband imagined

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gined I ſhould go abroad, he was almoſt continually at home; but now he thinks himſelf ſecure of my not venturing out, he is ſcarce ever with me.

Rak. How ſhall I requite this goodneſs which can make ſuch a confinement eaſy for my ſake?

Mrs Wiſd. The woman that thinks it worth her while to confine herſelf for her gallant, thinks herſelf ſufficiently requited by his company.

Betty. [*Entering.*] Oh! Madam, here's my maſter come home: had he not quarrell'd with the footman at the door, he had certainly found you together.

Rak. What ſhall I do?

Mrs Wiſd. Step into this cloſet—quick, quick: what can have ſent him home ſo ſoon?

SCENE V.

Mr WISDOM, *Mrs* WISDOM.

Mrs Wiſd. Oh! my dear! you are better than your word now; this is kind indeed, to return ſo much earlier than your promiſe.

Mr Wiſd. Mr Mortgageland hath diſappointed me: I am afraid ſome body elſe hath taken him off my hands; ſo let ſome of the ſervants get me my night-gown and ſlippers, for I intend to ſtay at home all the evening.

Mrs Wiſd. Was ever ſuch ill-luck!——they are both in my cloſet.——Lord, child, why will you put on that odious night-gown: indeed, it doth not become you—you don't look pretty in it, lovely, indeed you don't.

Mr Wiſd. Pſhaw; it doth not become a wife to diſlike her huſband in any dreſs whatſoever.

Mrs Wiſd. Well, my dear, if you command, I will be always ready to obey.—Betty, go fetch your maſter's night-gown out of my cloſet.—Take care you don't open the door too wide, leſt you throw down a China baſon that is juſt within it.

Mr Wiſd. Come, give me a kiſs; you look very pretty to-night, you litle wanton rogue.—Adod! I ſhall, I ſhall make thee amends for the pleaſures you miſs abroad.

Mrs

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Mrs Wisd. So, you won't put the money where the rogues order you, and you'll have your poor wife murder'd to save twenty guineas.

Mr Wisd. If you stay at home you will not be murder'd, and I shall save many a twenty guineas.

Mrs Wisd. But then I shall lose all my acquaintance by not returning their visits.

Mr Wisd. Then I shall lose all my torments: and truly, if I owe this loss to the letter-writer, I am very much obliged to him. I would have tied a much larger purse to the knocker of my door to have kept it free from that rat-tat-tat-tat-tat, which continually thunder'd at it.

SCENE VI.

Mr SOFTLY, *Mr* WISDOM, *Mrs* WISDOM.

Mr Soft. Mr Wisdom, your servant. Madam, I am your humble servant. A friend of yours, Mr Wisdom, expects you at Tom's.

Mr Wisd. Nay, if he be come, I must leave thee for one hour, my dear. So, take the key of my closet, and fetch me that bundle of parchment that lies in the bureau.

Mrs Wisd. I will, my dear.—This is extremely lucky.

SCENE VII.

Mr WISDOM, *Mr* SOFTLY.

Mr Soft. Well: doth the plot succeed notably?

Mr Wisd. To my wish. She hath not ventured to stir abroad since. This demand you have drawn upon my wife for twenty pounds, will be of more service to me, than a draught on the bank for so many hundreds.

Mr Soft. I wish your threatning letter to my wife had met with the same success: but, alack! it hath a quite contrary effect. She swears, she'll go abroad the more now, to shew her courage: but that she may not appear too rash, she hath put me to the expence of an additional footman; and, instead of staying at home, she carries all my blunderbusses abroad.——

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Her coach, when ſhe goes a viſiting, looks like a general officer's going to a campaign.

Mr Wiſd. But if it came to that extremity, I would lock up my doors, and ſhut her in, on pretence of ſhutting rogues out.

Mr Soft. But I cannot ſhut her companions out: I ſhould have a regiment of women on my back for ill-uſing my wife, and have a ſentence of cuckoldom pronounced againſt me at all the aſſemblies and viſiting-days in town. If I could prevail by ſtratagem, well: but I am too certain of the enemy's ſtrength to attempt the ſubduing her by force.

Mr Wiſd. Thank my ſtars, my wife is of another temper.

Mr Soft. You will not take it ill, brother Wiſdom: but your wife is not a woman of that ſpirit as mine is.

Mr Wiſd. No, Heaven be praiſed; for of all evil ſpirits, that of a woman ſurely is the worſt.

Mr Soft. Truly, it is a perfection that coſts a man as much as it is worth.

Mr Wiſd. But what do you intend to do?

Mr Soft. I know not. Something I muſt; for my houſe at preſent is like a garriſon; I have continually guards mounting and diſmounting, while I know of no enemy but my wife, and ſhe's within.

SCENE VIII.

Mr SOFTLY, *Mr* WISDOM, *Mrs* WISDOM.

Mrs Wiſd. Here are the parchments, my dear.

Mr Wiſd. You know the neceſſity of my engagement, and will excuſe me.

Mr Soft. No ceremony with me, brother.

Mr Wiſd. If you will ſtay with my wife till my return, ſhe will be much obliged to you: you may entertain one another at picquet; you are no high player any more than ſhe.

Mrs Wiſd. I ſhall be too hard for him; for I fancy he is a player much about your pitch, and you know I always get the better of you.

Mr

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Mr Wisd. Well, well, to it, to it. I leave you together.

SCENE IX.

Mr SOFTLY, *Mrs* WISDOM.

Mr Soft. I am but a bad player, Madam; but to divert you.

Mrs Wisd. How shall I get rid of him?——I am not much inclined to picquet at present, Mr Softly.

Mr Soft. Hum! very likely! any other game that you please——if I can play at it.

Mrs Wisd. No, you can't play at it—for to be plain, I am obliged to write a letter into the country. I hope you'll excuse me.

Mr Soft. Oh, dear sister! I will divert the time with one of these newspapers: ay, here's the Grub-street journal—An exceeding good paper this; and hath commonly a great deal of wit in it.

Mrs Wisd. —But—I am the worst person in the world at writing; the least noise disturbs me.

Mr Soft. I am as mute as a fish.

Mrs Wisd. I know not how to express it, I am so ashamed of the humour. But I cannot write while any one is in the room.

Mr Soft. Hum! very probable! there is no accounting for some humours. Well, you may trust me in the closet. This closet and I have been acquainted before now. [*Offers to go in.*

Mrs Wisd. By no means, I have a thing in that closet you must not see.

SCENE X.

Mr SOFTLY, *Mrs* WISDOM, COMMONS.

Com. What, is not my uncle Wisdom returned yet?

Mrs Wisd. I am surprised you should return, Sir, unless you have learnt more civility than you shewed at dinner to-day; your behaviour then seemed very unfit for one who intends to put on that sacred habit you are design'd for.

Com. You may be as scurrilous as you please, aunt:

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aunt; it hath been always my resolution to see my relations as seldom as I can; and when I do see them, never to mind what they say.——I have been at your house too, uncle Softly, and have met with just such another reception there: but come, you and I will go drink one honest bottle together.——I have not cracked a bottle with you since I came to town.

Mrs Wisd. For Heaven's sake, dear brother, do any thing to get him hence.

Mr Soft. Well, nephew, as far as a pint goes.

Com. Ay, ay, a pint is the best introduction to a bottle.——Aunt, will you go with us?

Mrs Wisd. Faugh, brute!

Com. If you wont, you may let it alone.

Mr Soft. Sister, your humble servant.

Mrs Wisd. I'll take care to prevent all danger of a surprise [*locks the door.*] there. Captain, captain, you may come out, the coast is clear.

SCENE XI.

Mrs WISDOM, RAKEL.

Rak. These husbands make the most confounded long visits.

Mrs Wisd. Husbands! why I have had half-a-dozen visitants since he went away; I thought you had over-heard us.

Rak. Not *I*, truly; I have been entertaining myself with the Whole Duty of Man, at the other end of the closet.

Mrs Wisd. You are very unconcerned in danger, Captain.

Rak. Yes, Madam, danger is my profession; and these sort of dangers are so common to me, that they give me no surprise. I have declared war with the whole commonwealth of husbands ever since I arrived at the years of discretion.

Mrs Wisd. Rather with the wives, I'm afraid.

Rak. No, Madam; I always consider the wife as the town, and the husband as the enemy in possession of it. I am not for burning or razing where I go; but when I have driven the enemy out of his fortress,

I march

I march in, in the moſt gentle peaceable manner imaginable. So, Madam, if you pleaſe, we will walk into the cloſet together.

Mrs Wiſd. What, to read the Whole Duty of Man? Ha, ha, ha!

Rak. Ay, my angel! and you ſhall ſay I practiſe what I read.—[*Takes her in his arms, Mr* Wiſdom *knocks, ſhe ſtarts from him.*]

Mr Wiſd. [*Without.*] What, have you ſhut yourſelves in?

Rak. Ourſelves! oh! the devil, doth he know I am here?

Mrs Wiſd. No, no, no; to your hole, quick, quick, quick.

Mr Wiſd. Why, child, Mr Softly, don't you hear? what, have you play'd yourſelves aſleep?

Mrs Wiſd. Oh! my dear, are you there?

SCENE XII.

Mr WISDOM, *Mrs* WISDOM.

Mr Wiſd. [*Entering.*] If we were not ſo nearly related, I ſhould not like this locking up together. Heyday! where is my brother Softly?

Mrs Wiſd. Alas! my dear, my ungracious nephew hath been here, and taken him away to the tavern.

Mr Wiſd. Why will you ſuffer that fellow to come within my doors, when you know it is againſt my will?

Mrs Wiſd. Alas, child, I don't know how to ſhut your doors againſt your own relations.

Mr Wiſd. And what were you doing, hey? that you were lock'd in ſo cloſe by yourſelf.

Mrs Wiſd. I was only ſaying a few prayers, my dear; but indeed theſe incendiaries run ſo in my head, I never think myſelf ſafe enough.

Mr Wiſd. Heaven bleſs the hour I firſt thought of putting them there! [*Aſide.*

Mrs Wiſd. Well, child, this is very good in you to come home ſo ſoon.

Mr. Wiſd. I only call on you in my way to the city;

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city; for I muſt ſpeak to Alderman Longhorns before I ſleep. I am ſorry you loſt brother Softly; he might have diverted you a little.

Mrs Wiſd. I can divert myſelf well enough in my cloſet for that matter.

Mr Wiſd. Ay, do ſo. Reading is an innocent and inſtructive diverſion. I will be back with the utmoſt expedition. Is your cloſet lock'd, child? there are ſome papers in it which I muſt take with me.——

Mrs Wiſd. What ſhall I do?——Lud, my dear, I—I—have loſt the key, I think.

Mr Wiſd. Then it muſt be broken open: for they are of the utmoſt conſequence.——Nay, if you can't tell where you have laid it, I can't ſtay, the lock muſt be broken open; I'll call up one of the ſervants.

Mrs Wiſd. Nay, then, confidence aſſiſt me.—— Here, here it is, child.—I have nothing but aſſurance to truſt to; and I am reſolv'd to exert the utmoſt.

[*Opens the door,* Rakel *runs againſt him, throws him down; he looks on* Mrs Wiſdom, *ſhe points to the door, and he runs out.* Mrs Wiſdom *ſhrieks.*

Mr Wiſd. Oh! I am murder'd.

Mrs Wiſd The incendiaries are come. My dream is out, my dream is out.

Mr Wiſd. My horns are out.

Mrs Wiſd. Oh! my dear, ſure never any thing was ſo lucky as this ſtay of yours. Heaven knows what he would have done to me had I been alone.

Mr Wiſd. Ay, ay, my dear, I know what he would have done to you very well.

Mrs Wiſd. I hope you will be adviſ'd, and put the money where you are deſired, before any thing worſe happens.

Mr Wiſd. I ſhall put you out of doors before any thing worſe happens.

Mrs Wiſd. My dear?

Mrs Wiſd. My devil! come, come, confeſs, it is done already; am I one or no?

Mrs Wiſd. Are you what, my love?

Mr Wiſd. Am I a beaſt, a monſter? a huſband?

Mrs Wiſd. Defend me——ſure the fright hath turn'd

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turn'd your brain. Are you a husband? yes, I hope so, or what am I?

Mr Wisd. Ah! crocodile! I know very well what sort of robber was here. Nay, perhaps, he was a robber, and you may have conspired together to rob me: I don't doubt but you was concern'd in writing the letter too. No one likelier to extort money from a man than his wife.

Mrs Wisd. Oh! barbarous, cruel, inhuman aspersion!

Mr Wisd. Is he a conjurer as well as a thief, and could he go through the key-hole? How came he into that closet? How came he into that closet, Madam, without your knowledge? Answer me that. Did he go through the door?

Mrs Wisd. I swear by ———

Mr Wisd. Hold, hold, I don't question but you will swear through a thousand doors to get off.

Enter JOHN.

John. Oh! Sir, this moment, as I was walking in the yard, I spied a fellow offering to get in at my lady's closet window.——

Mr Wisd. How!

John. Dear Sir, step but into the closet, you will find the window broke all to pieces.

Mr Wisd. The villains — John, take the candle and go in before me.

Mrs Wisd. Miraculous fortune! Now will I stand it out that Rakel got in the same way. Sure it must have been the devil that hath broke these windows to encourage us to sin—by this delivery.—Oh! here comes my husband; it is my turn now to be angry, and his to ask pardon.

Mr Wisd. John, do you watch carefully in the yard this night. I protest a man will shortly be safe no where.

Mrs Wisd. Not when thieves get through keyholes.

Mrs Wisd. Come, I ask thy pardon; I am sorry I suspected thee: I will make thee amends I will—I will stay at home this week with thee in spite of business:

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neſs: thou ſhalt tie me to thy girdle. Nay, do not take on thus, I will buy thy forgiveneſs. Here, here is a purſe to put thy money in; and it ſhall not be long before I give thee ſome money to put in thy purſe — you ſhall take the air every day in Hyde-Park, and I'll go with you for a guard: I vow you ſhall forgive me, I'll kiſs you till you do.

Mrs Wiſd. You know the way to mollify me.

Mr Wiſd. Why, I was but in jeſt: I never thought you had any hand in the letter.

Mrs Wiſd. Did you not indeed?

Mr Wiſd. No, indeed; may I be worſe than robb'd if I did.

Mrs Wiſd. Well, but don't jeſt ſo any more.

Mr Wiſd. I promiſe you:—but I muſt not loſe a moment before I go into the city———

Mrs Wiſd. And will you leave me again to-night?

Mr Wiſd. You muſt excuſe neceſſity, my dear.

Mrs Wiſd. My dear, I ſhall always obey your commands without any farther reaſon.

Mrs Wiſd. What a happy man am I in a wife? If all women were but ſuch bleſſings to their huſbands as thou art, what a heaven would matrimony be!

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

RAKEL, *and afterwards* RISQUE.

RAKEL.

LOVE and war I find ſtill require the ſame talents; to be unconcerned in danger, is abſolutely neceſſary to both. I know not whether it was more lucky that I thought of this ſtratagem, or that I found Riſque on the ſpot to execute it. I dare ſwear ſhe will ſoon take the hint: nor do I ſee any other way ſhe ſhould poſſibly have come off.——So, raſcal, what ſucceſs.

Riſq. I have broke the windows with a vengeance; I have made room enough for your honour to march

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in at the head of a company of grenadiers, and all this without the least noise. But I hope the lady did not use your honour very ill, that her windows must be broken.

Rak. No, Mr Inquisitive, I have done it for the lady's sake, to give her an opportunity of saying I broke in there; for when I was taken in the closet, I was obliged to bring her off by pretending myself a robber.

Risq. But if he should take you at your word, and prosecute you, who would bring your honour off?

Rak. No matter: it were better fifty such as I were hang'd, than one woman should lose her reputation. But as the closet was full of things of value, my touching none would sufficiently preserve me from any villainous imputation, should the worst happen.

Risq. I fancy, indeed, it would be no disgrace, to be thought to have stolen all you have in your pocket.

Rak. What's that you are muttering? Harkee, rascal, be sure not to go to bed: I shall not be at home till early in the morning——Now for my unkind mistress; I may have better success there than I found with my kind one.

How blest'd is a soldier while licenc'd to range,
How pleasant this whore for that to exchange!

Risq. Go thy ways, young Satan; the old gentleman himself cannot be much worse. Let me consider a little. My master doth not come home till morning, the closet is full of things of value, and I can very easily get into it.---Agad, and I'll have a trial. I am in no great danger of being caught in the fact; so if I bring off a good handsome booty——my master stands fair for being hang'd for it. Heyday! what the devil have we here?

SCENE II.

COMMONS, *with Whores and Music*, RISQUE.

Com. [*Sings.*] Tol, lol de rol lol———Now am I Alexander the Great, and you my Statira and Roxana——You sons of whores, play me Alexander the Great's march.

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1 *Fid.* We don't know it, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Com. Don't you? Why then—play me the Black Joke.

2 *Wh.* Play the White Joke; that's my favourite.

Com. Ay, ay, black or white, they are all alike to me. [*Muſic plays.*

2 *Wh.* We had better go to the tavern, my dear; the juſtices of peace are ſo ſevere againſt us, we ſhall be taken up and ſent to Bridewell.

Com. The juſtices be hang'd, they dare not attack a man of my quality. The moment they knew me to be a lord, they would let us all go again.

1 *Wh.* Nay, my dear, I aſk your pardon: I did not know you were a lord.

Com. Yes, my dear, yes; my Lord Kilfob, that's my title, of the kingdom of Ireland.

Riſq. [*Advancing.*] My Lord Kilfob, I am glad to ſee your honour in town.

Com. Ha! Ned Riſque, give me thy hand, boy. Come, honeſt Riſque, thou ſhalt go to the tavern with me, and I'll treat thee with a whore and a bottle of wine——But harkee. [*Whiſpers.*

1 *Wh.* A lord, and ſo familiar with this fellow! This is ſome clerk or apprentice ſtrutting about with his maſter's ſword on.

2 *Wh.* I fancy, Sukey, this is a ſharper, and no coming-down cull.

1 *Wh.* Ay, damn him, he'll make us pope our unders for the reckoning: we'll not go with him.

Com. If thou canſt lend me half a crown, do; the devil take me if I do not pay thee again to-morrow.

Riſq. That I would with all my heart, but I have not one ſouſe, I aſſure you.——I am on buſineſs for my maſter, and in a great hurry.——

Com. Get thee gone for a good-for-nothing dog as thou art. Come, ſirrah, play on to the tavern.

2 *Wh.* I don't know what you mean, Sir; we are no company for ſuch as you.——

Com. I own you are not fit company for a lord; ——but no matter, ſeveral lords keep ſuch company; and ſince I ſtoop to you——

1 *Wh.*

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1 *Wh.* You ſtoop to us, ſcrub!

2 *Wh.* You a lord! you are ſome attorney's clerk, or a haberdaſher's 'prentice.

1 *Wh.* Do you ſit behind a deſk, or ſtand behind a compter?

2 *Wh.* We're not for ſuch as you, we'd have you to know, fellow.

Com. But I am for ſuch as you——and that I'll make you know with a vengeance————whores, ſtrumpets.

Whores. Murder, murder, robbery, murder.

Com. I'll ſcour you, with a pox.

[*Beats them off, and returns.*

2 *Fid.* I wiſh we were well rid of this chap; I wiſh we get any thing by him.

1 *Fid.* I wiſh we get off with a whole ſkin and a whole fiddle.

Com. I have paid you off, however.

1 *Fid.* I wiſh your honour would pay us off too; for we are obliged to play to ſome country-dances.

Com. Are not you impudent dogs to aſk any thing for ſuch muſic?—I'll not give you a ſouſe; you are a couple of wretched ſcrapers, and play ten degrees worſe than the univerſity waits. If you had your merit, you would have your fiddles broke about your heads.

1 *Fid.* Sir, you don't talk like a gentleman.

Com. Don't I, Sir? Why then I'll act like a gentleman. [*Draws.*] This is the way a man of honour pays debts, you dogs; I'll let out your own guts to make fiddle-ſtrings of. A couple of cowardly dogs! run away from one. Blood! I have routed the whole army. Hannibal could have done no more. What pity it is ſuch a brave fellow as I am ſhould be made a parſon of! [*Link-boy croſſes.*

Here, you ſon of a whore, come here. Are you the ſun or the moon, or one of the ſeven ſtars?

Link. Does your honour want a light, Sir?

Com. Want a light, Sir! Ay Sir. Do you take me for a diſſenter, you raſcal? Do you think I carry my light within, Sirrah? I travel by an outward light. So lead on, you dog, and light me into darkneſs.

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A ſoph he is immortal,
And never can decay;
For how ſhould he return to duſt
Who daily wets his clay?

SCENE III.

RAKEL *and Mrs* SOFTLY.

Mrs Soft. Forget that letter; it was the effect of a ſudden ſhort-liv'd anger which aroſe from a laſting love: jealouſy is ſurely the ſtrongeſt proof of that paſſion.

Rak. It is a proof I always wiſh to be without, if all my miſtreſſes were as forward to believe my ſincerity.

Mrs Soft. All your miſtreſſes!—— Bravo.

Rak. I ſpeak of you, Madam, in the plural number, as we do of kings, from my reverence; for if I have another miſtreſs upon earth, may I be ——

Mrs Soft. Marry'd to her—which would be curſe enough on both. But do not think, Captain, that ſhould I once diſcover my rival, it would give me any uneaſineſs; the ſuſpicion of the falſehood raiſed my anger, but the knowledge of it would only move my contempt. Be aſſured I have not love enough to make me uneaſy if I knew you were falſe: ſo hang jealouſy, I will believe you true.

Rak. By all the tranſports we have felt together, by all the eager raptures which this very night hath witneſſed to my paſſion—— [Softly *hems without.*

Mrs Soft. Oh, Heaven! my huſband is upon the ſtairs.

Rak. A judgment fallen upon me before I had forſworn myſelf. Have you no cloſet? no chimney?

Mrs Soft. None, nor any way but this out of the room; he muſt ſee you—Say nothing, but bow, and obſerve me.

SCENE IV.

Mr SOFTLY, *Mrs* SOFTLY, RAKEL.

Mr Soft. Sure, never man was ſo put to it to get rid

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rid of a troublesome companion.——Hey-day, what's here?

Mrs Soft. Sir, I assure you I am infinitely obliged to you, and so is my husband; I am sorry he is not at home to return you thanks.

[*She courteses all this time to him, who bows to her.*

Mr Soft. What's the matter, my child? what hath the gentleman done for me?

Mrs Soft. Oh! my dear, I am glad you are come —The gentleman hath done a great deal for me, he hath guarded me home from the play. Indeed, my dear, I am infinitely obliged to the gentleman.

Mr Soft. Ay, we are both infinitely oblig'd to him. Sir, I am your humble servant: I give you a great many thanks, Sir, for the civility you have conferr'd on my wife. I assure you, Sir, you never did a favour to any who will acknowledge it more.

Rak. The devil take me, if ever I did: I have been as civil to several wives: but thou art the first husband that ever thank'd me for it.

Mr Soft. Sir, if you will partake of a small collation we have within, we shall think ourselves much honour'd in your company.

Rak. Sir, the honour would be on my side; but I am unhappily engag'd to sup with the Duke of Fleet-street.

Mr Soft. I hope, Sir, you will shortly give us some other opportunity to thank you.

Mrs Soft. Pray, Sir, do not it let be long.

Mr Soft. Sir, my doors will be always open to you.

Rak. All these acknowledgements for so small a gallantry make me asham'd: I was only fortunate in the occasion of doing what no young gentleman could have refused. However, Sir, I shall take the first opportunity to kiss your hands, and am your most obedient humble servant—Not a step, Sir.

Mr Soft. Sir, your most humble servant.

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SCENE V.

Mr SOFTLY, *Mrs* SOFTLY.

Mr Soft. I proteſt one of the civileſt gentlemen I ever ſaw.

Mrs Soft. Moſt infinitely well-bred.

Mr Soft. I have been making a viſit to my neighbour Wiſdom, where whom ſhould I meet with but that unlucky rogue my nephew Commons, who hath taken me to the tavern, and, I proteſt, almoſt fluſter'd me

Mrs Soft. He was here juſt as you went out, and as rude as ever; but I gave him a ſufficient rebuff: I fancy he'll ſcarce venture here again. And, indeed, my dear, he is ſo very ſcandalous, I wiſh you would not ſuffer him.

Mr Soft. He will be ſettled in the country ſoon, and ſo we ſhall be rid of him quite. But, my dear, I have ſome news to tell you: my ſiſter Wiſdom hath receiv'd juſt ſuch another letter as yours, threatning to murder her in her chair the firſt time ſhe goes abroad, unleſs ſhe lays twenty guineas under a ſtone. Indeed, ſhe ſhews abundance of prudence on this occaſion, by keeping at home: ſhe doth not go abroad and frighten her poor huſband, as you do.

Mr Soft. My ſiſter Wiſdom receiv'd ſuch a letter! I am heartily glad you have told me of it; for I owe her a viſit, and on this occaſion it would be unpardonable to neglect a moment.- Who's there?—— Order my chair this inſtant, and do you and the other footman take to your arms.

Mrs Soft. Why, you would not viſit her at this time o'night.

Mrs Soft. Oh! my dear! it is time enough; it is not yet ten. Oh! I would not for the world, when ſhe will be ſure too that I know it. My dear, your ſervant: I'll make but a ſhort viſit, and be back again before you can be ſet down to ſupper.

Mr Soft. Was ever ſo unfortunate a wretch as I am! All my contrivances to keep her at home, do but ſend her abroad the more. But I have a virtuous wife, how-

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however; and truly virtuous women are so rare in this age, one cannot pay too dear for her——Oh! a virtuous wife is a most prodigious blessing!

SCENE VI. *Mr* WISDOM's *House.*

RAKEL, *Mrs* WISDOM.

Rak. To rally again the same night after such a rebuff, is, I think, Madam, a sign of uncommon bravery.

Mrs Wisd. What is it in me to lead you to that rally, captain, when I must share the chief part of the danger too?

Rak. Why indeed, Madam, to send me word of this second retreat of your husband, was a kindness I know but one way how to thank you for; and I will thank thee so heartily, my dear, dear lovely angel——

Betty. [*Entering.*] Oh! Madam! here's Mrs Softly just coming up.

Rak. Mrs Softly!

Mrs Wisd. How came she to be let in? Were not my orders, not at home?

Betty. She said she knew you were at home, and would see you.——She will be here this instant.

Rak. [*Offers to go into the closet.*] The door is lock'd.

Mrs Wisd. And my husband hath the key.——It signifies not much if she sees you.

Rak. Oh! Madam, I am tenderer of your reputation.—This table will hide me. [*Gets under it.*

SCENE VII.

Mrs WISDOM, *Mrs* SOFTLY.

Mrs Soft. Oh! my dear, I am exceedingly concern'd to hear of your misfortune; I ran away the very minute Mr Softly brought me the news.

Mrs Wisd. I am very much obliged to you, my dear.

Mrs Soft. But I hope you are not frighten'd, my dear.

Mrs Wisd. It is impossible to avoid a little surprise on such an occasion.

Mrs

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Mrs Soft. Oh yes! a little surpriſed at firſt; but when one hath ſufficient guards about one there can be no danger. Have not you heard that I receiv'd juſt ſuch another letter about three days ago?

Mrs Wiſd. And venture abroad ſo late?

Mrs Soft. Ha, ha, ha!—Have I not a vaſt deal of courage?

Mrs Wiſd. Indeed, I think ſo. I am ſure I have not ſlept one wink theſe three nights.

Mrs Soft. I have not ſlept much—for I was up two of them at a ball.

Mrs Wiſd. Why, you venture abroad as fearleſs as if no ſuch thing had happen'd.

Mrs Soft. It is only the expence of a footman or two the more; no one would ſtay at home for that, you know. Sure you don't intend to confine yourſelf any longer on this account. I would not ſtay at home three days, if I had receiv'd as many letters as go by the poſt in that time.

Mrs Wiſd. You have more courage than I: the apprehenſion of the danger with me would quite extinguiſh the pleaſure.

Mrs Soft. Oh! you cowardly creature, there is no pleaſure without danger; but I thank Heaven, my thoughts are always ſo full of the former, that I leave no room for any meditation on the latter.

SCENE VIII.

Mr WISDOM, *Mrs* WISDOM, *Mrs* SOFTLY, CONSTABLE, SERVANTS.

John. I'll take my oath I ſaw him go in.

Mrs Wiſd. Bleſs me, my dear, what's the matter?

Mr Wiſd. Don't be frighten'd, child; this fellow hath ſeen the rogue that was here to-day get into the houſe again. Mr Conſtable, that is the cloſet door: you have the key; therefore do you enter firſt, and we'll all follow you.

John. Ay, ay, let me alone; do you but lay hands on him, and I'll knock his brains out.

Mrs Soft. Lud, ſiſter, how you tremble! Take example

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example by me, and don't be frighten'd.——Here, John, Thomas, bring up your blunderbuſſes.

Mrs Wiſd. Support me, or I faint.

SCENE IX.

RISQUE, [*diſcover'd.*]

Conſt. You may as well ſubmit, Sir, for we are too ſtrong for you.

John. Confeſs, ſirrah! confeſs. How many are there of you?

Mr Wiſd. Search his pockets, Mr Conſtable.

Mrs Wiſd. What do I ſee? } [*Aſide.*
Mrs Soft. Captain Rakel's man! }

Mr Wiſd. It is ſufficient! the goods are found upon him Sirrah! confeſs your accomplices this moment; you have no other way to ſave your life than by becoming evidence againſt your gang.

John. Learn to betray your friends, ſirrah! if you would rob like a gentleman, and not be hang'd for it.

Mr Wiſd. And ſo, Sir, I ſuppoſe it was you that writ the threatning letter to my wife. Why don't you ſpeak: you may as well confeſs; for you will be hang'd whether you confeſs or no.

Conſt. Would it not be your wiſeſt way to impeach your companions? ſo you may not only ſave your life, but get rewarded for your roguery.

Mr Wiſd. Is the raſcal dumb? We'll find ways to make him ſpeak, I warrant you.

SCENE X.

To them, COMMONS, *drunk and ſinging.*

Com. Hey! uncle, what a pox do you keep open houſe at this time of night? Oons! I thought you uſed to ſneak to bed at ſoberer hours.

Mr Wiſd. How often muſt I forbid you my houſe?

Com. Sir, you may forbid me as often as you pleaſe; when your door is open I ſhall never be able to paſs by.

Mr Wiſd. You ſhall find a very warm reception.

Com. As warm as you pleaſe, for it is damn'd cold with-

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without. But come, where's your liquor? You do not entertain all this company without wine, I hope? —— Why, what a pox are all these?—the militia!

Mr Wisd. Sir, if you do not go out of my doors this instant, you shall be forc'd out.

Com. Damn your doors, Sir, and your tables too; I'll turn your house out of doors, Sir. ——

[*Overturns the table, and discovers* Rakel.

SCENE XI.

Mr WISDOM, *Mrs* WISDOM, *Mrs* SOFTLY, RAKEL. RISQUE, CONSTABLE, SERVANTS.

John. More rogues! more rogues!

Const. I have him secure enough.

Mr Wisd. This second visit, Sir, is exceeding kind. I suppose, Sir, this is the honest gentleman that conveys away the goods; we have stopped the goods, and shall convey you both to a proper habitation.

Rak. Damnation!
Mrs Wisd. Ruin'd beyond retrieval. } *Aside.*
Mrs Soft. May I believe my eyes?

Mr Wisd. [*To* Risque.] You will have but a short time to consider on't; so it were good for you to resolve on being an evidence, and save your own neck at the expence of his.

Risq. Well, Sir, if I must peach, I must, I think.

Mr Wisd. [*To* Rakel.] Do you know this gentleman, Sir?

Rak. [*Aside.*] Confusion! what shall I do?

Const. How the rogues stare at one another! What, did you never see one another before?

Risq. Pox take him, I wish I had never seen him; I'm sure I am like to pay dear enough for his acquaintance.

Mr Wisd. You have no other way to prevent it than by swearing against him.

Risq. Ay, ay, Sir, I'll swear against him; he brought me to this shame, so let him look to it! I never took these courses till I became acquainted with that high-

way-

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wayman there, who hath robbed on all the roads in England.

Rak. Ha!

Conſt. And will you ſwear that this fellow wrote the letter to my maſter, to threaten to murder my lady whenever ſhe went abroad?

Riſq. Ay, that I will; I ſaw him write it with my own eyes.

Mr Wiſd. ——You ſaw him write it?

Riſq. Yes, an't pleaſe your honour.

Mr Wiſd. I find this fellow will do our buſineſs without any other evidence. [*Aſide.*

Mrs Soft. Can this be poſſible? [*Aſide.*

Mr Wiſd. And ſo if my wife had ventured abroad, you had put your deſign in execution.

Riſq. ——She would have been murdered the very firſt time, an't pleaſe your honour.

Mr Wiſd. See there now—Did I not adviſe you like a friend?—— In ſhort, I know not when it will be ſafe for you to ſtir without your own doors.

Mrs Wiſd. And was I to have fallen by the hands of this gentleman?

Riſq. Yes, Madam; he was to have murder'd your ladyſhip, and I was to have robb'd you.

Rak. Dog! villain!

Riſq. Don't give ill language, Tom; I have often told you what your rogueries would come to. I told you, you would never leave off thieving but at the gallows.

Rak. Villain, be aſſured I will be reveng'd on thee.

Riſq. I deſire of your worſhip, that we may not be put together; I do not care for ſuch company.

Mr Wiſd. Mr Conſtable, convey them to the round-houſe; let them be kept ſeparately, and in the morning you ſhall hear from me.

Rak. [*To* Wiſd.] Sir, ſhall I beg to ſpeak one word with you?

Mr Wiſd. You are ſure he has no arms about him, Mr Conſtable?

Conſt. No, Sir, he hath no arms about him, nor any thing elſe.

Rak. This proſecution will end in nothing but your own

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own ſhame; [*part to* Wiſd.] to you had beſt ſet me at liberty Be aſſured that I am not the perſon you take me for; my character will make it evident that my deſign was neither to rob nor to murder you: my crime, Sir, will appear to be ſuch as (Heaven be praiſed) our laws do not hang a man for. As for that fellow there, he is my ſervant; but how, or with what deſign he came here, I cannot tell.

Mr Wiſd And is this what you have to ſay, Sir?

Riſq. Don't believe a word he ſays, Sir; for he is one of the damnedeſt liars that ever was hanged; he'll tell you he kept a juſtice of peace for a ſervant, if you will believe him.

Mr Wiſd. He ſays he kept you as ſuch.

Riſq. Ay, there it is now. Art thou not a ſad dog, Tom? But thou wilt pay for all thy rogueries ſhortly. [Wiſdom *points to the Conſtable.*

Conſt. Come, bring them along; march, you poor beggarly raſcal——you a rogue, and be damn'd to you, without a penny in your pocket!

SCENE XII.

Mr WISDOM, *Mrs* WISDOM, *Mr* SOFTLY.

Mr Wiſd. Don't be frighten'd, my dear; while you are at home, you are in no danger. Siſter Softly, I am ſorry you find my family in ſuch diſorder.

Mrs Soft. I am heartily ſorry for your ſake, dear brother: but Heaven knows how ſoon it may be our own fate: for I ſuppoſe you know we have received a letter too.

Mr Wiſd. We muſt find ſome way to break the neck of this trade. Here's my poor wife will not be able to ſtir abroad this winter.

Mrs Soft. Not ſtir abroad this winter! Marry, forbid it; ſhe hath ſtaid at home longer already than I ſhould have done, had the danger been ten times greater. I would rather loſe my life than my liberty.—— Where's the difference, whether one be lock'd up in one's own grave, or one's own houſe?—My ſoul is ſuch an enemy to confinement, that if my body were confined, it would not ſtay in it.

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Mr Wisd. Oh lud! here's doctrine for my wife. May your body never enter my doors again, I pray Heaven. [*Aside.*] But if you have no more fears for yourself, I hope you would have some for your husband.

Mrs Soft. Oh! dear Sir, the wife who loves her husband as well as herself is an exceeding good Christian. That man must be a most unreasonable creature, who expects a woman to abstain from pleasures for his sake.

Mr Wisd. Hoity-toity! I hope you'll allow that a woman ought to avoid some pleasures for the sake of her husband.

Mrs Soft. Oh, certainly! ought, no doubt on't. But to speak freely, I am afraid when once a woman's pleasures run counter to the interest of her husband; when once she finds greater pleasures abroad than at home, I am afraid all the threatning letters in Europe will not keep her from them.

Mr Wisd. Oh lud! Oh lud!

Mrs Soft. But to shew you that I am of a contrary opinion, I will leave the most agreeable company in the world to go home to my husband.—No ceremony.

Mr Wisd. I will see you into your chair.

Mrs Soft. Sister, your servant.

Mrs Wisd. My dear, I am yours.—What shall I think! Rakel cannot be guilty of such villainy. But then how came his servant here? He sent him to break the windows— and he exceeded his commission ——It must be so —— and what he hath said was only forg'd to excuse himself.

SCENE XIII.

Mr WISDOM, *Mrs* WISDOM.

Mr Wisd. I wish you well home, Madam; and may you never come abroad again.—My dear, I am afraid she hath quite struck you dumb with surprize. This woman is a walking contagion, and ought not to be admitted into one's house. She is able to raise a universal conjugal rebellion in the nation.

Mrs Wisd. Alas! my dear, I wish this affair had not happen'd. I vow, I feel a sort of pity for these poor

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wretches, whom neceſſity hath driven to ſuch courſes. One of them ſeems ſo young too, that if he were forgiven perhaps he might amend.

Mr Wiſd. His method of robbing, perhaps, and the next time cut our throats.

Mrs Wiſd. Strict juſtice ſeems too rigorous in my opinion; and tho' it may be a womaniſh weakneſs, I could wiſh you would forgive them.

Mr Wiſd. Be aſſur'd, my love, it is a womaniſh weakneſs which makes you plead for the life of a young fellow. By the women's conſent we ſhould have no rogues hang'd till after they are forty.

Mrs Wiſd. In one ſo young, vice hath not ſo ſtrong a root.

Mr Wiſd. You lie, my dear; vice hath often the ſtrongeſt root in a young fellow. So, ſay no more, I am determin'd he ſhall be hang'd: I will go take my meſs of ſugar-ſops, and to bed; in the morning early I will go to a juſtice of the peace.

Mrs Wiſd. But conſider, my dear, will you not provoke the reſt of the gang to revenge?

Mr Wiſd. Fear nothing, my dear.

While in your huſband's arms you keep your treaſure,
You're free from fear of hurt.

Mrs Wiſd. ——or hope of pleaſure.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *An inner room in the Round Houſe.*

COMMONS, RAKEL.

COMMONS.

PRITHEE, Tom, forgive me.

Rak. Forgive thee! Death and damnation! doſt thou inſult my misfortunes! Doſt thou think I am come to the tree, where I am to whine out of the world like a good Chriſtian, and forgive all my enemies. If thou wilt hear my laſt prayer, damn thee heartily, heartily.

Com.

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Com. Amen, if I design'd thee any mischief.

Rak. Rat your designs; it is equal to me whether you design'd it or not; and I will forgive you and that rascal Risque at the same time.

Com. Nay, but dear Tom, why the danger is not so great as thou apprehendest: it will never be believed that thou didst intend to rob my uncle; thy reputation will prevent that.

Rak. But it will be believed that I intended to cuckold your uncle; my reputation will not prevent that: and I would rather sacrifice the world than my mistress——Oons! I believe thou didst intend to discover me, to save the virtue of thy aunt.

Com. To save the devil! You should lie with all my aunts, or with my mother and sisters: nay, I will carry a letter for you to any of them.

Rak. Carry a letter! if thou wilt get me two letters that were taken out of my pocket when I was search'd, I will forgive thee—It is in vain to keep it a secret. Your uncle Wisdom hath in his possession a letter from each of your aunts, which, unless we get back, must ruin them both.

Com. But I suppose he hath read them already.

Rak. Then they are ruined already.

Com. Prithee, what are the letters?

Rak. I believe, Sir, you may guess what business is between them and me.

Com. Harkee, Tom——There is no smut in them?

Rak. There is nothing more in them than from the one an invitation to come and see her, and from the other a very civil message that she will never see my face again.

Const. [*Enters.*] Captain, you must go before the justice. As for you, Sir, you have your liberty to go where you please. I hope you will be as good as your word, and remember to buy your stockings at my shop; for if I had not persuaded the gentleman to make up the affair, you might have gone before the justice too.

Com. Mr Constable, I am oblig'd to you: and the next time you take me up, I hope I shall have more

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money in my pocket. Come, noble captain, be not dejected; I'll ſtand by thee, whatever be the conſequence——Mr Conſtable, we'll wait on you immediately.——Harkee, I have a thought juſt riſen may bring the ladies off in the eaſieſt manner imaginable.

Rak. What hath the devil inſpired thee with?

Com. Suppoſe now I ſhould ſwear that I forg'd their hands. Luckily for the purpoſe, I have had a quarrel this very day with my uncle Wiſdom, and another with my aunt Softly: ſo that we may perſuade the old gentleman that I ſent the letters to you in order to be reveng'd on them. Now, if we could perſuade them of this.

Rak. Which we might, if they were as ready to believe any thing as thou art to ſwear any thing; but as the caſe happeneth to be quite contrary, thy ſtratagem is good for nothing; ſo fare you well. Nothing will proſper with me while I keep ſuch a wicked fellow company.

Com. The invitation muſt be from my aunt Wiſdom, by his being there——Odd, if there be no direction, it may do——Thou art ſuch a dear wicked dog, I cannot leave thee in the lurch.

SCENE II.

Mr WISDOM, *Mrs* WISDOM.

Mr Wiſd. Pray, no more of your good-nature, my dear. It is a very good natur'd thing truly to ſave one rogue's throat, that he may cut twenty honeſt people's. The good-nature of women is as furious as their ill nature; they would ſave or deſtroy, without diſtinction. But by this time I ſuppoſe my brother Softly is ready. So, child, good-morrow.

Mrs Wiſd. Nay, my dear, I dare not truſt myſelf even in mine own houſe without you, now you have provok'd the gang. So, if you are determin'd to go, you ſhall carry me to return my ſiſter's viſit.

Mrs Wiſd. Indeed, my dear, I will carry you to a maſquerade as ſoon. No, no; no more viſiting there. If my ſiſter's huſband's brother marries a mad woman, ſhe ſhall not ſpoil my wife; I'll carry you to no ſuch lectures.

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lectures. She will teach you more naughtiness in half an hour, than half a dozen modern comedies; nay, than the jewd epilogues to as many modern tragedies.

Mrs Wisd. Which you never suffer me to go to, though you seldom miss yourself.

Mr Wisd. Well, I must not lose a moment; good-morrow.

Mrs Wisd. So you leave me behind to be murder'd.

Mr Wisd. You'll come to no harm, I warrant you.

Mrs Wisd. I cannot think that, when I know what you are going upon. If this generous creature should have honour enough to preserve my reputation, shall I suffer him to preserve it at the expence of a life which was dearer to me than fame before, and by such an instance of honour will become still more precious. No, should it come to that, I will give up my honour to preserve my lover, and will be myself the witness to his innocence. ——Who's there?

SCENE III.

Mrs WISDOM, BETTY.

Mrs Wisd. Call a chair.

Bet. Madam!

Mrs Wisd. Call a chair.

Bet. And is your ladyship resolv'd to venture abroad?

Mrs Wisd. I begin to laugh at the danger I apprehended. But, however, that I may not be too bold, order the footman to take a blunderbuss with him: and, dy'e hear, order him to hire chairmen, and arm them with muskets. I am resolved to pluck up a spirit, Betty, and shew my husband that I am like other women.

Bet. I am heartily glad to see your ladyship hath so much courage; I always lik'd those families the best, where the ladies govern'd the most. Where ladies govern there are secrets, and where there are secrets there are vails,—I liv'd with a lady once who used to

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give her cloaths away every month, and her husband durst not oppose it.

Mrs Wisd. Go, do as I bid you in a moment. I have no time to lose; I will but put on my mantle and be ready.

SCENE IV. *Mr* SOFTLY's *House.*

Mrs SOFTLY [*alone.*]

Mrs Soft. That he should convey himself under her table without her knowledge, is something difficult to believe. Nor can I imagine any necessities capable of driving him to so abandon'd a course. Her concern seem'd to have another cause than fear. Besides, I remember when we were at the masquerade together, he talked to her near an hour; and if I mistake not, she was so pleased with his conversation, that she gave him encouragement which he was unlikely to have mistaken,——It must be so—whatever was his design, she was privy to it. He is false, and so adieu, good captain.

SCENE V.

Mr SOFTLY, *Mrs* SOFTLY.

Mr Soft. My dear, your servant: no news of my brother Wisdom yet? I have been considering how lucky it is that ours was not the house attack'd—we might not so happily have discover'd it. (Poor fool, how little she suspects who the incendiaries were!)

Mrs Soft. Heaven send the gang be quite broke; I shall be obliged to make more servants mount the guard now whenever I go out.

Mr Soft. It would be much more advisable for you to stay at home, and then no one need mount guard upon you but your husband.

Mrs Soft. Never name it, I am no more safe at home than abroad; for if the rogues should set our house on fire, I am sure no one would with to be in it.

Mr Soft. Still my arguments retort upon me, and like food to ill blood promote the disease, not the cure. Well, my dear, take your swing, I'll give you no more of

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of my advice—— and I heartily wiſh you may never ſtay at home.

Mrs Soft. Why do you wiſh ſo?

Mr Soft. Becauſe I am ſure you muſt be lam'd firſt.

Mrs Soft. Why indeed, my dear, I think no one would ſtay at home who had legs to go abroad.

Mr Soft. Truly, my dear, if I was ſure ſhe would have ſtaid at home, I would have choſen a wife without legs before the fineſt legg'd woman in the univerſe; but ſhe who can't walk will be carry'd. I have no need to complain of your legs, for they ſeldom carry you farther than your own door. And truly, my dear, reckoning the number of your attendants, you go abroad now upon a dozen legs.

Servant. [*Enters.*] Sir, Mr Wiſdom, to wait on your worſhip.

Mr Soft. Shew him up:—Will you ſtay and hear the trial?

Mrs Soft. No, I have other buſineſs! by that time I am dreſs'd, I expect a lady to call on me to go to another trial; I mean the rehearſal of the new opera.

SCENE VI.

Mr WISDOM, *Mr* SOFTLY.

Mr Soft. Brother Wiſdom, your ſervant: my wife tells me you have made a diſcovery of the incendiaries. Ha, ha, ha! ſhe little thinks who wrote the letters.

Mr Wiſd. No, nor do you think who will appear to have written them.

Mr Soft. I hope we ſhall not appear to have written them.

Mr Wiſd. No, no. One of the fellows I have in cuſtody offers to ſwear it on the other.

Mr Soft. How! but you know we cannot admit of ſuch a teſtimony, whereof we know the falſehood.

Mr Wiſd. And what then? you don't take the falſe oath, do you? Are you to anſwer for the ſins of another?

Mr

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Mr Soft. But will not the other circumſtances do without that of the letter?

Mr Wiſd. Yes, they will do to hang him; but will not have the ſame terror on our wives.

Mr Soft. I am glad of it with all my heart; I am ſure I have ſeverely paid for all the terrors I have given my wife: if I could bring her to be only as bad as ſhe was before, I ſhould think myſelf entirely happy. In ſhort, brother, I have found by woful experience, that mending our wives is like mending our conſtitutions, when often after all our pains we would be glad to return to our former ſtate.

Mr Wiſd. Well, brother, if it be ſo, I have no reaſon to repent having been a valetudinarian.—But let me tell you, brother, you do not know how to govern a wife.

Mr Soft. And let me tell you, brother, you do not know what it is to have a woman of ſpirit to govern.

Mr Wiſd. A fig for her ſpirit! I know what it is to have a virtuous wife; and perhaps I am the only man in town that knows what it is to keep a wife at home.

Mr Soft. Brother, do not upbraid me with my wife's going abroad: if ſhe doth, it is in the beſt company. And for virtue—for that, Sir, my wife's name is Lucretia——Lucretia the ſecond; and I don't queſtion but ſhe's as chaſte as the firſt was.

Mr Wiſd. Ay, ay, and I believe ſo too———But don't let the ſqueamiſhneſs of your conſcience put a ſtop to my ſucceſs: And let me tell you, if you are not advantaged by the ſtratagem, you will be diſadvantaged by the diſcovery; for if you put ſuch a ſecret into your wife's boſom, let me tell you, you are not Solomon the ſecond.

SCENE VII.

Mr WISDOM, *Mr* SOFTLY, CONSTABLE, RAKEL, RISQUE, CLERK, SERVANTS.

Servant. Sir, here is a conſtable with ſome priſoners.

Mr

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Mr Soft. Bring them in. Brother Wiſdom, I will ſtretch both law and conſcience as wide as poſſible to ſerve you.

Conſt. Come, gentlemen, walk in and take your places.

Mr Soft. Are theſe the two fellows, Mr Conſtable, that you found laſt night broke into Mr Wiſdom's houſe?

Conſt. Yes, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Riſq. We are the two rogues, an't pleaſe you worſhip.

Mr Wiſd. This fellow is to be admitted evidence againſt the other.

Riſq. Yes, I am evidence for the king.

Mr Soft. Where is my clerk? Mr Sneakſby, let that fellow be ſworn.

Riſq. May it pleaſe your worſhip, I have a ſort of ſcruple of conſcience; I have been told that you are apter to hire rogues to ſwear againſt one another, than to pay them for it when they have done it. Therefore, ſuppoſing it to be all the ſame caſe with your worſhip, I ſhould be glad to be paid beforehand.

Mr. Soft What does the ſimple fellow mean!

Mr Wiſd. Perhaps we ſhall not want his evidence; here are ſome papers which were found in the other's pocket. I have open'd one of them only, which I find to contain the whole method of their conſpiracy.

Mr Soft. Mr Sneakſby, read theſe papers.

Sneaks. [*reads*] 'To enſign Rakel. Parole Plunder.'

Mr Wiſd. Plunder's the word, agad!

Sneaks. "For the guard to-morrow, enſign Rakel, "two ſerjeants, two corporals, one drum, and ſix and "thirty men."

Mr Soft. Why, the rogues are incorporated, they are regimented ——we ſhall ſhortly have a ſtanding army of rogues, as well as of ſoldiers.

Mr Wiſd. Six and thirty rogues about the town to-day: Mr Softly, we muſt look to our houſes. I expect to hear of ſeveral fires and murders before night.

Mr Soft. Truly, brother Wiſdom, I fear it will be

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be neceſſary to keep the city train'd-bands continually under arms.

Mr Wiſd. They won't do, Sir; they won't do. Six and thirty of theſe bloody fellows would beat them all.—Sir, ſix and thirty of theſe rogues would require at leaſt one hundred of the foot-guards to cope with them.

Mr. Soft. Mr Sneakſby, read on, we ſhall make farther diſcoveries I'll engage.

Sneaks. Here's a woman's hand, may it pleaſe your worſhip.

Mr Soft. Read it, read it. There are women robbers as well as men.

Sneaks [*reads.*] "Be here at the time you men-
"tion, my huſband is luckily out of the way. I wiſh
"your happineſs be, as you ſay, entirely in the power
"of ELIZABETH WISDOM."

Mr Wiſd. What's that? Who's that?

Sneaks. Elizabeth Wiſdom.

Mr Wiſd. [*Snatches the letter.*] By all the plagues of hell, my wife's own hand too.

Mr Soft. I always thought ſhe would be diſcover'd one time or other, to be no better than ſhe ſhould be. [*Aſide.*

Mr Wiſd. I am confounded, amazed, ſpeechleſs.

Mr Soft. What's the matter, brother Wiſdom? Sure your wife doth not hold correſpondence with theſe people; your wife! that durſt not go abroad for fear of them; who is the only wife in town that her huſband can keep at home.

Mr Wiſd. Blood and furies, I ſhall become the jeſt of the town.

Sneaks. May it pleaſe your Worſhip, here is one letter more in a woman's hand too.

Mr Soft. The ſame woman's hand, I warrant you.

Sneaks. [*reads.*] "Sir, your late behaviour hath deter-
"mined me never to ſee you more; if you get en-
"trance into this houſe for the future, it will not be
"by my conſent; for I deſire you would henceforth
"imagine there never was any acquaintance between
"you and LUCRETIA SOFTLY."

Mr

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Mr Wild. Ha!

Mr Soft. Lucretia Softly!——Give me the letter.—Brother Wisdom, this is some counterfeit.

Mr Wild. It must be so. Sure it cannot come from Lucretia the Second; she that is as chaste as the first Lucretia was.—She correspond with such as these, who never goes out of doors but to the best company in town!

Mr Soft. 'Tis impossible!

Mr Wisd. You may think so; but I, who understand women better, will not be so easily satisfied.—I'll go fetch my wife hither, and if she doth not acquit herself in the plainest manner, brother Softly, you shall commit her and her rogues together.——Ha! what do I see? An apparition!

SCENE VIII.

To them, Mrs WISDOM, *guarded.*

Mrs Wild. Let the rest of my guards stay without ——My dear, your servant.

Mr Wisd. This must be some delusion, this can't be real.

Mrs Wild. I see you are surprised at my courage, my dear; but don't think I have ventured hither alone, I have a whole regiment of guards with me.

Mr Wild. You have a whole regiment of devils with you, my dear.

Mrs Wisd. Ha, ha, ha!

SCENE IX.

To them, Mrs SOFTLY.

Mrs Soft. Joy of your coming abroad, sister Wisdom; I flew to meet you the moment my servants brought me the agreeable news you were here.

Mrs Wisd. I am extremely obliged to you, Madam; but I wish this surprise may have no ill effect on poor Mr Wisdom; he looks as if he had seen an apparition.

Mrs Soft. Nay, it will be a great surprise to all your

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your acquaintance; you muſt have made an hundred viſits before it will be believ'd.

Mrs Wiſd. Oh, my dear, I intend to make almoſt as many before I go home again.

Mr Wiſd. Plagues and furies!

Mr Soft. I fancy, brother Wiſdom, you begin to be as weary of the letter project as myſelf.

Mr Wiſd. Harkee, you crocodile—devil! come here; do you know this hand?

[Softly *ſhews* Mrs Softly *her letter at the ſame time.*

Mrs Wiſd. Ha! [*Starts.*

Mr Wiſd. You counterfeited your fear bravely; you were much terrify'd with the thoughts of the enemy, while you kept a private correſpondence with him.

SCENE *the laſt.*

To them, COMMONS.

Com. So, uncles, I ſee you take turns to keep the rendezvous. Uncle Wiſdom, I hope you are not angry with me for what I ſaid laſt night When a man is drunk, you know his reaſon is not ſober; and when his reaſon is not ſober, a man that acts according to his reaſon cannot act ſoberly. There's logic for you, uncle; you ſee I have not forgotten all my univerſity learning.

Mr Wiſd. I ſhall take another opportunity, Sir, to talk with you.

Com. Well, aunt Wiſdom, I hope you will reconcile my uncle to me; I ſhould have waited on you laſt night, according to your invitation, when my uncle was abroad, but I was engag'd. I receiv'd your letter too, Madam.

Mrs Soft My letter, brute!

Com. Yes, Madam; did you not ſend me a letter laſt night that you would never ſee my face again, deſiring me to forget that I had ever any acquaintance with you? nay, I think you may be aſhamed to own it; here's a good-natur'd woman that tries to make up all differences between relations.——Ha! what do I ſee! Captain Rakel.

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Rak. You ſee a man who is juſtly puniſhed by the ſhame he now ſuffereth for the injury he hath done you. Thoſe two letters you mention, I took laſt night from your bureau, which you accidentally left open: and fir'd with the praiſes which you have ſo often and ſo juſtly beſtow'd on this lady, I took that opportunity, when ſhe told me her huſband would be abſent, to convey myſelf thro' the window into the cloſet. What follow'd, I need not mention, any more than what I deſign'd.

Com. Rob my bureau, Sir!

Rak. Nay, dear Jack, forgive me; theſe ladies have the greateſt reaſon to be offended, ſince the letters being found in my pockets, had like to have cauſed ſome ſuſpicions which would not have been to their advantage.

Mrs Wiſd. Excellent creature!

Rak. But, gentlemen, if you pleaſe to look at theſe letters, you will find they are not directed to me.

Mrs Wiſd. They have no direction at all.

Mr Soft. I told you, brother—my wife could not be guilty.

Mr Wiſd. I am heartily glad to find mine is not ——you ſee, Madam, what your diſobedience to my orders had like to have occaſion'd.—How often have I ſtrictly commanded you never to write to that fellow?

Mrs Wiſd. His careleſſneſs hath cured me for the future.

Mr Wiſd. And ſo, Sir, you keep company with highway-men, do you?

Com. What do you mean, Sir?

Mr Wiſd. Sir, you will know when your acquaintance is ſent to Newgate.——Brother Softly, I deſire you would order a mittimus for theſe fellows inſtantly.

Com. A mittimus! for whom?

Mr Wiſd. For theſe honeſt gentlemen, your acquaintance, who broke into my houſe.

Com. Do you know, Sir, that this gentleman is an officer of the army?

Mrs Wiſd. Sir, it is equal to me what he is. If

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he be an officer, he only proves that a rogue may be under a red coat, and very shortly you will prove that a rogue may be under a black one.

Com. Why, Sir, you will make yourselves ridiculous, that will be all you will get by it. I'll be the captain's witness, he had no ill design on your house.

Mr Wisd. And I suppose, Sir, you will be his witness that he did not write the letter threatening to murder my wife.

Mrs Soft. That I will. If any one be convicted as an incendiary, I am afraid it will go hard with you two.—I overheard your fine plot.—Sister Wisdom, do you know this hand?——This is the threatening letter? [*Shewing a letter.*

Mrs Wisd. Sure it cannot be my husband's.

Mrs Soft. As surely as that which you receiv'd was written by mine.

Mrs Wisd. Amazement! What can it mean?

Mrs Soft. Only a new way to keep a wife at home; which, I dare swear, mine heartily repents of.

Mr Soft. Ay, that I do indeed.

Mrs Wisd. And is it possible that these terrible threatening letters can have come from our own dear husbands?

Mrs Soft. From those very hands that should defend us against all our enemies?

Mr Soft. ——Come, brother Wisdom,—I see we are fairly detected; we had as good plead guilty, and sue for mercy. I assure you, my dear, I shall think myself very happy if you will return to your old way of living, and go abroad just as you did before this happen'd.

Mr Wisd. Truly I believe it would have been soon my interest to have made the same bargain.

Mrs Soft. Lookee, my dear, as for the blunderbusses, I agree to leave them at home, but I am resolv'd not to part with the additional footman: he must remain as a sort of monument of my victory.

Mr Soft. Well, brother Wisdom, what shall be done with the prisoner? This fellow's oath will have no great weight in a court of justice.

Mr Wisd. Do just what you will; I am so glad and sorry,

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ſorry, pleas'd and diſpleas'd, that I am almoſt out of my ſenſes.

Rak. I told you how the proſecution would end. Upon my honour, Sir, I had no deſign upon any thing that belongs to you, but your wife.

Mr Wiſd. Your very humble ſervant, Sir. I do believe you by the emptineſs of your pockets; but this gentleman ſeem'd to have ſome other deſign by the fulneſs of his.

Mr Soft. With what conſcience, ſirrah, did you preſume to take a falſe oath?

Riſq. With the ſame, Mr Juſtice, that you would have receiv'd it, when you knew it to be falſe. Lookee, gentlemen, you had beſt hold your tongues, or I ſhall become evidence for the king againſt you both. As for my maſter, he, I hope, will forgive me; for I only intended to get the reward, and then I would have ſworn all back again.—Sir, if your honour doth not forgive me, I'll confeſs that I brought you the letters from the ladies, and ſpoil all yet. [*Aſide.*

Rak. By your amendment, I know not what I may be brought to do——till I get you to the regiment.

Com. Well, uncle Wiſdom, you are not angry, are you?

Mrs Wiſd. Let me intercede, my dear.

Mr Wiſd. You are always interceding for him; I wiſh his own good behaviour would. I think, for the ſake of religion, I will buy him what he deſires, a commiſſion in the army; and then the ſooner he is knock'd in the head the better.

Rak. Well, brother, if thou doſt come among us, it may be ſome time or other in my power to make thee reparation.—But to you, Madam, I never ſhall be able to give any ſatisfaction for my bold deſigns againſt your virtue.

Mrs Wiſd. Unleſs by deſiſting for the future.

Mrs Soft. Be aſſured, if my ſiſter forgives you the injury you intended her, I never will.

Mr Soft. Come, come, come my dear, you muſt be of a more forgiving temper; and ſince matters are like to be amicably adjuſted, you ſhall entertain the

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company at breakfaſt, and we will laugh away the frolic.

Rak. Pray, ladies, let me give you this advice; If you ever ſhould write a love-letter, never ſign your name to it.—And, gentlemen, that you may prevent it——think not by any force or ſiniſter ſtratagem to impriſon your wives. The laws of England are too generous to permit the one, and the ladies are generally too cunning to be outwitted by the other.—— But let this be your maxim,

Thoſe wives for pleaſures very ſeldom roam,
Whoſe huſbands bring ſubſtantial pleaſures home.

THE

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THE

GRUB-STREET OPERA,

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE in the HAY-MARKET.

By SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS.

SING. NOM.	Hic, hæc, hoc.	
GEN.	Hujus.	
DAT.	Huic.	
ACCUS.	Hunc, hanc, hoc.	
VOC.	Caret.	LIL. Gram. quod vid.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir OWEN APSHINKEN, a gentleman of Wales, in love with tobacco,	Mr FURNIVAL.
Master OWEN APSHINKEN, his son, in love with womankind,	Mr STOPLER.
Mr APSHONES, his tenant,	Mr WATHAN.
PUZZLETEXT, his chaplain, in love with women, tobacco, drink, and back gammon,	Mr REYNOLDS.
ROBIN, his butler, in love with Sweetissa,	Mr MULLART.
WILLIAM, his coachman, enemy to Robin, in love with Susan,	Mr JONES.
JOHN, his groom, in love with Margery,	Mr DOVE.
THOMAS, the gardener,	Mr HICKS.

WOMEN.

Lady APSHINKEN, wife to Sir Owen, a great housewife, governante to her husband, a zealous advocate for the church,	Mrs FURNIVAL.
MOLLY APSHONES, daughter to Mr Apshones, a woman of strict virtue,	Miss PATTY VAUGHAN.

SWEETISSA, waiting-woman,	Women of strict virtue, in love with	Robin,	Mrs NOKES.
SUSAN, cook,		Will.	Mrs MULLART.
MARGERY, housemaid,		John,	Mrs LACY.

SCENE, WALES, North or South.

INTRO-

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INTRODUCTION.

SCRIBLERUS, PLAYER.

PLAYER.

I Very much approve the alteration of your title from the Welſh to the Grub-ſtreet Opera.

Scrib. I hope, Sir, it will recommend me to that learned ſociety: for they like nothing but what is moſt indiſputably their own.

Play. I aſſure you it recommends you to me, and will, I hope, to the town.

Scrib. It would be impolitic in you, who are a young beginner, to oppoſe that ſociety, which the eſtabliſhed theatres ſo profeſſedly favour: beſides, you ſee the town are ever on its ſide: for I would not have you think, Sir, all the members of that auguſt body confined to the ſtreet they take their name from; no, no; the rules of Grub-ſtreet are as extenſive as the rules of the King's Bench. We have them of all orders and degrees; and it is no more a wonder to ſee our members in ribbands, than to ſee them in rags.

Play. May the whole ſociety unite in your favour.

Scrib. Nay, Sir, I think no man can ſet out with greater aſſurance of ſucceſs.—It was the favour which the town hath already ſhewn to the Welſh Opera, which gave birth to this, wherein I have kept only what they particularly approved in the former.—— You will find ſeveral additions to the firſt act, and the ſecond and third, except in one ſcene, entirely new.

Play. You have made additions, indeed to the altercative or ſcolding ſcenes, as you are pleaſed to call them.

Scrib. Oh! Sir! they cannot be heighten'd too much; altercation is the particular property of Grub-ſtreet: with what ſpirit do Robin and Will rap out the

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the lie at one another for half a page together.—You lie, and you lie—Ah! ah! the whole wit of Grub-ſtreet conſiſts in theſe two little words—you lie.

Play. That is eſteemed ſo unanſwerable a repartee, that it is among gentlemen generally the laſt word that is ſpoken.

Scrib. Ay, Sir, and it is the firſt and laſt among ours.——I believe I am the firſt that hath attempted to introduce this ſort of wit upon the ſtage; but it hath flouriſhed among our political members a long while. Nay, in ſhort, it is the only wit that flouriſhes among them.

Play. And you may get as much by it as they do.——But pray, Sir, what is the plot or deſign of this Opera? For I could not well diſcover at the rehearſals.

Scrib. As for plot, Sir—I had writ an admirable one; but having obſerved that the plot of our Engliſh Operas hath had no good effect on our audiences—ſo I have e'en left it out——For the deſign, it is deep, very deep.——This opera was writ, Sir, with a deſign to inſtruct the world in œconomy.——It is a ſort of family opera; the huſband's vade-mecum; and is very neceſſary for all married men to have in their houſes.——So, if you pleaſe, I will communicate a word or two of my deſign to the audience, while you prepare matters behind the ſcenes.

Play. I ſhall expect you there, Sir.

The author does in humble ſcenes produce
Examples fitted to your private uſe.
Teaches each man to regulate his life,
To govern well his ſervants and his wife.
Teaches that ſervants will their maſters chouſe;
That wives will ride their huſbands round the houſe.
Teaches that jealouſy does oft ariſe,
Becauſe men's ſenſe is dimmer than their eyes.

Teaches

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Teaches young gentlemen do oft purſue
More women than they well know how to—woo;
Teaches that parſons teach us the right way,
And when we err we mind not what they ſay.
Teaches that pious women often groan,
For ſake of their religion, when they've none;
Teaches that virtue is the maid's beſt ſtore:
Teaches all theſe, and teaches nothing more.

THE

THE

GRUB-STREET OPERA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir* OWEN APSHINKEN's *House. Table and Chairs.*

Sir OWEN APSHINKEN *and* PUZZLETEXT, *smoaking.*

Sir OWEN.

COME, Mr Puzzletext, it is your glass.—Let us make an end of our breakfast before Madam is up.—Oh Puzzletext! what a fine thing it is for a man of my estate to stand in fear of his wife, that I dare not get drunk so much as——once a day, without being called to an account for it.

Puz. Petticoat-government is a very lamentable thing indeed——But it is the fate of many an honest gentleman.

AIR I.

What a wretched life
Leads a man a tyrant wife,
While for each small fault he's corrected:
One bottle makes a sot,
One girl is ne'er forgot,
And duty is always neglected.
But tho' nothing can be worse
Than this fell domestic curse,
Some comfort this may do you,
So vast are the hen-peck'd bands,
That each neighbour may shake hands,
With my humble service to you.

Sir

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Sir Ow. Oh, Puzzletext! if I could but enjoy my pipe undisturb'd, how happy should I be! for I never yet could taste any pleasure, but in tobacco.

Puz. Tobacco is a very good thing, indeed, and there is no harm in taking it abundantly.

SCENE II.

Sir OWEN APSHINKEN, *Lady* APSHINKEN, PUZZLETEXT.

La. Ap. At your morning-draught, Sir Owen, I find, according to custom; but I shall not trouble my self with such a drone as you are. Methinks you, Mr Puzzletext, should not encourage drunkenness.

Puz. I ask your ladyship's pardon; I profess I have scarce drank your health this morning—— and wine, while it contributeth only to the chearing of the spirits, is not forbidden us.—I am an enemy to excess—but as far as the second bottle, nay, to some constitutions, a third, no doubt, is allowable——and I do remember to have preached with much perspicuity even after a fourth.

La. Ap. Oh intolerable! do you call four bottles no excess?

Puz. To some it may, to others it may not—— Excess dependeth not on the quantity that is drank, but on the quality of him who drinketh.

La. Ap. I do not understand this sophistry—— tho' I think I have some skill in divinity——

Puz. Oh, Madam! no one more.— Your ladyship is the honour of your sex in that study, and may properly be termed 'The great Welch lamp of divinity.'

La. Ap. I have always had an inclination to maintain religion in the parish—and some other time shall be glad to dispute with you concerning excess—but at present I must impart something to you concerning my son, whom I have observed too familiar with the maids——

Puz. Which of the maids, Madam? Not one of my mistresses, I hope. [*Aside.*

La. Ap. Truly, with all of them—and unless we prevent it, I am afraid we shall hear of a marriage, not

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much to our liking——and you know, Mr Puzzletext, how hard a thing it would be for us, who have but one child, to have him throw himſelf away.

Puz. What methods ſhall we take in order thereto?

La. Ap. I know but one——we muſt prevent his marrying them, by marrying them to others—we have as many men as maids; now I rely on you to match them up to one another;—for whilſt there is one unmarried wench in the houſe, I ſhall think him in danger. ——Oh, Mr Puzzletext! the boy takes after his father, not me---his head is full of nothing but love; for whatever Nature hath done for him in another way, ſhe hath left his head unfurniſh'd.

Puz. Love, in a young mind, is powerful indeed.

AIR II. Lads of Dunſe.

If love gets into a ſoldier's heart,
He puts off his helmet, his bow and his dart.
Achilles, charm'd with a fair nymph's eye,
A diſtaff took, and his arms laid by.
The gay gods of old their heav'n would quit,
And leave their ambroſia for a mortal tit-bit;
The firſt of that tribe, that whoremoſter Jove,
Prefer'd to all heav'ns, the heaven of love.

La. Ap. I think you have already aſked them all in the church, ſo that you have only to haſten the match——this I aſſure you, I ſhall not forget the favour. I am now going to take a ſhort airing in the Park, in my own chaiſe, and would have you remember we have no time to loſe.

Puz. Well, Sir, you hear what my lady ſays——what ſhall I do?

Sir Ow. E'en what ſhe commands.——If ſhe interferes not with my pipe, I am reſolv'd not to interfere with her family.——Let her govern, while I ſmoke.

Puz. Uponmy word, Sir Owen is a thorough Epicurean philoſopher. I muſt now ſeek the young ſquire, who is a philoſopher of another kind.

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SCENE III.

OWEN *solus.* [*With two letters.*]

This is the day wherein Robin and Sweetiſſa propoſe to be married, which unleſs I can prevent, I loſe all my hopes of her; for when once a woman knows what's what, ſhe knows too much for me.—Sure never man was ſo put to it in his amours——for I do not care to venture on a woman after another, nor does any woman care for me twice.

AIR III. Let the drawer bring clean glaſſes.

How curſt the puny lover!
How exquiſite the pain,
When love is fumbled over,
To view the fair's diſdain!
But, oh! how vaſt the bleſſing!
Whom to her boſom preſſing,
She whiſpers, while careſſing,
Oh! when ſhall we again?

Here are two letters, which I have forged; one as from Suſan to Robin, the other from William to Sweetiſſa: theſe muſt be drop'd where they may be found by the improper parties, and will create a jealouſy, whereof I may reap the fruit, and Sweetiſſa's maidenhead may be yet my own.

SCENE IV.

PUZZLETEXT *and* OWEN.

Puz. Mr Owen! I have been ſearching for you. I am come, child, to give you ſome good inſtructions.—I am ſorry to hear you have an intention to diſgrace your family, by a marriage inferior to your birth.

Owen. Do not trouble your head with my marriage, good Mr Parſon.—When I marry, 'twill be to pleaſe myſelf, not you.

Puz. But let it not be ſuch a marriage as may reflect upon your underſtanding.——Conſider, Sir——conſider who you are.

AIR

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AIR IV. March in Scipio.

Think, mighty Sir, ere you are undone,
Think who you are, Apthinken's only ſon:
At Oxford you have been, at London eke alſo;
You're almoſt half a man, and more than half a beau:
Oh do not then diſgrace the great actions of your life!
Nor let Apthinken's ſon be buried in his wife.

Puz. You muſt govern your paſſions, maſter Owen.

Owen. You may preach, Mr Parſon, but I ſhall very little regard you. There is nothing ſo ridiculous as to hear an old fellow railing at love.

Puz. It is like a young fellow's railing at age——

Owen. Or a courtier out of place, at court.

AIR V. Sir Thomas, I cannot.

The worn-out rake at pleaſure rails,
And cries, 'Tis all idle and fleeting;
At court, the man whoſe int'reſt fails,
Cries, All is corruption and cheating:
But would you know
Whence both theſe flow?
Tho' ſo much they pretend to abhor 'em,
That rails at court,
This at love's ſport,
Becauſe they are neither fit for 'em
fit for 'em,
Becauſe they are neither fit for 'em.

Owen. Beſides, doctor, I fancy you have not always govern'd your own paſſions, tho' you are ſo fond of correcting others; as a poet burleſques the nonſenſe of others, while he writes greater nonſenſe himſelf——

Puz. Or as a prude corrects the vices of others, while ſhe is more vicious herſelf.

Owen. Or as a parſon preaches againſt drinking, and then goes to the alehouſe.

Puz. Very true,——if you mean a preſbyterian parſon.

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AIR VI. One evening having loſt my way.

I've heard a noncon parſon preach
'Gainſt whoring, with juſt diſdain;
Whilſt he himſelf to be naught did teach
Of females as large a train
As ſtars in the ſky, or lamps in the ſtreet,
Or beauties in the Mall we meet,
Or as ——or as —— or as,
Or as the whores in Drury-lane.

Owen. Thy ſimilies are all froth, like bottled ale ——and it is as difficult to get thee out of a ſimile as out of an alehouſe.

AIR VII. Dutch ſkipper.

Puz. The gaudy ſun adorning
With brighteſt rays the morning,
the morning,
Shines o'er the eaſtern hill;
And I will go a ſporting.
Owen. And I will go a courting,
a courting,
There lies my pleaſure ſtill.
Puz. In Gaffer Woodford's ground,
A bruſhing hare is found,
A courſe which even kings themſelves might ſee;
Owen. And in another place
There lies a bruſhing laſs,
Which will give one ten times more ſport than ſhe.

SECOND PART.

Puz. What pleaſure to ſee, while the greyhounds are running,
Poor puſs's cunning, and ſhifting and ſhunning!
To ſee with what art ſhe plays ſtill her part,
And leaves her purſuers afar:
Firſt this way, then that;
Firſt a ſtretch, and then ſquat,
Till quite out of breath,
She yields her to death,
What joy with the ſportſman's compare?

Owen.

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Owen. How ſweet to behold the ſoft blooming laſs,
With bluſhing face, claſp'd cloſe in embrace!
To feel her breaſt riſe, ſee joy fill her eyes,
And glut on her heav'n of charms!
While ſighing and whining,
And twiſting and twining,
With kiſſing and preſſing,
And fondeſt careſſing,
With raptures ſhe dies in your arms,

[*Exeunt.*

SWEETISSA *and* MARGERY.

Sweet. If ever you had known what it was to love, Margery, you would not have wonder'd how I could prefer a man to his maſter.

Marg. I ſhould not have wonder'd indeed, if our young ſquire had been like moſt young country ſquires—But he is a fine gentleman, Sweetiſſa.

Sweet. From ſuch fine gentlemen, may my ſtars deliver me, Margery.

Marg. What, I ſuppoſe you are afraid of being made jealous, by his running after other women.

Sweet. Pſhaw! I ſhould not think him worth being jealous of—he runs after every woman he ſees; and yet, I believe, ſcarce knows what a woman is.—— Either he has more affectation than deſire, or more deſire than capacity. O Margery, when I was in London with Madam, I have ſeen ſeveral ſuch ſparks as theſe; ſome of them would attempt making love too.—Nay, I have had ſuch lovers!—But I could never find one of them that would ſtand it out.

AIR VIII. Betſy Bell and Mary Gray.

In long pig-tails and ſhining lace,
Our beaux ſet out a-wooing;
Ye widows, never ſhew them grace,
But laugh at their purſuing.
But let the daw that ſhines ſo bright,
Of borrow'd plumes bereft be,
Alas! poor dame, how naked the ſight!
You'll find there's nothing left ye.

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Oh Margery! there is more in Robin's little finger, than in a beau's whole body.

Marg. Yes, and more roguery in him than ——

Sweet. I know you are prejudiced againſt him from what William ſays; but be aſſured that is all malice; he is deſirous of getting his place.

Marg. I rather think that a prejudice of yours againſt William.

Sweet. O Margery, Margery! an upper ſervant's honeſty is never ſo conſpicuous, as when he is abuſed by the under ſervants.—They muſt rail at ſome one; and if they abuſe him, he preſerves his maſter and miſtreſs from abuſe.

Marg. Well, I would not have ſuch a ſweet-heart.

Sweet. Piſh! if all you ſay were true, what is it to me? If women were to conſider the roguery of their lovers, we ſhould have even fewer matches among people of quality than we have.

AIR IX. Mad Moll.

Why ſhould not I love Robin?
And why ſhould not Bob love me?
While ev'ry one elſe he is fobbing,
He ſtill may be honeſt to me.
For tho' his maſter he cheats,
His miſtreſs ſhares what he gains;
And whilſt I am taſting the ſweets,
The devil take her who complains.

Marg. But ſhould he be taken indeed;
Ah! think what a ſhame it would be
To have your love dragg'd out of bed,
And thence in a cart to the tree.

Sweet. Let halters tie up the poor cheat,
Who only deſerves to be bang'd;
The wit who can get an eſtate,
Hath ſtill too much wit to be hang'd.

But I don't ſpeak this on Robin's account! for if all my maſter's anceſtors had met with as good ſervants as Robin, he had enjoyed a better eſtate than he hath now.

SCENE

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SCENE VI.

ROBIN *and* SWEETISSA.

AIR X. Masquerade minuet.

Rob. Oh my Sweetissa!
Give me a kiss-a,
O what a bliss-a
To behold your charms!
My eyes with gazing
Are set a blazing.

Sweet. Come then and quench them within my arms.

Rob. Oh my Sweetissa! thou art straighter than the straighteſt tree—ſweeter than the ſweeteſt flower—thy hand is as white as milk, and as warm; thy breaſt is as white as ſnow, and as cold.—Thou art, to ſum thee up at once, an olio of perfections; or, in other words, a garden of bliſs which my ſoul delights to walk in. ——Oh! I will take ſuch ſtrides about thy form, ſuch vaſt, ſuch mighty ſtrides——

Sweet. Oh Robin! it is as impoſſible to tell thee how much I love thee, as it is to tell—how much water there is in the ſea.

Rob. My dear Sweetiſſa! had I the learning of the author of that opera-book in the parlour-window, I could not make a ſimile to my love.

Sweet. Be aſſur'd there ſhall be no love loſt between us.

AIR XI. Young Damon once the happieſt ſwain.

When mutual paſſion hath poſſeſs'd,
With equal flame each am'rous breaſt,
How ſweet's the rapt'rous kiſs?
While each with ſoft contention ſtrive,
Which higheſt eccſtaſies ſhall give,
Or be more mad with bliſs.

Rob. Oh my Sweetiſſa! how impatient am I till the parſon hath ſtitch'd us together; then, my dear, nothing but the ſciſſars of the fates ſhould ever cut us aſunder.

Sweet.

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Sweet. How charming is thy voice! ſweeter than bagpipes to my ear; I could liſten ever.

Rob. And I could view thee ever; thy face is brighter than the brighteſt ſilver. Oh could I rub my ſilver to be as bright as thy dear face, I were a butler indeed!

Sweet. Oh Robin! there is no rubbing on my face; the colour which I have, nature, not art, hath given; for on my honour, during the whole time I have lived with my miſtreſs, out of all the pots of paint which I have plaiſtered on her face, I never ſtole a bit to plaiſter on my own.

Rob. Adieu, my dear, I muſt go whet my knives; by that time the parſon will be returned from courſing, and we will be married this morning.——Oh, Sweetiſſa! it is eaſier to fathom the depth of the bottomleſs ſea, than my love.

Sweet. Or to fathom the depth of a woman's bottomleſs conſcience, than to tell thee mine.

Rob. Mine is as deep as the knowledge of phyſicians.

Sweet. Mine as the projects of ſtateſmen.

Rob. Mine as the virtue of whores.

Sweet. Mine as the honeſty of lawyers.

Rob. Mine as the piety of prieſts.

Sweet. Mine as——I know not what.

Rob. Mine—as—as—as—I'gad I don't know what.

AIR XII. All in the Downs.

Would you my love in words diſplay'd,
A language muſt be coin'd to tell,
No word for ſuch a paſſion's made,
For no one ever lov'd ſo well.
Nothing, oh! nothing's like my love for you,
And ſo my deareſt, and ſo my deareſt, and my dear, adieu.

SCENE VII.

SWEETISSA *and* MARGERY.

Sweet. Oh my Margery! if this fit of love continues, how happy ſhall I be!

Marg.

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Marg. Ay, it will continue the uſual time, I warrant you, during the honey-moon.

Sweet. Call it the honey-year, the honey-age. Oh Margery! ſure never woman lov'd as I do!—though I am to be married this morning, ſtill it ſeems long to me.——To a mind in love, ſure an hour before marriage ſeems a month.

Marg. Ay, my dear, and many an hour after marriage ſeems a twelvemonth; it is the only thing wherein the two ſtates agree; for we generally with ourſelves into it, and with ourſelves out of it.

Sweet. And then into it again; which makes one poet ſay, love is like the wind.

Marg. Another, that it is like the ſea.

Sweet. A third, a weather-cock.

Marg. A fourth, a Jack with a lanthorn.

Sweet. In ſhort, it is like every thing.

Marg. And like nothing at all.

AIR XIII. Ye nymphs and ſylvan gods.

How odd a thing is love,
Which the poets fain would prove
To be this and that,
And the Lord knows what,
Like all things below and above!
But believe a maid,
Skill'd enough in the trade
Its myſteries to explain;
'Tis a gentle dart,
That tickles the heart,
And tho' it gives us ſmart,
Does joys impart,
Which largely requite all the pain.

Marg. Oh, my dear! whilſt you have been ſinging, ſee what I have diſcover'd!

Sweet. It is a woman's hand, and not my own. [*Reads.*] Oh my Margery, now I am undone indeed.—Robin is falſe, he has lain with, and left our Suſan.

Marg. How!

Sweet. This letter comes from her to upbraid him with it.

Marg.

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Marg. Then you have reaſon to thank fate for this timely diſcovery.——What would it avail you to have found it out when you were married to him?—When you had been his wife, what would it have profited you to have known he had another?

Sweet. True, true, Margery; when once a woman is married, 'tis too late to diſcover faults.

AIR XIV. Red houſe.

Ye virgins who would marry,
Ere you chuſe, be wary,
If you'd not miſcarry,
Be inclin'd to doubting:
Examine well your lover,
His vices to diſcover,
With caution con him over,
And turn quite inſide out him;
But wedding paſt,
The flocking caſt,
The gueſts all gone,
The curtain drawn,
Be henceforth blind,
Be very kind,
And find no faults about him.

Sweet. Oh Margery! I am reſolv'd never to ſee Robin more.

Marg. Keep that reſolution, and you will be happy.

SCENE VIII.

ROBIN.

How truly does the book ſay—hours to men in love are like years! Oh for a ſhower of rain to ſend the parſon home from courſing, before the canonical hours are over!——Ha! what paper is this?——The hand of our William is on the ſuperſcription.

To Mrs SWEETISSA.

" Madam,

" Hoping that you are not quite de-t-e-r-ter-m-i-
" n-e-ed, determined to marry our Robin, this comes
" for

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"for to let you know"—[I'll read no more: can there be ſuch falſehood in mankind?—I find footmen are as great rogues as their maſters: and henceforth I'll look for no more honeſty under a livery, than an embroider'd coat—but let me ſee again]——" to let you know I "am ready to fulfil my promiſe to you."

Ha! ſhe too is guilty.—Chambermaids are as bad as their ladies, and the whole world is one neſt of rogues.

AIR XV. Black joke.

The more we know of human kind,
The more deceits and tricks we find,
In every land as well as Wales;
For would you ſee no roguery thrive,
Upon the mountains you muſt live,
For rogues abound in all the vales.
The maſter and the man will nick,
The miſtreſs and the maid will trick;
For rich and poor
Are rogue and whore,
There's not one honeſt man in a ſcore,
Nor woman true in twenty-four.

SCENE IX.

ROBIN *and* JOHN.

Rob. Oh John! thou beſt of friends! come to my arms.——For thy ſake I will ſtill believe there is one honeſt——one honeſt man in the world.

John. What means our Robin?

Rob. O my friend! Sweetiſſa is falſe, and I'm undone——let this letter explain the reſt.

John. Ha! and is William at the bottom of all——Our William who us'd to rail againſt women and matrimony! Oh! 'tis too true what our parſon ſays, there's no belief in man.

Rob. Nor woman neither.——John, art thou my friend?

John. When did Robin aſk me what I have not done?—Have I not left my horſes undreſt, to wheel thy knives?—Have I not left my ſtable uncleanſ'd, to clean thy

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thy ſpoons? And even the bay ſtone-horſe unwater'd to waſh thy glaſſes!

Rob. Then thou ſhalt carry a challenge for me to William.

John. Oh Robin! conſider what our parſon ſays—We muſt not revenge, but forget and forgive.

Rob. Let our parſon ſay what he will.—When did he himſelf forgive? Did he forgive Gaffar Jobſon having wrong'd him of two cocks of hay in five loads?—Did he forgive Gammar Sowgrunt for having wrong'd him of a tyth-pig? Did he forgive Suſan Foulmouth, for telling him he lov'd the cellar better than his pulpit?—No, no, let him preach up forgiveneſs, he forgives nobody.—So I will follow his example, not his precepts.——Had he hit me a ſlap in the face, I could have put it up.—Had he ſtole a ſilver ſpoon, and laid the blame on me, tho' I had been turn'd away, I could have for given him. But to try to rob me of my love—that, that, dear John, I never can forgive him.

AIR XVI. Tipling John.

The dog his bit,
Will often quit
A battle to eſchew;
The cock his corn
Will leave in barn,
Another cock in view.
One man will eat
Another's meat,
And no contention ſeen;
Since all agree
'Tis beſt to be,
Tho' hungry, in a whole ſkin.
But ſhould each ſpy
His miſtreſs by
A rival move his ſuit,
He quits his fears,
And by the ears
They fall together to't.
A rival ſhocks
Men, dogs, and cocks,

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And makes the gentleſt forward;
He who won't fight
For miſtreſs bright,
Is ſomething worſe than coward.

John. Nay, to ſay the truth, thou haſt reaſon on thy ſide. Fare-theewell.—I'll go deliver thy meſſage, and thou ſhalt find I will behave myſelf like a Welchman, and thy friend.

SCENE X.

ROBIN.

Now were it not for the ſin of ſelf-murder, would I go hang myſelf at the next tree. Yes, Sweetiſſa, I would hang myſelf, and haunt thee. — Oh woman, woman! is this the return you make true love?— No man is ſure of his miſtreſs, till he has gotten her with child.— A lover ſhould act like a boy at ſchool, who ſpits in his porridge that no one may take it from him——Should William have been beforehand with me——Oh!

SCENE XI.

ROBIN *and* SWEETISSA.

Sweet. Oh, the perjury of men! I find dreams do not always go by contraries; for I dreamt laſt night, that I ſaw our Robin married to another.

[*A long ſilence, and walking by one another. She takes out her handkerchief, and burſts out a crying.*]

Rob. Your crying won't do, Madam; I can tell you that.——I have been your fool long enough—I have been cheated by your tears too often, to believe them any longer.

Sweet. Oh barbarous, perfidious, cruel wretch!— Oh I ſhall break my heart——Oh!

Rob. No, no, your heart is like a green ſtick, you may bend it, but cannot break it.——It will bend like willow, and twiſt round any one.

Sweet. Monſter! monſter!

Rob. Better language would ſhew better breeding.

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AIR XVII. Hedge-lane.

Indeed, my dear,
With ſigh and tear,
Your point you will not carry;
I'd rather eat
The offal meat,
Than other's leavings marry.

Sweet. Villain well
You would conceal
Your falſehood by ſuch catches;
Alas! too true
I've been to you,
Thou very wretch of wretches.
Well you you know
What I might do
Would I but with young maſter.

Rob. Pray be ſtill,
Since by our Will
You're now with child of baſtard.

Sweet. I with child?

Rob. Yes, you with child.

Sweet. I with child, you villain?

Rob. Yes, you,
Madam, you,
Are now with child by William.

It is equal to me with whom you play your pranks; and I'd as lieve be my maſter's cuckold as my fellow-ſervant's.——Nay I had rather; for I could make him pay for it.

Sweet. Oh, moſt inhuman! doſt thon not expect the cieling to fall down on thy head, for ſo notorious a lie? Doſt thou believe in the Bible? Doſt thou believe there is ſuch a thing as the devil? Doſt thou believe there is ſuch a place as hell?

Rob. Yes, I do, Madam; and you will find there is ſuch a place to your coſt.—Oh, Sweetiſſa, Sweetiſſa! that a woman could hear herſelf aſk'd in church to one man, when ſhe knew ſhe had to do with another!

Sweet. I had to do with another?

Rob. You, Madam, you.

Sweet.

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Sweet. I had to do with Will?
Rob. Yes, you had to do with Will.

AIR XVIII. Lord Biron's Maggot.

Sweet. Sure nought ſo diſaſtrous can woman befal,
As to be a good virgin, and thought none at all.
Had William but pleas'd me,
It never had teaz'd me
To hear a forſaken man bawl.
But from you this abuſe,
For whoſe ſake and whoſe uſe,
I have ſafe cork'd my maidenhead up;
How muſt it ſhock my ear!
For what woman can bear
To be call'd a vile drunkard,
And told of the tankard,
Before ſhe has ſwallow'd a cup?

Rob. O Sweetiſſa, Sweetiſſa! well thou knoweſt, that wert thou true, I'd not have ſold thee for five hundred pounds. But why do I argue longer with an ungrateful woman, who is not only falſe, but triumphs in her falſehood; her falſehood to one who hath been too true to her. Since you can be ſo baſe, I ſhall tell you what I never did intend to tell you—When I was in London, I might have had an affair with a lady, and ſlighted her for you.

Sweet. A lady! I might have had three lords in one afternoon; nay, more than that, I refuſed a man with a thing over his ſhoulder like a ſcarf at a burying, for you; and theſe men, they ſay, are the greateſt men in the kingdom.

Rob. O Sweetiſſa! the very hand-irons thou didſt rub before thou waſt preferr'd to wait on thy lady have not more braſs in them than thy forehead.

Sweet. O Robin, Robin! the great ſilver candleſticks in thy cuſtody are not more hollow than thou art.

Rob. O Sweetiſſa! the paint, nay, the eye-brows that thou putteſt on thy miſtreſs are not more falſe than thou.

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Sweet. Thou haſt as many miſtreſſes as there are glaſſes on thy ſide-board.

Rob. And thou lovers as thy miſtreſs has patches.

Sweet. I have, you will have but a ſmall ſhare.

Rob. The better my fortune.——To loſe a wife when you have had her, is to get out of misfortune ——to loſe one before you get her, is to eſcape it; eſpecially if it be one that ſomebody has had before you.——He that marries, pays the price of virtue. ——Whores are to be had cheaper.

AIR XIX. Do not aſk me.

A woman's ware, like china,
Once flaw'd is good for nought;
When whole tho' worth a guinea,
When broke's not worth a groat.
A woman at St James's
With guineas you obtain,
But ſtay till loſt her fame is,
She'll be cheap in Drury-lane.

SCENE XII.

SWEETISSA *and* MARGERY.

Sweet. Ungrateful barbarous wretch!

Marg. What is the matter?

Sweet. Oh, Margery! Robin——

Marg. What more of him?

Sweet. O! worſe than you can imagine——worſe than I could have dreaded.——Oh, he has ſullied my virtue!

Marg. How! your virtue?

Sweet Yes, Margery, that virtue which I kept lock'd up as in a cupboard; that very virtue he has abus'd—He has barbarouſly inſinuated to be no virtue at all.—Oh, I could have born any fate but this!—— I that would have carried a knapſack thro' the world, ſo that my virtue had been ſafe within it——I that would rather have been the pooreſt man's wife, than the richeſt man's whore——To be call'd the miſs of a footman, that would not be the miſs of a king.

Marg. It is a melancholy thing, indeed.

Sweet.

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Sweet. O Margery, men do not ſufficiently underſtand the value of virtue—Even footmen learn to go a whoring of their maſters—and virtue will ſhortly be of no uſe but to ſtop bottles.

AIR XX. Tweed-ſide.

What woman her virtue would keep,
When nought by her virtue ſhe gains?
While ſhe lulls her ſoft paſſions aſleep,
She's thought but a fool for her pains.
Since valets, who learn their lords wit,
Our virtue a bauble can call,
Why ſhould we our ladies ſteps quit,
Or have any virtue at all?

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Fields.*

Mr APSHONES *and* MOLLY.

Mr APSHONES.

I TELL you, daughter, I am doubtful whether his deſigns be honourable: there is no truſt in theſe fluttering fellows; they place as much glory in winning a poor girl, as a ſoldier does in conquering a town. Nay, their very parents often encourage them in it; and when they have brought up a boy to flatter and deceive the women, they think they have given him a good education, and call him a fine gentleman.

Molly. Do not, dear Sir, ſuſpect my Owen; he is made of a gentler nature.

Mr Ap. And yet I have heard, that that gentle gentleman, when he was at London, rummaged all the playhouſes for miſtreſſes: nay, you yourſelf have heard of his pranks in the pariſh; did he not ſeduce the fidler's daughter?

Molly. That was the fidler's fault; you know he ſold his daughter, and gave a receipt for the money.

Mr Ap. Hath he not made miſchief between ſeveral

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men and their wives? and do you not know that he lusts after every woman he sees, though the poor wretch does not look as if he was quite come from nurse yet?

Molly. Sure angels cannot have more sweetness in their looks than he.

Mr Ap. Angels! baboons! these are the creatures that resemble our beaus the most. If they have any sweetness in them, 'tis from the same reason that an orange hath. Why have our women fresher complections and more health in their countenances here than in London, but because we have fewer beaus among us. In short, I will have you think no more of him; for I have no design upon him, and I will prevent his designs upon you. If he comes here any more, I'll acquaint his mother.

Molly. Be first assured that his designs are not honourable, before you rashly ruin them.

Mr Ap. I will consent to no clandestine affair. Let the great rob one another, and us, if they please; I will shew them the poor can be honest. I desire only to preserve my daughter, let them preserve their son.

Molly. Oh, Sir, would you preserve your daughter, you must preserve her love.

AIR XXI.

So deep within your Molly's heart
  Her Owen's image lies,
That if with Owen she must part,
  Your wretched daughter dies.
Thus when unto the soldier's breast
  The arrow flies too sure,
When thence the fatal point you wrest,
  Death is his only cure.

Mr Ap. Pugh, pugh, you must cure one love by another: I have a new sweetheart for you——and I'll throw you in a new suit of clothes into the bargain ——which I can tell you is enough to balance the affections of women of much higher rank than yourself.

Molly. Nothing can recompense the loss of my Owen;

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Owen; and as to what he loſes by me, my behaviour ſhall make him amends.

Mr Ap. Poor girl! how ignorant ſhe is of the world; but little ſhe knows that no qualities can make amends for the want of fortune, and that fortune makes a ſufficient amends for the want of every good quality.

Molly. My dear Owen, I am ſure will think otherwiſe,

AIR XXII. Let ambition fire the mind.

Happy with the man I love,
I'll obſequious watch his will;
Hotteſt pleaſures I ſhall prove,
While his pleaſures I fulfil.
Dames, by proudeſt titles known,
Shall deſire what we poſſeſs;
And while they're leſs happy, own
Grandeur is not happineſs.

Mr Ap. I will hear no more — remember what I have ſaid, and ſtudy to be dutiful — or you are no child of mine.

Molly. Oh! unhappy wretch that I am: I muſt have no huſband, or no father—What ſhall I do?—or whither ſhall I turn? love pleads ſtrong for a huſband, duty for a father—yes, and duty for a huſband too—but then what is one who is already ſo ——— Well then, I will antedate my duty. I will think him my huſband before he is ſo. But ſhould he then prove falſe and when I've loſt my father, ſhould I loſe my huſband too, that is impoſſible—falſehood and he are incompatible.

AIR XXIII. Sweet are the charms.

Beauties ſhall quit their darling town,
Lovers ſhall leave the fragrant ſhades,
Doctors upon the fee ſhall frown,
Parſons ſhall hate the maſquerades;
Nay, ere I think of Owen ill,
Women ſhall leave their dear quadrille.

SCENE

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SCENE II.

OWEN, MOLLY.

Owen. My dear Molly, let not the reflection on my paſt gaieties give thee any uneaſineſs; be aſſur'd I have long been tir'd with variety, and I find, after all the changes I have run through both of women and clothes——a man hath need of no more than one woman and one ſuit at a time.

AIR XXIV. Under the Greenwood tree.

To wanton pleaſure's roving charms,
I bid a long adieu,
While wrapt within my Molly's arms,
I find enough in you.
By houſes this, by horſes that,
By clothes a third's undone,
While this abides—the ſecond rides,
The third can wear but one.

Molly. My dear, I will believe thee, and am reſolv'd from this day forward to run all the hazards of my life with thee. Let thy rich parents or my poor parents ſay what they will, let us henceforth have no other deſire than to make one another parents.

Owen. With all my heart, my dear; and the ſooner we begin to love, the ſooner we ſhall be ſo.

Molly. Begin to love!——Alas, my dear!——is it now to begin?

Owen. Not the theory of love, my angel——to that I have long been an apprentice; ſo long, that I now deſire to ſet up my trade.

Molly. Let us then to the parſon---I am as willing to be married as thou art.

Owen. Why the parſon, my dear?

Molly. We can't be married without him.

Owen. No, but we can love without him; and what have we to do with marriage while we can love? --- Marriage is but a dirty road to love---and thoſe are happieſt who arrive at love without travelling through it.

AIR

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AIR XXV. Dearest charmer.

Will you still bid me tell,
What you discern so well
By my expiring sighs,
My doating eyes?
Look thro' th' instructive grove,
Each object prompts to love,
Hear how the turtles coo,
All nature tells you what to do.

Molly. Too well I understand you now——No, no, however dirty the road of marriage be——I will to love no other way——Alas! there is no other way but one—and that is dirtier still—None travel thro' it without sullying their reputations beyond the possibility of cleaning?

Owen. When cleanliness is out of fashion, who would desire to be clean?——And when ladies of quality appear with dirty reputations, why should you fear a little spot on yours?

Molly. Ladies of quality may wear bad reputations as well as bad clothes, and be admir'd in both —— but women of lower rank must be decent, or they will be disregarded; for no woman can pass without one good quality, unless she be a woman of very great quality.

Owen. You judge too severely.—— Nature never prompts us to a real crime: it is the imposition of a priest, not nature's voice, which bars us from a pleasure allow'd to every beast but man—— But why do I this to convince thee by arguments of what thou art sufficiently certain? Why should I refute your tongue when your fond eyes refute it?

AIR XXVI. Canny Boatman.

How can I trust your words precise,
My soft desires denying,
When, oh! I read within your eyes,
Your tender heart complying.
Your tongue may cheat,
And with deceit,

Your

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Your ſofter wiſhes cover;
But, oh! your eyes
Know no diſguiſe,
Nor ever cheat your lover.

Molly. Away, falſe, perjur'd, barbarous wretch—is this the love you have for me, to undo me——to ruin me?

Owen. Oh! do not take on thee thus, my dear Molly—I would ſooner ruin myſelf than thee.

Molly. Ay, ſo it appears. Oh! fool that I was, to think thou could'ſt be conſtant who haſt ruin'd ſo many women — to think that thou ever did intend to marry me, who haſt long been practis'd in the arts of ſeducing our ſex!—Henceforth I will ſooner think it poſſible for butter to come when the witch is in the churn—for hay to dry in the rain—for wheat to be ripe at Chriſtmas——for cheeſe to be made without milk—for a barn to be free from mice—for a warren to be free from rats—for a cherry orchard to be free from blackbirds——or for a churchyard to be free from ghoſts, as for a young man to be free from falſehood.

Owen. Be not enrag'd, my ſweeteſt dear——Let me kiſs away thy paſſion

Molly. Avaunt——a blight is in thy kiſs—thy breath is the wind of wantonneſs, and virtue cannot grow near thee.

AIR XXVII. I'll range around.

Since you ſo baſe and faithleſs be,
And would—without marrying me,
A maid I'll go to Pluto's ſhore,
Nor think of memor—marriage more.

Owen. You'll repent that reſolution before you get half way—— She'll go pout and pine away half an hour by herſelf, then relapſe into a fit of fondneſs, and be all my own.

AIR

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AIR XXVIII. Cloe is falſe.

Women in vain love's powerful torrent
With unequal ſtrength oppoſe;
Reaſon a while may ſtem the ſtrong current,
Love ſtill at laſt her ſoul o'erflows;
Pleaſures inviting,
Paſſions exciting,
Her lover charms her,
Of pride diſarms her,
Down ſhe goes.

SCENE III. *A Field.*

ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, THOMAS.

Will. Here's as proper a place as can be for our buſineſs.

Rob. The ſooner the better.

John. Come, Thomas, thou and I will not be idle.

Tho. I'll take a knock or two for love, with all my heart.

AIR XXIX. Britons, ſtrike home.

Will. Robin, come on, come on, come on,
As ſoon as you pleaſe.
Rob. Will, I will hit thee a ſlap in the,
Slap in the, ſlap in the face.
Will. Would, would I could ſee it,
I would with both feet
Give thee ſuch a kick by the by.
Rob. If you dare, Sir, do.
Will. Why do not, Sir, you?
Rob. I'm ready, I'm ready.
Will. And ſo am I too.

Tho. You muſt fight to ſome other tune, or you will never fight at all.

SCENE

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SCENE IV.

ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, THOMAS, SUSAN.

Suſ. What are you doing, you ſet of lazy raſcals? Do you conſider my maſter will be at home within theſe two hours, and find nothing ready for his ſupper?

Will. Let maſter come when he will—If he keeps Robin, I am free to go as ſoon as he pleaſes; Robin and I will not live in one houſe together.

Suſ. Why, what's the matter?

Rob. He wanted to get my miſtreſs from me, that's all.

Will. You lie, ſirrah, you lie.

Rob. Who do you call liar, you blockhead? I ſay, you lie.

Will. And I ſay you lie.

Rob. And you lie.

Will. And I ſay you lie again.

Rob. The devil take the greateſt liar, I ſay.

AIR XXX. Mother, quoth Hodge.

Suſ. Oh fy upon't, Robin; Oh fy upon't, Will:
What language like this, what ſcullion defames?
'Twere better your tongues ſhould ever be ſtill,
Than always be ſcolding and calling vile names.

Will. 'Twas he that lies
Did firſt adviſe.
The firſt words were his, and the laſt ſhall be mine.

Rob. You kiſs my dog.

Will. You're a fly dog.

Rob. Loggerhead.

Will. Blockhead.

Rob. Fool.

Will. Fox.

Rob. Swine.

Will. Sirrah, I'll make you repent you ever quarrell'd

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vell'd with me——I will tell my maſter of two ſilver ſpoons you ſtole——I'll diſcover your tricks——your ſelling of glaſſes, and pretending the froſt broke them ——making maſter brew more beer than he needed, and then giving it away to your own family; eſpecially to feed the great ſwollen belly of that fat gutted brother of yours——who gets drunk twice a day at maſter's expence.

Rob. Ha, ha, ha! and is this all?

Will. No, ſirrah, it is not all——then there's your filing the plate, and when it was found lighter, pretending that it waſted in cleaning; and your bills for tutty and rotten-ſtone, when you us'd nothing but poor whiting. Sirrah, you have been ſuch a rogue, that you have ſtole above half my maſter's plate, and ſpoil'd the reſt.

Suſ. Fie upon't, William, what have we to do with maſter's loſſes? He is rich, and can afford it—— Don't let us quarrel among ourſelves——let us ſtand by one another——for, let me tell you, if matters were to be too nicely examin'd into, I am afraid it would go hard with us all——Wiſe ſervants always ſtick cloſe to one another, like plums in a pudding that's over-wetted, ſays Suſan the cook.

John. Or horſe in a ſtable that's on fire——— ſays John the groom.

Tho. Or grapes upon a wall——ſays Thomas the gardener.

Suſ. Every ſervant ſhould be ſauce to his fellow-ſervant——as ſauce diſguiſes the faults of a diſh—— ſo ſhould he theirs.—O William, were we all to have our deſerts, we ſhould be finely roaſted indeed.

AIR XXXI. Dame of honour.

A wiſe man other's faults conceals,
His own to get more clear of;
While Folly all ſhe knows reveals,
Sure what ſhe does to hear of.
The parſon and the lawyer's blind,
Each to his brother's erring——
For ſhould you ſearch, he knows you'd find
No barrel the better herring.

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AIR XXXII. We have cheated the parſon.

Rob. Here ſtands honeſt Bob, who ne'er in his life
Was known to be guilty of faction and ſtrife.
But oh what can
Appeaſe the man,
Who wou'd rob me of both my place and my wife?

Will. If you prove it, I'll be hang'd, and that's fair.

Rob. I've that in my pocket will make it appear.

Will. Pr'ythee what?

Bob. Aſk you that,
When you know you have written againſt me ſo flat.

Rob. Here is your hand, though there is not your name to it——is not this your hand, Sir?

Will. I don't think it worth my while to tell you whether it is or no.

Rob. Was it not enough to try to ſupplant me in my place, but you muſt try to get my miſtreſs?

Will. Your miſtreſs——any man may have your miſtreſs that can out-bid you; for it is very well known, you never had a miſtreſs without paying for her.

Rob But perhaps you may find me too cunning for you, and while you are attempting my place, you may loſe your own.

AIR XXXIII. Hark, hark, the cock crows.

Will. When maſter thinks fit,
I'm ready to quit
A place I ſo little regard, Sir;
For while thou art here,
No merit muſt e'er
Expect to find any reward, Sir.
The groom that is able
To manage his ſtable,
Of places enough need not doubt, Sir;
But you, my good brother,
Will ſcarce find another,
If maſter ſhould e'er turn you out, Sir.

&c.

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Suf. If you can't be friends without it, you had beſt fight it out once for all.

Will. Ay--ſo ſay I.

Rob. No, no, I am for no fighting: it is but a word and a blow with William; he would ſet the whole pariſh together by the ears, if he could; and it is very well known what difficulties I have been put to, to keep peace in it.

Will. I ſuppoſe peace making is one of the ſecret ſervices you have done maſter——for they are ſuch ſecrets, that your friend the devil can hardly diſcover —and whence does your peace-making ariſe, but from your fears of getting a black eye or a bloody noſe, in the ſquabble——for if you could ſet the whole pariſh a-boxing, without boxing yourſelf, it is well known you would do it, ſirrah, ſirrah —— had your love for the tenants been the occaſion of the peace-making, as you call it, you would not be always making maſter ſo hard upon them in every court; and prevent him giving them the fat ox at Chriſtmas, on pretence of good huſbandry.

Rob. Yours you have a great love for, maſter, we know by your driving to inch, as you do, ſirrah. You are ſuch a headſtrong devil, that you will overturn the coach one day or other, and break both maſter and miſtreſs's necks; it is always neck or nothing with you.

Suf. Oh, fy, William, pray let me be the mediator between you.

Rob. Ay, ay, let Suſan be the mediator, I'll refer my cauſe to any one——it is equal to me.

Will. No, no, I ſhall not refer an affair, wherein my honour is ſo concerned, to a woman.

AIR XXXIV. Of a noble race was Shinken.

Good Madam cook, the greaſy,
Pray leave your ſaucy bawling,
Let all your toil
Be to make the pot boil,
For that's your proper calling.

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With men as wife as Robin,
A female judge may paſs, Sir,
For where the grey mare
Is the better horſe, there
The horſe is but an aſs, Sir.

SCENE V.

ROBIN, THOMAS, SUSAN.

Suſ. Saucy fellow!

Tho. I ſuppoſe he is gone to inform maſter againſt you.

Rob. Let him go, I am too well with Madam to fear any miſchief he can make with maſter. And hark'ee, between you and I, Madam won't ſuffer me to be turned out——you heard William upbraid me with ſtealing the beer for my own family; but ſhe knows half of it hath gone to her own private cellar, where ſhe and the parſon ſit and drink, and meditate ways to propagate religion in the pariſh.

Suſ. Don't ſpeak againſt Madam, Robin——ſhe is an exceeding good woman to her own ſervants.

Rob. Ay, ay, to us upper ſervants——we that keep the keys fare well enough——and for the reſt, let them ſtarve for Robin. It's the way of the world, Suſan; the heads of all profeſſions thrive, while the others ſtarve.

AIR XXXV. Pierot's tune.

Great courtiers palaces contain,
While ſmall ones fear the gaol,
Great parſons riot in Champaigne,
Small parſons ſot on ale;
Great whores in coaches gang,
Smaller miſſes,
For their kiſſes,
Are in Bridewell bang'd;
While in vogue
Lives the great rogue,
Small rogues are by dozens hang'd.

SCENE

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SCENE VI.

SUSAN, SWEETISSA.

Sweet. Oh brave Susan! what, you are resolved to keep open doings? When a woman goes without the precincts of virtue, she never knows where to stop.

AIR XXXVI. Country garden.

Virtue within a woman's heart,
By nature's hand is ramm'd in;
There must be kept by steady art,
Like water when it's damm'd in.
But the dam once broken,
Past all revoking,
Virtue flies off in a minute;
Like a river left,
Of waters bereft
Each man may venture in it.

Suf. I hope you will pardon my want of capacity, Madam, but I don't know what you mean——

Sweet. Your capacity is too capacious———Madam——

Suf. Your method of talking, Madam, is something dark.——

Sweet. Your method of acting is darker, Madam.——

Suf. I dare appeal to the whole world for the justification of my actions, Madam; and I defy any one to say my fame is more sullied than my plates——— Madam——

Sweet. Your pots, you mean—Madam; if you are like any plates, it is soup plates, which any man may put his spoon into.

Suf. Me, Madam.——

Sweet. You, Madam.——

AIR XXXVII. Dainty Davy.

Suf. What the devil mean you thus
Scandal scattering,
Me bespattering,
Dirty slut, and ugly puss,
What can be your meaning?

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Sweet. Had you, Madam, not forgot,
When with Bob you—you know what,
Surely, Madam, you would not
Twice enquire my meaning.

There, read that letter, and be satisfied how base you have been to a woman, to whom you have profeſſed a friendſhip.

Suſ. What do you mean by offering me a letter to read? when you know——

Sweet. When I know you writ it, Madam——

Suſ. When you know I can neither write nor read, Madam.——It was my parents fault, not mine, that gave me not a better education; and if you had not been taught to write, you would have been no more able to write, than myſelf—tho' you barbarouſly upbraid me with what is not my fault.

Sweet. How!——and is it poſſible you can neither read nor write.

Suſ. Poſſible!——why ſhould it be impoſſible for a ſervant not to be able to write—when ſo many gentlemen can't ſpell?

Sweet. Here is your name to a love-letter, which is directed to Robin——wherein you complain of his having left you, after he had enjoy'd you.——

Suſ. Enjoy'd me!——

Sweet. It is ſo, I aſſure you.——

Suſ. If ever I had any thing to ſay to Robin——but as one fellow-ſervant might ſay to another fellow-ſervant, may my pot ne'er boil again.

Sweet. I am ſorry you cannot read, that you might ſee the truth of what I ſay, that you might read Sufan Roaſtmeat in plain letters; and if you did not write it yourſelf, ſure the devil muſt have writ it for you.

Suſ. I think I have ſaid enough to ſatisfy you,—and as much as is conſiſtent with my honour.

Sweet. You have, indeed, to ſatisfy me of your innocence—nor do I think it inconſiſtent with my honour, to aſſure you I am ſorry I ſaid what I ſaid—I do, and humbly aſk your pardon,—Madam.

Suſ. Dear Madam, this acknowledgment from you is ſufficient.—Oh! Sweetiſſa, had I been one of thoſe,

I might

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I might have had to do with my young master.——

Sweet. Nay, for that matter, we might all have had to do with my young master; that argues little in your defence—But this I am assured of—if you cannot write at all—you did not write this letter.

AIR XXXVIII. Valentine's day.

A woman must her honour save,
While she's a virgin found;
And he can hardly be a knave,
Who is not worth a pound.
On horseback he who cannot ride,
On horseback did not rob;
And since a pen you cannot guide,
You never wrote to Bob.

SCENE VII.

OWEN *and Mr* APSHONES.

Mr Aps. I desire not; Mr Owen, that you would marry my daughter; I had rather see her married to one of her own degree.——I had rather have a set of fine healthy grandchildren ask me a blessing, than a poor puny breed of half-begotten brats—that inherit the diseases as well as the titles of their parents.

Owen. Pshaw, pshaw, master Apshones, these are the narrow sentiments of such old fellows as you, that have either never known or forgotten the world, that think their daughters going out of the world, if they go five miles from them——and had rather see them walk a-foot at home, than ride in a coach abroad.

Mr Aps. I would not see her ride in her coach this year, to see her ride in an herse the next.——

Owen. You may never arrive to that honour, good Sir.

Mr Aps. I would not advise you to attempt bringing any dishonour on us——that may not be so safe as you imagine——

Owen. So safe?——

Mr Aps. No, not so safe, Sir. I have not lost my spirit with my fortune; I am your father's tenant, but not his slave. Tho' you have ruined many poor girls

girls with impunity, you may not always succeed so, —for let me tell you, Sir, whoever brings dishonour on me. shall bring ruin on himself.———

Owen. Ha—ha—ha!

Mr Apf. I believe both Sir Owen and her ladyship too good people to suffer you in these practices, were they acquainted with them—Sir Owen hath still behaved as the best of landlords: he knows a landlord should protect, not prey on his tenants—should be the shepherd, not the wolf to his flock—but one would have thought, you imagin'd we liv'd under that barbarous custom—I have read of—when the landlord was intitled to the maidenheads of all his tenants daughters.

Owen. Ha, ha, ha, thou art a very ridiculous, comical, odd sort of an old fellow, faith.

Mr Apf. It is very likely you and I may appear in the same light to one another.—Your dress would have made as ridiculous a figure in my young days, as mine does now. What is the meaning of all that plaistering upon your wigs? unless you would insinuate that your brains lie on the outside of your heads.

Owen. Your daughter likes our dress, if you don't.

Mr Apf. I desire you would spare my daughter, Sir—I shall take as much care of her as I can,—and if you should prevail on her to her ruin, be assured your father's estate should not secure you from my revenge. You should find that the true spirit of English liberty acknowledges no superior equal to oppression.

Owen. The true spirit of English liberty—ha, ha, ha—thou art not the first father, or husband, that hath blustter'd in this manner, and been afterwards as quiet as a lamb.—He were a fine gallant, indeed, who would be stopt in the pursuit of his mistress, by the threatning of her relations—Not that I should care to venture, if I thought the fellow in earnest—but your heroes in words are never so in deeds.

AIR XXXIX. My Cloe, why do you slight me?

The whore of fame is jealous.
The coward would seem brave;
For we are still most zealous,
What most we want we have.

The

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The madman boaſts his ſenſes,
And he whoſe chief pretence is
To liberty's defence, is
Too oft the greateſt ſlave.

SCENE VIII.

OWEN *and* MOLLY.

Owen. She here!

Molly. Cruel, doſt thou fly me? am I become hateful in thy ſight?—are all thy wicked vows forgotten? for ſure if thou didſt even remember them, they would oblige thee to another behaviour.

Owen. Can you blame me for obeying your commands in ſhunning you? Sure you have forgotten your laſt vows, never to ſee me more.

Molly. Alas! you know too well, that I am as inſincere in every repulſe to you, as you have been in your advances to me. How unjuſtly do men accuſe us of uſing a lover ill? when we are no ſooner in his power, than he uſes us ſo.

AIR XL. Sylvia, my deareſt.

Cruelleſt creature, why have you woo'd me,
Why thus purſu'd me
Into love's ſnare?
While I was cruel,
I was your jewel;
Now I am kind, you bid me deſpair.
Nature's ſweet flowers
Warm ſeaſons nouriſh,
In ſummer flouriſh,
Winter's their bane:
Love againſt nature,
Check'd, grows the greater,
And beſt is nouriſh'd with cold diſdain.

Owen. How can'ſt thou wrong me ſo, my dear Molly! your father hath been here and inſulted me in the rudeſt manner; but notwithſtanding that, I am reſolved——

Molly. To fulfil your promiſe, and marry me.

Owen.

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Owen. Why doſt thou mention that hateful word? That, that is the cruel froſt which nips the flower of love. Politeneſs is not a greater enemy to honeſty, nor quadrille to common ſenſe, than marriage is to love. They are fire and water, and cannot live together. Marriage is the only thing thou ſhouldſt aſk, that I would not grant.

Molly. And till you grant that, I will grant nothing elſe.

Owen. It is for your ſake I would not marry you: for I could never love, if I was confined to it.

AIR XLI.

How happy's the ſwain,
Whom beauty firing,
All admiring,
All deſiring,
Never deſiring in vain.
How happy to rove,
Thro' ſweeteſt bowers,
And cull the flowers,
In the delicious garden of love.
How wretched the ſoul,
Under controul,
To one poor choice confin'd a while,
Wanton it exerts the laſs,
No, no, let the joys of my life,
Like the years in circles roll.
But ſince you are ſo ungrateful,
Since my ſervice is ſo hateful,
Willing I my place forſake.

Molly. He's gone! he's loſt for ever! irrevocably loſt: Oh virtue! where's thy force? where are thoſe thouſand charms that we are told to lie in thee, when lovers cannot ſee them? Should Owen e'er return, ſhould he renew his entreaties, I fear his ſucceſs; for I find every day love attains more and more ground of virtue.

AIR

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AIR XLII. Midſummer wiſh.

When love is lodg'd within the heart,
Poor virtue to the outworks flies,
The tongue in thunder takes its part,
And darts in lightning from the eyes.

From lips and eyes with gifted grace,
In vain ſhe keeps out charming ſin,
For love will find ſome weaker place,
To let the dear invader in.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir* OWEN APSHINKEN's *Houſe.*
Sir OWEN, *ſmoaking.*

WHAT a glorious creature was he who firſt diſcovered the uſe of tobacco!——the induſtrious retires from buſineſs——the voluptuous from pleaſure——the lover from a cruel miſtreſs——the huſband from a curs'd wife——and I from all the world, to my pipe.

AIR XLIII. Free maſon's tune.

Let the learned talk of books,
The glutton of cooks,
The lover of Celia's ſoft ſmack-o;
No mortal can boaſt
So noble a toaſt,
As a pipe of accepted tobacco.

Let the ſoldier for fame,
And a general's name,
In battle get many a thwack-o;
Let who will have moſt,
Who will rule the roaſt,
Give me but a pipe of tobacco.

Tobacco gives wit
To the dulleſt old cit,

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And makes him of politics crack-o;
The lawyers i'th' hall
Were not able to bawl,
Were it not for a whiff of tobacco.

The man whoſe chief glory
Is telling a ſtory,
Had never arriv'd at the knack-o,
Between ev'ry heying,
And as I was ſaying,
Did he not take a whiff of tobacco.

The doctor who places
Much ſkill in grimaces,
And feels your pulſe running tick-tack-o;
Would you know his chief ſkill?
It is only to fill,
And ſmoke a good pipe of tobacco.

The courtiers alone
To this weed are not prone;
Would you know what 'tis makes them ſo ſlack-o?
'Twas becauſe it inclin'd
To be honeſt of mind,
And therefore they baniſh'd tobacco.

SCENE II.

Sir OWEN *and Lady* APSHINKEN.

La. Ap. It is very hard, my dear, that I muſt be an eternal ſlave to my family; that the moment my back is turned, every thing goes to rack and manger; that you will take no care upon yourſelf, like a ſleepy good for-nothing drone as you are.

Sir Ow. My wife is a very good wife, only a *little* inclin'd to talking. If ſhe had no tongue, or I had no ears, we ſhould be the happieſt couple in Wales.

La. Ap. Sir Owen! Sir Owen! it is very well known what offers I refus'd, when I married you.

Sir Ow. Yes, my dear, it is very well known, indeed—I have heard of it often enough in conſcience.

—But

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But this I am confident——if you had ever had a better offer, you know your own intereſt too well to have refus'd it.

La. Ap. Ungrateful man! if I have ſhewn that I know the value of money, it has been for your intereſt as well as mine; and let me tell you, Sir, whenever my conſcience has ſtruggled with my intereſt, ſhe hath always got the better.

Sir Ow. Why, poſſibly it may be ſo——for I am ſure which ever ſide your tongue is of, will get the better.——And harkee, my dear, I fancy your conſcience and your tongue ly very near together.——As for your intereſt, it lyes too near your heart to have any intercourſe with your tongue.

La Ap. Methinks, Sir Owen, you ſhould be the laſt who reflected on me for ſcolding your ſervants.

Sir Ow. So I would, if you would not ſcold at me. ——Vent your ill-nature on all the pariſh, let me and my tobacco alone, and I care not: but a ſcolding wife to me is a walking baſs-viol out of tune.

La. Ap Sir, Sir, a drunken huſband is a bad fiddle-ſtick to that baſs viol, never able to put her into tune, nor to play any tune upon her.

Sir Ow. A ſcolding wife is roſin to that fiddle-ſtick, continually rubbing it up to play, till it wear out.

AIR XLIV. Tenant of my own.

Of all bad ſorts of wives
The ſcolds are ſure the worſt,
With a hum, drum, ſcum, hurry ſcurry ſcum.
Would I'd a cuckold been,
Ere I had been accurſt
With your hum, drum, &c.

Would he have curſt mankind
(If Juno's drawn to life)
When Jupiter Pandora ſent,
He ſhould have ſent his wife,
With her hum, drum, &c.

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SCENE III.

Lady APSHINKEN *and* SUSAN.

La. Ap. Go thy ways, for an errant knight as thou art.—So, Sufan, what bring you?

Suf. The bill of fare, Madam.

La. Ap. The bill of fare? This looks more like a bill for a month than a day.

Suf. Maſter hath invited ſeveral of the tenants to-day, Madam.

La. Ap. Yes, I am acquainted with your maſter's generoſity—he would keep a tenant's table by his conſent.——On my conſcience, he would ſuffer ſome of the poorer tenants to eat more than their rent out.

Suf. Heaven bleſs him for ſuch goodneſs!

La. Ap. This ſirloin of beef may ſtand, only cut off half of it for to-morrow——it is too big for one diſh.

Suf. O dear Madam! it is a thouſand pities to cut it.

La. Ap. Pſhaw! I tell you no polite people ſuffer a large diſh to come to their table. I have ſeen an entertainment of three courſes, where the ſubſtance of the whole would not have made half a ſirloin of beef.

Suf. The devil take ſuch politeneſs, I ſay.

La Ap. A gooſe roaſted——very well; take particular care of the giblets, they bear a very good price in the market. Two brace of partridges——I'll leave out one of them. An apple-pye, with quinces——why quinces, when you know quinces are ſo dear?——There; and for the reſt, do you keep it, and let me have two diſhes a day, till it is out.

Suf. Why, Madam, half the proviſion will ſtink at that rate.

La. Ap. Then they will eat the leſs of it——I know ſome good houſewives that never buy any other, for it is always cheap, and will go the farther.

Suf So, as the ſmell of the old Engliſh hoſpitality uſed to invite people in, that of the preſent is to keep them away.

La. Ap. Old Engliſh hoſpitality! Oh, don't name it, I am ſick at the ſound.

Suf.

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Suf. Would I had liv'd in thoſe days! I wiſh I had been born a cook in an age when there was ſome buſineſs for one! before we had learnt this French politeneſs, and been taught to dreſs our meat by nations that have no meat to dreſs.

AIR XLV. The King's Old Courtier.

When mighty roaſt beef was the Engliſhman's food,
It ennobled our hearts, and enriched our blood,
Our ſoldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good.
Oh the roaſt beef of Old England,
And Old England's roaſt beef!

But ſince we have learnt from all conquering France,
To eat their ragouts as well as to dance,
Oh what a fine figure we make in romance!
Oh the roaſt beef of Old England,
And Old England's roaſt beef!

La. Ap. Servants are continually jealous of the leaſt thriſt of a maſter or miſtreſs; they are never eary but when they obſerve extravagance.

SCENE IV.

Lady APSHINKEN *and* PUZZLETEXT.

AIR XLVI. Oh Jenny, Oh Jenny.

La. Ap. Oh Doctor, Oh Doctor, where haſt thou been?
Sure woman was never like me perplext!
I have been chiding:
Puz. I have been riding,
And meditating upon my text.

La. Ap. I wiſh you would give us a ſermon on charity, that my ſervants might know that it is no charity to indulge a voluptuous appetite.

Puz. There is, Madam, as your Ladyſhip very well knows, a religious charity, and an irreligious charity. Now the religious charity teaches us rather to ſtarve the belly of our friend, than feed it. Verily, ſtarving is voluptuous food for a ſinful conſtitution.

La. Ap. I wiſh, Doctor, when you go next to London,

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don, you would buy me up at the cheapeſt rates, all the books upon charity that have been publiſhed.

Puz. I have a treatiſe, Madam, which I ſhall ſhortly publiſh, that will comprehend the whole. It will be writ in Latin, and dedicated to your Ladyſhip.

La. Ap. Any thing for the encouragement of religion.—I am a great admirer of the Latin language. ——I believe, Doctor, I now underſtand Latin as well as Engliſh.——But oh, Doctor! it gives me pain, very great pain, that notwithſtanding all our endeavours, there ſhould yet remain ſo many wicked people in our pariſh.——One of the tenants, the other day, abuſed his wife in the moſt terrible manner. Shall I never make them uſe their wives tolerably?

AIR XLVII.

La. Ap. Ah, Doctor, I long much as miſers for pelf,
To ſee the whole pariſh as good as myſelf.

Puz. Ah, Madam, your Ladyſhip need not to doubt,
But that by my ſermons will be ſoon brought about.

La. Ap. Ah, man, can your ſermons put them in the right way,
When not one in ten e'er hears what you ſay?

Puz. Ah, Madam, your Ladyſhip need not to fear;
If you'll make them pay but I'll make them hear.

SCENE V.

To them, ROBIN.

AIR XLVIII. In Porus.

Rob. Some confounded planet reigning;
Surely hath, beyond explaining,
Your ſex beguiled,
Senſe defiled,
Senſe awry led
To miſtake:
I ſhould wonder,
Could you blunder
Thus awake.

But

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But if your almighty wit
Me for William will quit,
E'en brew as you bake.

Lady Ap. What's the meaning of this?

Rob. Is your ladyship a stranger to it, then?——Madam, don't you know that I am to be turn'd away, and William made butler?

Lady Ap. How!

Rob. Nay, I assure your ladyship it is true. I just now receiv'd a message from master, to give an account of the plate——and perhaps I shall give a better account than William would, had he been butler as long as I have.

Lady Ap. I am out of all patience; I'll to Sir Owen this moment——I will see whether I am a cypher in this house or no.

Puz. Hark ye, Mr Robin, you are safe enough—her ladyship is your friend.—So go you and send me a bottle of good wine into my room, for I am a very good friend of yours.

SCENE VI.

ROBIN, *solus.*

It is not that I intend to live long in the family—but I don't care to be turn'd away——I would give warning myself, and if this storm blows over, I will. —Thanks to my industry, I have made a shift to get together a little comfortable subsistence for the rest of my days.——I'll purchase some little snug farm in Wales, of about a hundred a-year, and retire with—ha!—with whom shall I retire, since Sweetilla's false? —What avails it to me that I can purchase an estate, when I cannot purchase happiness?

AIR XLIX. Cupid, God of pleasing anguish.

What avail large sums of treasure,
But to purchase sums of pleasure,
But your wishes to obtain?
Poor the wretch whole worlds possessing,
While his dearest darling blessing
He must sigh for still in vain.

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SCENE VII.

ROBIN *and* SWEETISSA.

Rob. Where is my wealth, when the cabinet it was lock'd up in, is broke open and plunder'd?

Sweet. He's here!—— love would blow me like a whirlwind to his arms, did not the ſtring of honour pull me back—Honour, that forces more lies from the mouth of a woman, than gold does from the mouth of a lawyer.

Rob. See where ſhe ſtands! the falſe, the perjur'd ſhe.—— Yet guilty as ſhe is, ſhe would be dearer to my ſoul than light——did not my honour interpoſe—my honour, which cannot ſuffer me to wed a whore. I muſt part with honour, or with her---and a ſervant without honour, is a wretch indeed!---How happy are men of quality, who cannot loſe their honour do what they will?——Right honour is tried in roguery, as gold is in the fire, and comes out ſtill the ſame.

AIR L. Dame of honour.

Nice honour by a private man
With zeal muſt be maintain'd;
For ſoon 'tis loſt, and never can
By any be regained.
But once right honourable grown,
He's then its rightful owner;
For tho' the worſt of rogues he's known,
He ſtill is a man of honour.

Sweet. I wiſh I could impute this blindneſs of yours to love. But, alas! love would ſee me, not my faults. ——You ſee my faults, not me.

Rob. I wiſh it were poſſible to ſee you faultleſs—— but alas! you are ſo hemm'd in with faults, one muſt ſee through them to come at you.

Sweet. I know of none, but loving you too well.

Rob. That may be one, perhaps, if you were great with William.

Sweet. Oh Robin! if thou are reſolv'd to be falſe, do not, I beſeech thee, do not let thy malice conſpire to ruin my reputation.

Rob.

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Rob. There, Madam, read that letter once more, then bid me be tender of your reputation, if you can ——though women have always the boldeſt claims to reputation when they have the leaſt pretenſions to it ——for virtue, like gunpowder, never makes any noiſe till it goes off——when you hear the report, you may be ſure it is gone.

Sweet. This is ſome conſpiracy againſt me——for may the devil fetch me this inſtant, if ever I ſaw this letter before.

Rob. What! and dropt it from your pocket?

Sweet. Oh baſe man!—If ever I ſuffer'd William to kiſs me in my life, unleſs when we have been at queſtions and commands, may I never——be kiſs'd while I live again.——And if I am not a maid now ——may I die as good a maid as I am now.——But you ſhall ſee that I am not the only one who can receive letters, and drop them from their pockets too.—— There, if thou art guilty, that letter will ſhock thee—while innocence guards me.

AIR LI. Why will Florella.

When guilt within the boſom lies,
A thouſand ways it ſpeaks.
It ſtares affrighted thro' the eyes,
And bluſhes thro' the cheeks.

But innocence, diſdaining fear,
Adorns the injur'd face,
And while the black accuſer's near,
Shines forth with brighter grace.

Rob. Surpriſing!——ſure ſome little writing devil lurks in the houſe. Ha! a thought hath juſt ſhot thro' my brains.—Sweetiſſa, if you have virtue—if you have honour—if you have humanity, anſwer me one queſtion.——Did the parſon ever make love to you?

Sweet. Why do you aſk me that?

Rob. Theſe two letters are writ by the ſame hand—and if they were not writ by William, they muſt have been by the parſon——for none elſe, I believe, can write or read in the houſe.

Sweet,

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Sweet. I can't ſay he hath, nor can I ſay he hath not. Once he told me, that if I was worth a hundred pounds, he'd marry me.

Rob. Did he? that's enough; by George I'll make an example of him—I'll beat him till he hath as great an averſion to marriage, as any prieſt in Rome hath.

Sweet. O fie! what, beat the parſon?

Rob. Never tell me of the parſon—if he will have my meat, I'll give him ſome ſauce to it.

Sweet. Conſider, good Robin; for tho' thou haſt been a baſe man to me, I would not have thee damn'd.

Rob. The parſon would ſend me to heaven, I thank him. I'd rather be damn'd than go to heaven as the parſon's cuckold. 'Sbud! I'll ſouſe him till he ſhall have as little appetite for woman's fleſh as horſe fleſh.

AIR LII. Hunt the ſquirrel.

Sweet. Oh for goodneſs ſake forbear!
Think he's a parſon, think he's a parſon;
Look upon the clothes he wears,
Ere you pull his ears.

Rob. Ceaſe your chattering, I will batter him;
Blood and thunder-bolt!
I'll rub him, drub him, ſcrub him down,
As jockies do a colt.

Sweet. He's gone; perhaps will knock the parſon in the head. What can he then expect but to be hanged by the neck? Oh! that he were hang'd once ſafe about my neck ——Ye powers preſerve him from the hangman's nooſe, and tye him faſt in Hymen's.

SCENE VIII.

SWEETISSA *and* JOHN.

Sweet. Oh John! fly! if thou wilt ſave thy friend—fly up into the parſon's cloſet.

John. What's the matter?

Sweet. One moment's delay, and Robin's loſt.—He is gone in a mighty paſſion to beat the parſon; run and prevent him, for if he ſhould kill the parſon, he will be hang'd.

John

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John. Kill him! if he lifts his hand againſt him he will be put into the ſpiritual court—— and that's worſe than hanging.

Sweet. Fly, fly dear John.—— What torments attend a mind in love!

AIR LIII. The play of love.

What vaſt delights muſt virgins prove,
Who taſte the dear exceſs of love!
Since while ſo many ways undone,
And all our joys muſt fly from one,
Eager to love's embrace we run.
So when in ſome ſmall iſland lies
The eager merchant's brilliant prize,
That dear, that darling ſpot to gain,
He views black tempeſts with diſdain,
And all the dangers of the main.

SCENE IX.

OWEN *and* SWEETISSA.

Owen. Sweetiſſa in tears!——ſo looks the lily after a ſhower, while drops of rain run gently down its ſilken leaves, and gather ſweetneſs as they paſs.

AIR LIV. Si cari.

Smile, ſmile, Sweetiſſa, ſmile:
Repining baniſh,
Let ſorrow vaniſh,
Grief does the complexion ſpoil,
Smile, ſmile, Sweetiſſa, ſmile,
Lift up your charming, cha---a---arming,
Charming, charming eyes,
As the ſun's brighteſt rays in ſummer ſkies.

What's the matter, my dear Sweetiſſa?

Sweet. Whatever be the matter—it is no matter of yours, maſter Owen.

Owen. I would hug thee in my arms and comfort thee—if thou wouldſt let me.——Give me a buſs—do.

AIR

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AIR LV. Sleepy body.

Sweet. Little maſter,
Pretty maſter,
Your purſuit give over;
Surely nature
Such a creature
Never meant for a lover.
A beau, and baboon,
In a dull afternoon,
May ladies divert by their capers;
But weak is her head
Who takes to her bed
Such a remedy for the vapours.
Little maſter, &c.

SCENE X.

OWEN *ſolus.*

AIR LVI.

Go, and like a ſlub'ring Beſs howl,
While at your griefs I'm quaffing,
For the more you cry, the leſs you'll——
Tol, lol, de rol.
Be inclin'd to laughing.

SCENE XI.

OWEN *and* SUSAN.

Owen. So, Mrs Suſan, which way are you going?

Suſan. Going!—why, I am going to find Madam out—if ſhe will have no victuals, ſhe ſhall have no cook for Suſan.—If I eut the ſirloin of beef, may the devil cut me.

AIR LVII. South-ſea tune.

An Iriſhman loves potatoes;
A Frenchman chews
Sallads and ragouts;
A Dutchman waterzuche;
The Italian maccaroons;

The

The Scotchman loves ſheeps heads, Sir:
The Welch with cheeſe are fed, Sir;
An Engliſhman's chief
Delight is roaſt beef;
And if I divide the ox' ſirloin,
May the devil cut off mine.

Owen. Oh! do not ſpoil thy pretty face with paſſion.——Give me a kiſs, my dear pretty little cook.

Suſ. Give you a kiſs!—give you a ſlap in the face, or a rod for your backſide.—When I am kiſs'd, it ſhall be by another guiſe ſort of ſpark than you.—'Sbud! your head looks like the ſcrag end of a neck of mutton, juſt flour'd for baſting.——A kiſs!—a fart.

SCENE XII.

OWEN *and* MARGERY.

Owen. Go thy ways, greaſy face.——Oh here's my little Margery, now.

Marg. Not ſo little neither, Maſter Owen. I am big enough for you ſtill.

Owen. And ſo thou art, my dear, and my dove. Come, let us—let us—let us—

Marg. Let us what?

Owen. Let us, i'gad, I don't know what.—Let us kiſs like any thing.

Marg. Not ſo faſt, 'ſquire—your mamma muſt give you a large allowance before it comes to that between you and me. Lookye, Sir, when you can produce that fine apron you promis'd me, I don't know what my gratitude may bring me to——But I am reſolved, if ever I do play the fool, I'll have ſomething to ſhew for it, beſides a great belly.

Owen. Pox on 'em all!—I ſhall not compaſs one out of the whole family.——I'gad, I'll e'en go back to Molly, and make ſure of her if poſſible——or I may be in danger of dying half a maid yet——for the devil take me, if I han't a ſhrewd ſuſpicion that, in all my amours, I never yet thoroughly knew what a fine woman was.——I fancy it often happens ſo among us fine gentlemen.

AIR

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AIR LVIII.

The idle beau of pleaſure
Oft boaſts a falſe amour,
As breaking cit his treaſure,
Moſt gaudy, when moſt poor;
But the rich miſer hides the ſtores he does amaſs,
And the true lover ſtill conceals his happy laſs.

SCENE XIII.

PUZZLETEXT, ROBIN, *and* JOHN.

Puz. I will have ſatisfaction.——Speak not to me, Maſter John, of any thing but ſatisfaction. *I* will box him.——I will ſhew him that I was not bred at Oxford for nothing.——Splutter! I will ſhew him my head is good for ſomething elſe beſides preaching.

[*Butts at him.*

Rob. You would have armed my head better for butting, I thank you

Puz. You are a lying raſcal, and a liar in your teeth.

Rob. You are a liar in your tongue, Doctor, and that's worſe.

Puz. The lie to me, Sirrah! I will cut your brains out, if you have any brains. Let me go, John——let me go.

Rob. Let him come: I warrant he goes back again faſter than he came.

Puz. 'Sbud! 'ſbud! 'ſbud!

John Fie, Doctor! be not in ſuch a paſſion: conſider who you are——you muſt forgive.

Puz. I will not forgive.——Forgiveneſs is ſometimes a ſin, ay, and a damn'd ſin.——No, I will not forgive him. Sirrah, I will make ſuch an example of you, as ſhall deter all ſuch vagabonds for the future how they affront the church.

AIR LIX. Buff-coat.

In ſpiritual court
I'll ſhew you ſuch ſport,
Shall make you your own folly curſe, Sir.

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Rob. But you ſhall be bit,
For I'll ſtand in the ſheet,
And keep you from handling my purſe, Sir.
Puz. In this you'll be ſham'd,
In the other world damn'd,
Here a prieſt, there a devil you'll find, Sir.
Rob. I ſhall know then if prieſt
Or devil be beſt
At the art of tormenting mankind, Sir.

Puz. Let me go, John——I will——ſplutter!—

SCENE XIV.

Sir OWEN APSHINKEN, *Lady* APSHINKEN, PUZZLETEXT, ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, SUSAN, SWEETISSA, MARGERY.

La. Ap. Heyday! what's the meaning of this?—Mr Puzzletext, you are not mad, I hope?

Puz. Splutter! my lady, but I am. I have been abus'd——I have been beaten——

La. Ap. It cannot be by Robin, I am ſure; he's peaceably enough inclin'd.

Will. He'll not ſtrike a blow, unleſs he be forc'd to it, I warrant him.

Puz. Yes, it is by Robin; he hath abus'd me for writing to his miſtreſs, when I have not had a pen in my hand, ſave for half a ſermon, theſe ſix months.

Will. Sure letters run ſtrangely in his head!——he hath quarrell'd with me once to-day, and now he hath quarrell'd with Mr Puzzletext for writing to his miſtreſs——He knows his own demerits, and therefore is jealous of every man he ſees for a rival.

Rob. I have not ſo bad an opinion of myſelf as to be jealous of you, however ſenſible you may be of your own merits.

La. Ap. Let us have no quarrelling here, pray.—I thought you had more ſenſe than to quarrel with the church. [*Aſide to* Robin.

Will. Maſter may keep you, if he pleaſes——when he knows you are a rogue; but I'll ſwear to your ſtealing the two ſilver ſpoons,

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Sweet. You have reaſon to talk, good Mr William —I'll ſwear to your having robb'd one of the coaches of the curtains to make yourſelf a waiſtcoat; and your having ſtole a pair of buckles out of the harneſs, and ſold them to Mr Owen, to wear them in his ſhoes.

Suſ. If you come to that, Madam, who ſtole a ſhort ſilk apron from my lady, and a new flannel petticoat, which you have on at this moment?

John. Not ſo faſt, good Suſan Saucebox——Who baſted away dozens of butter more than ſhe need, that ſhe may ſell the greaſe?——Who brings in falſe bills of fare, and puts the forg'd articles in her own pocket?—Who wants wine and brandy for ſauces and ſweetmeats, and drinks it herſelf?

Will. And who wants ſtrong beer for his horſes, which he drinks himſelf?

Marg. I think you ſhould forget that, leſt you ſhould be put in mind of the ſame practice with the coach-horſes.

Suſ. I ſuppoſe when you remember that, you don't forget taking a dram from her ladyſhip's bottle every time you make the bed.

La. Ap. I can excuſe you there, Margery, for I keep all my bottles under lock and key.

Suſ. But I ſuppoſe your ladyſhip will not excuſe her from a falſe key, the which I will take my oath ſhe hath now in in her pocket.

La. Ap. Very fine, indeed!

Puz. Verily, I am concerned to find my ſermons have had no better effect on you. I think it is a difficult matter to determine which deſerves to be hang'd moſt; and if Robin the butler hath cheated more than other people, I ſee no other reaſon for it, but becauſe he hath more opportunity to cheat.

Rob. Well ſaid, parſon!——once in thy life thou haſt ſpoken truth.

Will. We are none of us ſo bad as Robin, tho'——there's cheating in his very name.——Robin, is as much as to ſay, robbing.

Puz. That is none of the beſt puns, Maſter Will.

Rob. Well ſaid, parſon, again!

AIR

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AIR LX.. Ye madcaps of Englaad.

In this little family plainly we find
A little epitome of human kind,
Where down from the beggar up to the great man,
Each gentleman cheats you no more than he can.
Sing tantarara, rogues all.
For if you will be ſuch a huſband of pelf,
To be ſerv'd by no cheats, you muſt e'en ſerve yourſelf;
The world is ſo cramm'd brim-full of deceit,
That if Robin be a name for a cheat,
Sing tantarara, Bobs all, Bobs all,
Sing tantarara, Bobs all.

Lady Ap. And have I been raking and rending, and ſcraping, and ſcratching, and ſweating, to be plunder'd by my ſervants?

Sir Owen. Why, truly, my dear, if you had any family to provide for, you would have had ſome excuſe for your ſaving, to ſave fortunes for your younger children. But as we have but one ſon to provide for, and he not much worth providing for, e'en let the ſervants keep what they have ſtole, and much good may it do them.

Lady Ap. This is ſuch notorious extravagance!

Omnes. Heavens bleſs your good honour!

AIR LXI. My name is Old Hewſon.

Rob. I once as your butler did cheat you,
For myſelf I will ſet up now;
If you come to my houſe I will treat you
With a pig of your own ſow.

Sweet. I once did your ladyſhip chouſe,
And rob you of trinkets good ſtore;
But when I am gone from your houſe,
I promiſe to cheat you no more.

Will. Your lining I own like a blockhead,
I ſtole to my utter reproach:
But you will be money in pocket,
If you ſell off your horſes and coach.

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Suf. My rogueries all are confeſt,
And for a new maid you may look;
For where there's no meat to be dreſt,
There is little need of a cook.

Chorus. And ſo we all give you warning,
And give you a month's wages too;
We all go off to-morrow morning,
And may better ſervants enſue.

SCENE XV.

To them, OWEN *and* MOLLY.

Owen. } Your bleſſing, Sir.
Molly. }
Sir Owen. } How!
Lady Ap. }
Owen. } We are your ſon and daughter.
Molly. }

Sir Owen. My ſon married to a daughter of a tenant!

Owen. Oh, Sir! ſhe is your tenant's daughter, but worthy of a crown.

AIR LXII. Fond Echo.

Molly. O, think not the maid whom you ſcorn,
With riches delighted can be!
Had I a great princeſs been born,
My Owen had dear been to me.
On others your treaſures beſtow,
Give Owen alone to theſe arms;
In grandeur and wealth we find woe,
But in love there is nothing but charms.

Owen. In title and wealth what is loſt,
In tenderneſs oft is repaid:
Too much a great fortune may coſt,
Well purchas'd may be the poor maid.
While fancy's faint dreams cheat the great,
We pleaſure will equally prove:
While they in their palaces hate,
We in our poor cottage may love.

Sir

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Sir Ow. She ſings delightfully, that's the truth on't.

Owen. T'other ſong—t'other ſong—ply him with ſongs till he forgives us.

AIR LXIII. Laſs of Patie's mill.

Molly. If I too high aſpire,
'Tis love that plumes my wings,
Love makes a clown a ſquire,
Would make a ſquire a king.
What maid that Owen ſpies,
From love can e'er be free?
Love in his lac'd coat lies,
And peeps from his toupee.

Sir Ow. I can hold out no longer.

La. Ap. Nor I: let me ſee you embrace one another, and then I'll embrace you both.

AIR LXIV. Caro vien.

Molly. With joy my heart's o'erflowing;
Owen. With joy my heart's jolly.
Molly. Oh, my deareſt ſweet Owen!
Owen. Oh, my charming Molly!

Since I am happy myſelf, I will make others ſo.—— Theſe letters, Robin, which caus'd all the jealouſy between you and Sweetiſſa, I wrote out of a frolic.

Rob. Ha! and did I ſuſpect Sweetiſſa falſely?

Sweet. And did I ſuſpect my Robin?

Rob. Oh, my Sweetiſſa! my ſweet.

Sweet. Oh, my Robin! my Bob.

Rob. This hour ſhall make us one.——Doctor, lead to church.

Will. What ſay'ſt thou, Suſan? Shall we follow our leaders?

Suſ. Why, faith, I am generally frank, you know, and ſpeak my mind.——I ſay, yes.

John. And thou, Margery?

Marg. I do not ſay, no.

Puz. I am ready to do your buſineſs whenever you pleaſe.

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Owen. Lookye, as I have married firſt, I deſire my wedding may be celebrated firſt, at leaſt with one dance; for which I have prepar'd the fiddles.

Puz. And for which I have prepar'd my fiddle too; for I am always in utrumque paratus.

Owen. This ſhall be a day of hoſpitality, I am reſolv'd.

La. Ap. And I am reſolv'd not to ſee it, and would adviſe you not to be extravagant in it.

[*A dance here.*]

AIR LXV. Little Jack Horner.

Puz. Couples united,
Ever delighted,
May they ne'er diſagree:
Women. Firſt we will wed.
Men. Then we'll to bed;
Omnes. What happy rogues are we!

Chorus. Couples united,
Ever delighted,
May we ne'er diſagree!
Firſt we well wed,
Then we'll to bed;
What happy rogues are we!

THE

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THE

MODERN HUSBAND.

A

COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane, 1731.

Hæc ego non credam Venusinâ digna Lucernâ?
Hæc ego non agitem?———
Cùm leno accipiat mœchi bona, si capiendi
Jus nullum uxori, doctus spectare lacunar,
Doctus & ad calicem vigilanti stertere naso.

JUV. Sat. 2.

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To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,

KNIGHT of the Moſt Noble ORDER of the GARTER.

SIR,

WHILE the peace of Europe, and the lives and fortunes of ſo great a part of mankind depend on your counſels, it may be thought an offence againſt the public good to divert, by trifles of this nature, any of thoſe moments which are ſo ſacred to the welfare of our country.

BUT however ridicul'd or exploded the muſes may be, in an age when their greateſt favourites are liable to the cenſure and correction of every boy or idiot, who ſhall have it in his power to ſatisfy the wantonneſs of an evil heart, at the expence of the reputation and intereſt of the beſt poet, yet has this ſcience been eſteemed, honoured, protected, and often profeſſed by the greateſt perſons of antiquity. Nations and the Muſes have generally enjoy'd the ſame protectors.

THE reaſon of this is obvious: as the beſt poets have owed their reward to the greateſt heroes and ſtateſmen of their times, ſo thoſe heroes have owed to the poet that poſthumous reputation, which is generally the only reward that attends the greateſt actions. By them the great and good blaze out to poſterity, and triumph over the little malice and envy which once purſued them,

PRO-

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DEDICATION.

PROTECT therefore, Sir, an art from which you may promiſe yourſelf ſuch notable advantages: when the little artifices of your enemies, which you have ſurmounted, ſhall be forgotten; when envy ſhall ceaſe to miſrepreſent your actions, and ignorance to miſapprehend them, the Muſes ſhall remember their protector, the wiſe ſtateſman, and the generous patron, the ſtedfaſt friend and the true patriot; but above all that humanity and ſweetneſs of temper, which ſhine thro' all your actions, ſhall render the name of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE dear to his no longer ungrateful country.

THAT ſucceſs may attend all your couſels, that you may continue to preſerve us from our enemies abroad, and to triumph over your enemies at home, is the ſincere wiſh of,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged,

Moſt obedient humble ſervant,

HENRY FIELDING.

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PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr WILKS.

IN early youth our author first begun
To combat with the follies of the town:
Her want of art his unskill'd muse bewail'd,
And where his fancy pleas'd, his judgment fail'd.
Hence your nice tastes he strove to entertain
With unshap'd monsters of a wanton brain!
He taught Tom Thumb strange victories to boast,
Slew heaps of giants, and then—kill'd a ghost!
To rules, or reason, scorn'd the dull pretence,
And fought, your champion, 'gainst the cause of sense!
At length, repenting frolic flights of youth,
Once more he flies to Nature, and to Truth;
In virtue's just defence, aspires to fame,
And courts applause without th' applauder's shame!
Impartial let your praise or censure flow;
For, as he brings no friend, he hopes to find no foe.
His muse in schools too unpolite was bred,
To apprehend each critic — that can read:
For, sure no man's capacity's less ample
Because he's been at Oxford or the Temple!
He shews but little judgment, or discerning,
Who thinks taste banish'd from the seats of learning.
Nor is less false, or scandalous th' aspersion,
That such will ever damn their own diversion.
But, poets damn'd, like thieves convicted, act,
Rail at their jury, and deny the fact!
To night (yet strangers to the scene) you'll view
A pair of monsters most entirely new!
Two characters scarce ever found in life,
A willing cuckold — sells his willing wife!
But, from whatever clime the creatures come,
Condemn 'em not — because not found at home.
If then true nature in his scenes you trace,
Not scenes that Comedy to Farce debase;

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PROLOGUE.

If modern vice deteſtable be ſhewn,
And vicious, as it is, he draws the town;
Tho' no loud laugh applaud the ſerious page,
Reſtore the ſinking honour of the ſtage!
The ſtage which was not for low farce deſign'd,
But to divert, inſtruct, and mend mankind.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

LORD RICHLY,		Mr CIBBER.
MR BELLAMANT,		Mr WILKS.
CAPTAIN BELLAMANT,		Mr CIBBER, jun.
MR GAYWIT,		Mr MILLS, jun.
MR MODERN,		Mr BRIDGEWATER,
LORD LAZY,	Perſons who attend Lord Richly's levee.	Mr BOWMAN.
COL. COURTLY,		Mr HALLAM, jun.
MR WOODAL,		Mr HARPER.
CAP. MERIT,		Mr PAGET.
CAP. BRAVEMORE,		Mr WATSON.
JOHN, ſervant to Modern,		Mr BERRY.
PORTER to Lord Richly,		Mr MULLART.

WOMEN.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT,	Mrs CIBBER.
MRS BELLAMANT,	Mrs HORTON.
MRS MODERN,	Mrs HERON.
EMILIA,	Mrs BUTLER.
LATELY,	Mrs CHARKE.

SCENE, LONDON.

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THE

MODERN HUSBAND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Mrs* MODERN'S *Houſe.*

Mrs MODERN *at her toilet*; LATELY *attending.*

Mrs MODERN.

LUD! this creature is longer in ſticking a pin, than ſome people are in dreſſing a head. Will you never have done fumbling?

Late. There, Ma'am, your ladyſhip is dreſt.

Mrs Mo. Dreſt! ay, moſt frightfully dreſt, I am ſure—If it were not too late I would begin it all again. This gown is wretchedly made, and does not become me.——When was Trickly here?

Late. Yeſterday, Ma'am, with her bill.

Mrs Mo. How! her bill already?

Late. She ſays, Ma'am, your ladyſhip bid her bring it.

Mrs Mo. Ay, to be ſure, ſhe'll not fail to remember that.

Late. She ſays too, Ma'am, that ſhe's in great diſtreſs for her money.

Mrs Mo. Oh! no doubt of that; I do not know any one who is not.

Late. What ſhall I do, Ma'am, when ſhe comes again?

Mrs Mo. You muſt——you muſt ſend her away again, I think.

Late. Yes, Ma'am, but——

Mrs Mo But——but what? Don't trouble me

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with your impertinence: I have other things to think on—Bills! bills! bills! I wonder, in a civilized nation, there are no laws againſt duns. [*Knocking at the door.*] Come in.

SCENE II.

To them, FOOTMAN.

Foot. My lady Ever-play, Madam, gives her humble ſervice to you, and deſires your ladyſhip's company to-morrow ſe'ennight to make a party at Quadrille with my Lady Loſeall and Mrs Baneſpouſe.

Mrs Mo. Lately, bring the Quadrille book hither; ſee whether I'm engag'd.

Late. Here it is, Ma'am.

Mrs Mo. Run over the engagements.

Late. Monday, February 5. at Mrs Squabble's; Tueſday, at Mrs Witleſs's; Wedneſday, at Lady Matadore's; Thurſday at Mrs Fiddle-faddle's; Friday, at Mrs Ruin's; Saturday, at Lady Trifle's; Sunday, at Lady Barbara Pawnjewel's.

Mrs Mo. What is the wench doing?———See for how long I'm engag'd.—At this rate you will not have done this hour.

Late. Ma'am, your ladyſhip is engag'd every night till Thurſday three weeks.

Mrs Mo. My ſervice to Lady Ever-play; I have parties every night till Thurſday three weeks, and then I ſhall be very glad if ſhe will get two more at my houſe.——And——Tom—take the roll of viſits, and go with my chair to pay them; but remember not to call at Mrs Worthy's.

SCENE III.

Mrs MODERN, LATELY.

Mrs Mo. I intend to leave off her acquaintance, for I never ſee any people of faſhion at her houſe, which, indeed, I do not wonder at; for the wretch is hardly ever to be met with without her huſband. And truly, I think, ſhe is not fit company for any other. Did you ever ſee any one dreſs like her, Lately?

Late.

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Late. Oh, frightful! I have wonder'd how your ladyſhip cou'd endure her ſo long.

Mrs Mo. Why, ſhe plays at Quadrille worſe than ſhe dreſſes, and one wou'd endure a great deal in a perſon who loſes her money.

Late. Nay, now I wonder that your ladyſhip has left her off at all.

Mrs Mo. Truly, becauſe ſhe has left off play; and now ſhe rails at cards for the ſame reaſon as ſome women do at gallantry——from ill ſucceſs.——Poor creatures! how ignorant they are, that all their railing is only a loud proclamation that they have loſt their money, or a lover.

Late. They may rail as long as they pleaſe, Madam; they will never be able to expel thoſe two pleaſures out of the world.

Mrs Mo. Ah, Lately! I hope I ſhall be expelled out of the world firſt. Thoſe Quadrille rings of mine are worth more money than four of the beſt brilliants—There is more conjuration in theſe dear circles —— [*Shews a ring.*] Theſe ſpades, hearts, clubs, and diamonds. Hark, I hear my huſband coming; go you down ſtairs. [*Exit* Lately. Huſband, did I ſay? Sure the wretch who tells his wife deſerves another name. But I muſt be civil to him while I deſpiſe him.

SCENE IV.

Mr MODERN, *Mrs* MODERN.

Mrs Mo. My dear, good-morrow.

Mr Mo. I hope you ſlept well laſt night, Madam; that is, I hope you had good ſucceſs at cards.

Mrs Mo. Very indifferent. I had won a conſiderable ſum, if it had not been for a curſed Sans-prendre-vole, that ſwept the whole table. That Lady Weldon has ſuch luck, if I were ſuperſtitious, I ſhou'd forſwear playing with her—for I never play'd with her but I cheated, nor ever play'd with her but I loſt.

Mr Mo. Then without being very ſuperſtitious, I think you may ſuſpect that ſhe cheats too.

Mrs Mo. Did I not know the other company——

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For the very worſt of Quadrille is, one cannot cheat without a partner. The diviſion of a booty gives one more pain, than the winning it can pleaſure—I am to make up accounts to-morrow with Mrs Sharpring—but where to get the money, I know not, unleſs you have it, child.

Mr Mo. I have it! I wanted to borrow ſome of you: unleſs you can raiſe me five hundred pounds by to-morrow night, I ſhall be in a fair way to go to jail the next morning.

Mrs Mo. If the whole happineſs of my life depended on it, I could not get the tenth part.

Mr Mo. You do not manage Lord Richly right, Men will give any thing to a woman they are fond of.

Mrs Mo. But not to a woman whom they were fond of——The decay of Lord Richly's paſſion is too apparent for you not to have obſerv'd it. He viſits me ſeldom; and I am afraid, ſhould I aſk a favour of him, it might break off our acquaintance.

Mr Mo. Then I ſee no reaſon for your acquaintance: he dances no longer at my houſe, if he will not pay the muſic—But hold, I have a thought come into my head may oblige him to it, and make better muſic for us than you imagine.

Mrs Mo. What is it?

Mr Mo. Suppoſe I procur'd witneſſes of his familiarity with you——I ſhou'd recover ſwinging damages.

Mrs Mo. But then my reputation——

Mr Mo. Pooh, you will have enough to gild it; never fear your reputation while you are rich——for gold in this wold covers as many ſins, as charity in the next. So that get a great deal, and give away a little, and you ſecure your happineſs in both. Beſides, in this caſe all the ſcandal falls on the huſband.

Mrs Mo. Oh no! I ſhall be no more viſited——Farewel, dear Quadrille, dear, dear Sans-prendre-vole, and Matadores.

Mr Mo. You will be forc'd to quit theſe pleaſures otherwiſe; for your companions in 'em will quit you the very moment they apprehend our ſinking fortune.

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fortune. You will find that wealth has a surer interest to introduce roguery into company, than virtue to introduce poverty.

Mrs Mo. You will never persuade me: my reputation is dearer to me than my life.

Mr Mo. Very strange! that a woman who made so little scruple of sacrificing the substance of her virtue, should make so much of parting with the shadow of it.

Mrs Mo. 'Tis the shadow only that is valuable—— Reputation is the soul of virtue.

Mr Mo. So far, indeed, that it survives long after the body is dead. Though to me virtue has appeared nothing more than a sound, and reputation is its echo. Is there not more charm in the chink of a thousand guineas, than in ten thousand praises? But what need more arguments? as I have been contented to wear horns for your pleasure, it is but reasonable you should let me show 'em for my profit.

Mrs Mo. If my pleasures, Mr Modern, had been your only inducement, you wou'd have acted another part. How have you maintain'd your figure in the world since your losses in the South Sea, and others! and do you upbraid me with the crimes which you yourself have licensed—have liv'd by?

Mr Mo. Had I followed my own inclinations, I had retir'd; and instead of supporting these extravagancies by such methods, had reduced my pleasures to my fortune. 'Twas you, Madam, who by your unbridled pride and vanity run me into debt; and then---I gave up your person to secure my own.

Mrs Mo. Ha! have I secur'd thy worthless person at the expence of mine? No, wretch, 'tis at the price of thy shame, I have purchased pleasures. Why, why do I say thy shame? The mean, the groveling animal, whom any fear could force to render up the honour of his wife, must be above the fear of shame. Did I not come unblemish'd to thee? Was not my life unspotted as my fame, 'till at thy base intreaties I gave up my innocence?——Oh! that I had sooner seen thee starve in prison, which yet I will, ere thou shalt reap the

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fruits of my misfortunes. No, I will publish thy dishonour to the world.

Mr Mo Nay, but, my dear.

Mrs Mo. Despicable monster!

Mr Mo. But, child, hearken to reason.

Mrs Mo. Never, never.

Mr Mo. I own myself in the wrong. I ask ten thousand pardons. I will submit to any punishment.

Mrs Mo. To upbraid me with——

Mr Mo. My dear, I am in the wrong, I say. I never will be guilty of the like again.

Mrs Mo. Leave me a while; perhaps I may come to myself.

Mr Mo. My dear, I am obedient. Sure, the grand Seignior has no slave equal to a contented cuckold.

SCENE V.

Mrs MODERN *alone.*

Mrs Mo. What shall I do? Money must be raised —but how! Is there on earth a person that would lend me twenty guineas? I have lost Gaywit's heart too long to expect any thing there; nor would my love ever suffer me to ask him. Ha! Bellamant perhaps may do it; he is generous, and I believe he loves me. I will try him, however. What wretched shifts are they obliged to make use of, who would support the appearance of a fortune which they have not!

SCENE VI. *The street before Lord* Richly's *door.*

Captain MERIT.

Cap. Me. That is the door I must attack; and I have attack'd a city with less reluctance. There is more hardship in one hour's base sollicitation at a levee, than in a whole campaign.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Captain MERIT, PORTER.

Cap. Me. Does my Lord Richly ſee company this morning?

Por. Sir, I cannot tell whether he does or no.

Cap. Me. Nay, I have ſeen ſeveral gentlemen go in.

Por. I know not whom you may ſee go in. I ſuppoſe they have buſineſs with his lordſhip. I hope you will give my Lord leave to be at home to whom he pleaſes.

Cap. Me. If buſineſs be a paſſport to his lordſhip, I have buſineſs with him of conſequence.

Por. Sir, I ſhall tell him of it.

Cap. Me. Sir, I ſhall be oblig'd to you to tell him now.

Por. I cannot carry any meſſage now, unleſs I knew you.

Cap. Me. Why, don't you know me? that my name is Merit.

Por. Sir, here are ſo many gentlemen come ev'ry day, that unleſs I have often new tokens to remember 'em by, it is impoſſible.—Stand by there; room for my Lord Lazy. [*Lord Lazy croſſes in a chair.*

SCENE VIII.

Captain MERITAL, *Captain* BRAVEMORE, *from the houſe.*

Cap. Brave. Merit, good-morrow; what important affair can have ſent you hither, whom I know to ſhun the houſes of the great, as much as virtue does?

Cap. Me Or as much as they do poverty; for I have not been able to advance farther than you ſee me. 'Sdeath, I have mounted a breach againſt an armed file of the enemy, and yet a ſingle porter has deny'd me entrance at that door. You, I ſee, have ſpeeded better.

Cap. Brave. Ha, ha, ha! thou errant man of war. —— Hark'ye, friend, there is but one key to all the great men's houſes in town.

Cap.

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Cap. Me. Is it not enough to cringe to power, but we muſt do the ſame to the ſervants of power?

Cap. Brave. Sir, the ſervants of a great man are all great men. Wou'd you get within their doors, you muſt bow to the porter, and fee him too. Then to go farther, you muſt pay your devoirs to his gentleman; and after you have bowed for about half an hour to the whole family, at laſt you may get a bow from himſelf.

Cap. Me. Damnation! I'd ſooner be a galley-ſlave. Shall I, who have ſpent my youth and health in my country's ſervice, be forc'd by ſuch mean vaſſalage to defend my old age from cold and hunger, while ev'ry painted butterfly wantons in the ſunſhine? [*Colonel* Courtly *croſſes.*] 'Sdeath, there's a fellow now ——That fellow's father was a pimp; his mother, ſhe turn'd baud, and his ſiſter turn'd whore; you ſee the conſequence. How happy is that country, where pimping and whoring are eſteemed public ſervices, and where grandeur and the gallows lie on the ſame road!

Cap. Brave. But leaving off railing, what is your buſineſs with his lordſhip?

Cap. Me. There is a company vacant in Colonel Favourite's regiment, which, by his lordſhip's intereſt, I hope to gain.

Cap. Brave. But pray, by what do you hope to gain his lordſhip's intereſt?

Cap. Me. You know, Bravemore, I am little inclin'd to boaſting; but, I think, my ſervices may ſpeak ſomething for me.

Cap. Brave. Faith, I'm afraid you will find 'em dumb; or if they do ſpeak, it will be a language not underſtood by the great. Suppoſe you apply to his nephew Mr Gaywit; his intereſt with my lord may be of ſervice to you.

Cap. Me. I have often ſeen him at Mr Bellamant's, and believe he wou'd do any thing to ſerve me.

Cap. Brave. But the levée is begun by this. If you pleaſe, I'll introduce you to it.

Cap.

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Cap. Me. What an abundance of poor wretches go to the feeding the vanity of that leviathan one great rogue!

SCENE IX.

Lord RICHLY *at his house.*

L. Rich. Ha, ha, ha! ——agreeable! Courtly, thou art the greateſt droll upon earth——You'll dine with me —— Lord Lazy, will you make me happy too?

L. Lazy. I'll make myſelf ſo, my lord.

L. Rich. Mr Woodall, your ſervant; how long have you been in town?

Wood. I cannot be particular; I carry no almanack about me, my lord; a week or a fortnight, perhaps: too much time to loſe at this ſeaſon, when a man ſhould be driving the foxes out of his country.

Col. Court. I hope you have brought your family to town: a parliament-man ſhou'd always bring his wife with him, that if he does not ſerve the public, ſhe may.

L. Rich. Now, I think familiarity with the wife of a ſenator ſhou'd be made a breach of privilege.

Col. Court. Your lordſhip is in the right——the perſon of his wife ſhou'd be made as ſacred as his own.

Wood. Ay, the women wou'd thank us damnably for ſuch a vote—and the Colonel here is a very likely man to move it.

Col. Court. Not I; for the women then wou'd be as backward to be our wives as the tradeſmen are now to be our creditors.

Wood. To the fine gentlemen of us, who lay out their ſmall fortunes in extravagance, and their ſlender ſtock of love on their wenches. I remember the time, when I was a young fellow, that men us'd to dreſs like men: but now I meet with nothing but a parcel of toupet coxcombs, who plaiſter up their brains upon their periwigs.

L. Rich. I proteſt thou art an arrant wit, Woodall.

Col.

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Col. Court. Oh, he's one of the greateſt wits of his county.

Wood. I have one of the greateſt eſtates of my county; and by what I can ſee, that intitles a man to wit here as well as there.

Cap. Me. Methinks this rough ſpark is very free with his lordſhip. [*To* Bravemore.

Cap. Brave. You muſt know this is a ſort of polite bear-baiting. There is hardly a great man in town but what is fond of theſe ſort of fellows, whom they take a delight in baiting with one or more buffoons. But now for your buſineſs.

L. Rich. I ſhall ſee him this morning; you may depend on my ſpeaking about it.— [*To a gentleman.*] Captain Bravemore, I am glad to ſee you.

Cap. Brave. My lord, here is a gentleman of diſtinguiſhed ſervices; if your lordſhip would recommend him to Colonel Favourite.

L. Rich. Sir, I ſhall certainly do it.

Cap. Me. There being a company vacant, my lord—My name is Merit.

L. Rich Mr Merit, I ſhall be extremely glad to ſerve you.——Sir John, your moſt obedient humble ſervant.——Lazy, what were you ſaying about Mr Bellamant?

L. Lazy. We were talking, my lord, of his affair, which was heard in our houſe yeſterday.

L. Rich. I am ſorry I was not there. It went againſt him, I think.

L. Lazy. Yes, my lord, and I am afraid it affects him deeply.

Col. Court. Undone, Sir; quite undone.

L. Rich. Upon my ſoul, Mrs Bellamant's a fine woman.

Wood. Then, I ſuppoſe, if her huſband's undone, you'll have her among you.

L. Rich. Woodall, thou'rt a liquoriſh dog. Thou woud'ſt have the firſt ſnap.

Wood. Not I; none of your town ladies for me: I always take leave of women from the time I come out of the country till I go back again.

L. Lazy.

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L. Lucy. Women! pox on him, he means foxes again.

Col. Court. He knows no difference.

Wood. Nor you either. But hark'ee, I fancy it is safer riding after the one than the other.

Col. Court. Thy ideas are as grofs as thy perfon.

L. Rich. Hang him, fly rogue—you never knew a fox-hunter, that did not love a wench.

Wood. No, nor a wench of any fenfe that did not love a fox-hunter.

L. Rich. Modern, your fervant.

Mr. Mo. I would prefume only to remind your Lordfhip ——

L. Rich. Depend upon it, I will remember you.—I hope your lady is well.

Mr Mo. Intirely at your fervice, my Lord.

L. Rich. I have a particular affair to communicate to her; a fecret that I cannot fend by you; you know all fecrets are not proper to truft a hufband with.

Mr Mo. You do her too much honour, my Lord: —— I believe you will find her at home any time to-day.

L. Rich. Faith, Modern, I know not whether thou art happier in thy temper, or in thy wife.

Mr Mo. Um—, my Lord, as for my wife, I believe fhe is as good as moft wives; I believe fhe is a virtuous woman: that, I think, I may affirm of her.

L. Rich. That thou may'ft, I dare fwear; and that I as firmly believe as thou doft thyfelf: and let me tell you, a virtuous woman is no common jewel in this age. But prithee, haft thou heard any thing of Mr Bellamant's affairs?

Mr Mo. No more than that he has loft his cauſe, which he feemed to expect the other night, when he was at my houſe.

L. Rich. Then you are intimate?

Mr Mo He vifits my wife pretty often, my Lord.

L. Rich. Modern, you know I am your friend——and now we are alone, let me advife you. Take care of Bellamant, take a particular care of Bellamant—He is prudent enough in his amours to paſs upon the world

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world for a conſtant huſband; but I know him—I know him—he is a dangerous man.

Mr Mo. My Lord, you ſurpriſe me ſo, that ——

L. Rich. I know you will excuſe this freedom my friendſhip takes: but beware of Bellamant, as you love your honour.

Serv. My Lord, the coach is at the door.

L. Rich. My dear Modern, I ſee the great ſurpriſe you are in: but you'll excuſe my freedom.

Mr Mo. I am eternally obliged to your Lordſhip—

L. Rich. Your humble ſervant.

Mr Mo. I hope your Lordſhip will pardon my freedom, if after all theſe obligations I beg leave once more to remind you.

L. Rich. Depend upon it, I'll take care of you—— What a world of poor chimerical devils does a levee draw together? all gaping for favours, without the leaſt capacity of making a return for them.

But great men juſtly act, by wiſer rules;
A levee is the paradiſe of fools.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Mrs* Bellamant's *Houſe.*

Mrs BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

Mrs BELLAMANT.

BID John put up the coach. [*To a ſervant.*] What think you now, Emilia? Has not this morning's ramble given you a ſurfeit of the town? After all the nonſenſe and ill nature we have heard to-day, wou'd it grieve one to part with the place one is ſure to hear 'em over again in?

Emi. I am far from thinking any of its pleaſures worth too eager a wiſh. And the woman who has with her in the country, the man ſhe loves, muſt be a very ridiculous creature to pine after the town.

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Mrs Bel. And yet, my dear, I believe you know there are ſuch ridiculous creatures.

Emi. I rather imagine, they retire with the man they ſhould love, than him they do: for a heart that is paſſionately fond of the pleaſures here, has rarely room for any other fondneſs. The town itſelf is the paſſion of the greater part of our ſex; but ſuch I can never allow a juſt notion of love to. ——A woman, that ſincerely loves, can know no happineſs without, nor miſery with, her beloved object.

Mrs Bel. You talk feelingly, I proteſt; I wiſh you don't leave your heart behind you.—Come, confeſs; I hope I have deſerv'd rather to be eſteem'd your confidant than your mother-in-law.

Emi. Wou'd it be a crime if it were ſo? But if love be a crime, I am ſure you cannot upbraid me with it.

Mrs Bel. Tho' if it be a crime, I am ſure you are guilty.— Well, I approve your choice, child.

Emi. My choice! excellent! I carry his picture in my eyes, I ſuppoſe.

Mrs Bel. As ſure as in your heart, my dear.

Emi. Nay, but dear Madam, tell me whom you gueſs.

Mrs Bel. Huſh, here's Mr Bellamant.

Enter BELLAMANT.

Mr Bel. So ſoon return'd, my dear? Sure, you found no body at home.

Mrs Bel. Oh, my dear! I have been in ſuch an aſſembly of company, and ſo pulled to pieces with impertinence and ill-nature.——Welcome, welcome, the country! for ſure the world is ſo very bad, thoſe places are beſt, where one has the leaſt of it.

Mr Bel. What's the matter?

Mrs Bel. In ſhort, I have been downright affronted.

Mr Bel. Who durſt affront you?

Mrs Bel. A ſet of women that dare do ev'ry thing but what they ſhould do. ——In the firſt place, I was complimented with prude, for not being at the laſt maſquerade —— with dulneſs for not entering into

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the taſte of the town in ſome of its diverſions—Then had my whole dreſs run over, and diſlik'd; and to finiſh all, Mrs Termagant told me I look'd frightful.

Mr Bel. Not all the paint in Italy can give her half your beauty.

Mrs Bel. You are certainly the moſt complaiſant man in the world, and I the only wife who can retire home, to be put in a good humour. Moſt huſbands are like a plain dealing looking-glaſs, which ſullies all the compliments we have receiv'd abroad, by aſſuring us we don't deſerve 'em.

[*During this ſpeech, a ſervant delivers a letter to* Bellamant, *which he reads.*

Emi. I believe though, Madam, that generally happens when they are not deſerv'd: for a woman of true beauty, can never feel any diſſatisfaction from the juſtice of her glaſs; nor ſhe, who has your worth, from the ſincerity of her huſband.

Mrs Bel. Your father ſeems diſcompos'd——— wiſh there be no ill news in his letter.

Mr Bel My dear, I have a favour to aſk of you.

Mrs Bel. Say, to command me.

Mr Bel. I gave you a bank note of a hundred yeſterday, you muſt let me have it again.

Mrs Bel. I am the luckieſt creature in the world, that I did not pay away ſome of it this morning. Emilia, child, come with me. [*Exit with* Emilia.

Mr Bel. Excellent, unhappy woman! How little doth ſhe gueſs, ſhe fetches this money for a rival? That is all the little merit I can boaſt towards her, to have contended by the utmoſt civility and compliance with all her deſires, and the utmoſt caution in the management of my amour, to diſguiſe from her a ſecret, that muſt have made her miſerable. Let me read once more.

" SIR,

" If you have, or ever had, any value for me, ſend " me a hundred pounds this morning, or, to make " 'em more welcome than the laſt of neceſſities can, " bring

"bring them yourself to—Yours—more than her "own, HILLARIA MODERN."

Why, what a farce is human life? How ridiculous is the purſuit of our deſires, when the enjoyment of them is ſure to beget new ones?

SCENE II.

Mr BELLAMANT, *Cap.* BELLAMANT.

Cap. Bel. Good-morrow, Sir.

Mr Bel. I ſuppoſe, Sir, by the gaiety of your dreſs, and your countenance, I may with you joy of ſomething beſides your father's misfortunes.

Cap. Bel. Wou'd you have me go into mourning for your loſſes, Sir?

Mr Bel. You may mourn, Sir —I am now unable to ſupport your extravagance any longer. My advice, nay, my commands have had no effect upon you, but neceſſity muſt; and your extravagance muſt fall of courſe, when it has nothing to ſupport it.

Cap. Bel. I am ſurpriſed you ſhould call the expences of a gentleman extravagance.

Mr Bel. I am ſorry you think the expences of a fool, or fop, the expences of a gentleman; and that race-horſes, cards, dice, whores, and embroidery, are neceſſary ingredients in that amiable compoſition.

Cap. Bel. Faith, and they are ſo with moſt gentlemen of my acquaintance; and give me leave to tell you, Sir, theſe are the qualifications which recommend a man to the beſt ſort of people. Suppoſe I had ſtaid at the univerſity, and followed Greek and Latin as you adviſ'd me, what acquaintance had I found at court? what bows had I receiv'd at an aſſembly, or the opera?

Mr Bel. And will you pleaſe to tell me, Sir, what advantage you have receiv'd from theſe? Are you the wiſer, or the richer? what are you? Why, in your opinion, better dreſt.——Where elſe had been the ſmart toupet, that elegant ſword-knot, that coat covered with lace, and then with powder? That ever Heav'n ſhould make me father to ſuch a dreſt-up daw! a crea-

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a creature who draws all his vanity from the gift of tailors and periwig makers!

Cap. Bel. Wou'd you not have your ſon dreſt, Sir?

Mr Bel. Yes, and if he can afford it, let him be ſometimes fine; but let him dreſs like a man, not affect the woman, in his habit or his geſture.

Cap. Bel. If a man will keep good company, he muſt comply with the faſhion.

Mr Bel. I would no more comply with a ridiculous faſhion, than with a vicious one; nor with that which makes a man look like a monkey, than that which makes him act like any other beaſt.

Cap. Bel. Lord, Sir! you are grown ſtrangely unpolite.

Mr Bel. I ſhall not give myſelf any farther trouble with you; but ſince all my endeavours have proved ineffectual — leave you to the bent of your own inclinations. But I muſt deſire you to ſend me no more bills; I aſſure you I ſhall not anſwer them — you muſt live on your commiſſion—this laſt misfortune has made it impoſſible that I ſhould add one farthing to your income.

Cap. Bel. I have an affair in my view, which may add to it.—Sir, I wiſh you good-morrow.—When a father and ſon muſt not talk of money-matters, I cannot ſee what they have to do together.

SCENE III.

Mr BELLAMANT, *Mrs* BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

Mrs Bel. Here is the bill, my dear.

Mr Bel. You ſhall be repaid in a day or two.

Mrs Bel. I ſaw your ſon part haſtily from you, as I came in; I hope you have not been angry with him.

Mr Bel. Why will you ever intermeddle between us?

Mrs Bel. I hope you will pardon an interceſſion, my dear, for a ſon-in-law; which I ſhould not be guilty of for a ſon of my own.

SCENE

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SCENE IV.

Mr GAYWIT, *Mr* BELLAMANT, *Mrs* BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

Mr Gay. Bellamant, good-morrow———Ladies, your humble ſervant.

Mr Bel. Servant, Mr Gaywit. I thought your time had been ſo employ'd, that you had forgot your friends.

Mr Gay. I ought to excuſe ſo long an abſence, but as Bellamant knows that it muſt give myſelf the greateſt pain, he will impute it to buſineſs.

Mr Bel. Did I not alſo know, that two days of thy life were never given to buſineſs yet——

Mr Gay. Not what the grave world call ſo, I confeſs; but of what the gay world allow that name to, no hands were ever fuller.

Mr Bel. You have been making love to ſome new miſtreſs, I ſuppoſe.

Mr Gay. Fy, it is only huſbands make a buſineſs of love, to us 'tis but an amuſement.

Mrs Bel. Very fine! and to my face too!

Mr Gay. Mr Bellamant, Madam, is ſo known an exception to the general mode of huſbands, that what is thrown on them, cannot affect one of ſo celebrated a conſtancy.

Mrs Bel. That's a virtue he may be celebrated for, without much envy.

Mr Gay. He will be envy'd by all men for the cauſe of that conſtancy. Were ſuch wives as Mrs Bellamant leſs ſcarce, ſuch huſbands as my friend wou'd be more common.

Emi. You are always throwing the fault on us.

Mrs Bel. It is commonly in us, either in our choice of our huſband, or our behaviour to them. No woman, who married a man of perfect ſenſe, was ever unhappy, but from her own folly. [*Knock here.*

Mr Gay. [*Looking out of the window.*] Ha! a very worthy uncle of mine, my Lord Richly.

Mrs Bel. You'll excuſe me, if I am not at home.

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Mr Gay. Fy! to deny yourſelf to him, wou'd be unprecedented.

Mr Bel. I aſſure you, no——for I have often done it.

Mr Gay. Then, I believe, you are the only man in town that has. But it is too late, I hear him on the ſtairs.

Mr Bel. Come, Emilia, we'll leave the gentlemen to their entertainment; I have been ſurfeited with it already.

SCENE V.

Lord RICHLY, *Mr* GAYWIT, *Mr* BELLAMANT.

L. Rich. Dear Bellamant, I am your moſt obedient ſervant. I am come to aſk you ten thouſand pardons, that my affairs prevented my attendance the day your cauſe came on. It might have been in my power to have ſerv'd you beyond my ſingle vote.

Mr Bel. I am oblig'd to your lordſhip; but as I have great reaſon to be ſatisfied with the juſtice of your honourable houſe——I am contented.

L. Rich. I hope the loſs was not conſiderable.

Mr Bel. I thought your lordſhip had heard.

L. Rich. I think, I was told twenty thouſand pound——but that's a trifle, a ſmall retrenchment in one's expences——two or three dozen ſuits the leſs, and two or three dozen fewer women in the year, will ſoon reimburſe you.

Mr Bel. My loſs is not equal to what your lordſhip intimates; nor can I complain of a fortune ſtill large enough to retire into the country with.

L. Rich. Nay, dear Bellamant, we muſt not loſe you ſo. Have you no friend that cou'd favour you with ſome comfortable ſnug employment, of a thouſand or fifteen hundred per annum?

Mr Gay. Your lordſhip is the propereſt perſon in the world.

L. Rich. Who, I? I am ſure, no mortal wou'd do half ſo much to ſerve dear Jack Bellamant as myſelf——but I have no intereſt in the leaſt.

Mr

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Mr Bel. I am obliged to the good offices of my friend, but I assure your lordship I have no intention that way. Besides, I have liv'd long enough in the world to see that necessity is a bad recommendation to favours of that kind, which as seldom fall to those who really want them, as to those who really deserve them.

L. Rich. I can't help saying, those things are not easily obtain'd. I heartily wish I could serve you in any thing.——It gives me a great deal of uneasiness that my power is not equal to my desire.—Damn it, I must turn this discourse, or he'll never have done with it.—Oh, Bellamant! have you heard of the new opera of Mr Crambo?

Mr Gay. What's the name of it?

L. Rich. It will be call'd the humours of Bedlam. I have read it, and it is a most surprising fine performance. It has not one syllable of sense in it, from the first page to the last.

Mr Gay. It must certainly take.

L. Rich. Sir, it shall take, if I have interest enough to support it. I hate your dull writers of the late reigns. The design of a play is to make you laugh; and who can laugh at sense?

Mr Gay. I think, my lord, we have improv'd on the Italians. They wanted only sense—we have neither sense nor music.

L. Rich. I hate all music but a jig.

Mr Gay. I don't think it wou'd be an ill project, my lord, to turn the best of our tragedies and comedies into operas.

L. Rich. And, instead of a company of players, I wou'd have a company of tumblers and ballad singers.

Mr Bel. Why, faith, I believe it will come to that soon, unless some sturdy critic should oppose it.

L. Rich. No critic shall oppose it. It wou'd be very fine, truly, if men of quality were confin'd in their taste; we should be rarely diverted, if a set of pedants were to license all our diversions; the stage then wou'd be as dull as a country pulpit.

My

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Mr Gay. And the boxes in Drury-Lane, as empty as the galleries in St James's.

Mr Bel. Like enough: for religion and common ſenſe are in a fair way to be baniſh'd out of the world together.

L. Rich. Let them go, egad.

Mr Bel. This is, I believe, the only age that has ſcorn'd a pretence to religion.

L. Rich. Then it is the only age that hath ſcorned hypocriſy.

Mr Bel. Rather, that hypocriſy is the only hypocriſy it wants. You ſhall have a known raſcal ſet up for honour —— a fool for wit —— and your profeſſed dear boſom fawning friend, who, tho' he wallow in wealth, would refuſe you ten guineas to preſerve you from ruin, ſhall loſe a hundred times that ſum at cards, to ruin your wife.

L. Rich. There dear Jack Bellamant is the happ'eſt man in the world, by poſſeſſing a wife whom a thouſand times that ſum wou'd have no effect on.

Mr Bel. I look upon myſelf equally happy, my Lord, in having no ſuch friend as wou'd tempt her.

L. Rich. That thou haſt not, I dare ſwear. But I thank you for putting me in mind of it. I muſt engage her in my author's cauſe, for I know her judgment has a great ſway.

Mr Bel. As our ſtay will be ſo ſhort in town, ſhe can do you no ſervice; beſides, I have heard her deteſt partiality in thoſe affairs; you wou'd never perſuade her to give a vote contrary to her opinion.

L. Rich. Deteſt partiality! ha, ha, ha,—I have heard a lady declare for doing juſtice to a play, and condemn it the very next minute —— tho' I knew ſhe had neither ſeen nor read it. Thoſe things are entirely guided by favour.

Mr Gay. Nay, I ſee no reaſon to fix the ſcandal on the ladies; party and prejudice have the ſame dominion over us. Aſk a man's character of one of his party, and you ſhall hear he is one of the worthieſt, honeſteſt fellows in Chriſtendom; aſk it of one of the oppoſite party, and you ſhall find him

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as worthleſs, good-for-nothing a dog as ever was hang'd.

Mr Bel. So that a man muſt labour very hard to get a general good reputation, or a general bad one.

L. Rich. Well, ſince you allow ſo much, you will give me leave to tempt Mrs Bellamant.

Mr Bel. With all my heart, my lord.

Mr Gay. Thou art a well-bred huſband, indeed, to give another leave to tempt your wife.

Mr Bel. I thou'd have been a very ill-bred one to have deny'd it. Who's there.

Enter SERVANT.

L. Rich. If I had ſaid more, he had granted it, rather than have loſt my favour. Poverty makes as many cuckolds as it does thieves. [*Aſide.*

Mr Bel. Wait on my lord Richly to your miſtreſs's apartment.—I am your moſt obedient ſervant.

SCENE VI.

Mr GAYWIT, *Mr* BELLAMANT.

Mr Gay. I find you are reſolv'd to make your wife ſhare your misfortunes. It wou'd have been civil to have given her the choice of not being at home.

Mr Bel. I wanted to be alone with you——— beſides, women have a liberty of ſending away an impertinent viſitant, which we have not.

Mr Gay. Ay, and a way of entertaining viſitants too which we have not; and he is a viſitant not eaſily ſent away, I aſſure you, I have known him receive very vigorous rebuffs without retreating.

Mr Bel. You talk as if you ſuſpected his making love to my wife.

Mr Gay. He does ſo to every woman he ſees; neither the ſtricteſt friendſhip profeſs'd to her huſband, nor the beſt reputation on her own ſide, can preſerve any woman he likes from his attacks: for he is arriv'd at that happy way of regarding all the reſt of mankind

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mankind as his tenants, and thinks becauſe he poſſeſſes more than they, he is entitled to whatever they poſſeſs.

Mr Bel. Inſolent vanity! I wonder the ſpirit of mankind has not long ſince cruſh'd the tyranny of ſuch lordly wolves. Yet believe me, Gaywit, there generally goes a great deal of affectation to compoſe this voluptuous man. He oftener injures women in their fame, than in their perſons. This affectation of variety, diſcovers a fickly appetite; and many miſtreſſes, like many diſhes, are often ſent away untaſted.

Mr Gay. A very innocent affectation, truly, to deſtroy a lady's fame!

Mr Bel. Why ay, for we are come to an age, wherein a woman may live very comfortably without it: as long as the huſband is content with his infamy, the wife eſcapes hers.

Mr Gay. And I am miſtaken, if many huſbands in this town do not live very comfortably by being content with their infamy; nay, by being promoters of it. It is a modern trade, unknown to our anceſtors, a modern bubble, which ſeems to be in a riſing condition at preſent.

Mr Bel. It is a ſtock-jobbing age, ev'ry thing has its price; marriage is traffic throughout; as moſt of us bargain to be huſbands, ſo ſome of us bargain to be cuckolds; and he wou'd be as much laugh'd at, who prefer'd his love to his intereſt, at this end of the town, as he who preferr'd his honeſty to his intereſt at the other.

Mr Gay. You, Bellamant, have had boldneſs enough, in contradiction to this general opinion, to chuſe a woman from her ſenſe and virtues. I wiſh it were in my power to follow your example—— but——

Mr Bel. But the opinion of the world, dear boy.

Mr Gay. No, my good forefathers have choſen a wife for me. I am oblig'd by the ſettlement of lord Richly's eſtate to marry lady Charlotte.

Mr Bel. How!

Mr

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Mr Gay. The eſtate will deſcend to me ſo encumber'd, I aſſure you.

Mr Bel. I thought it had not been in lord Richly's power to have cut off the entail.

Mr Gay. Not if I marry Lady Charlotte.

Mr Bel. I think you are happy in being engag'd to no more diſagreeable a woman.

Mr Gay. Lady Charlotte is, indeed, pretty; but were ſhe every thing a lover could wiſh, or even imagine — there is a woman, my friend —

Mr Bel. Nay, if you are in love with another, I pity you.

Mr Gay. Didſt thou know how I love, you would pity me: but didſt thou know whom, could'ſt thou look upon her with eyes like mine, could'ſt thou behold beauty, wit, ſenſe, good-nature, contending which ſhould adorn her moſt!

Mr Bel. Poor Gaywit! thou art gone indeed.

Mr Gay. But, I ſuppoſe, the ladies have by this diſcharg'd their viſitant. Now, if you pleaſe, we will attend them.

Mr Bel. You will excuſe me, if I leave you with them; which I will not do, unleſs you promiſe I ſhall find you at my return.

Mr Gay. I intend to dedicate the day to your family; ſo diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe.

SCENE VII. *Mrs* MODERN'S *Houſe.*

Lord RICHLY, *Mrs* MODERN.

Mrs Mo. I think I ought to blame your unkindneſs —I have not ſeen you ſo long.

L. Rich. Do you think a week ſo long?

Mrs Mo. Once you wou'd have thought ſo.

L. Rich. Why, truly, hours in the ſpring of love are ſomething ſhorter than they are in the winter.

Mrs Mo. Barbarous man! do you inſult me, after what I have done for you?

L. Rich. I fancy theſe favours have been reciprocal.

Mrs Mo. Have I not given you up my virtue?

L. Rich.

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L. Rich. And have I not paid for your virtue, Madam? I am sure I am 1500l. out of pocket, which, in my way of counting, is fourteen more than any woman's virtue is worth; in short, our amour is at an end, for I am in pursuit of another mistress.

Mrs Mo. Why, do you come to torment me with her?

L. Rich. Why, I wou'd have you act like other prudent women in a lower station; when you can please no longer with your own person, e'en do it with other people's.

Mrs Mo. Monster! insupportable!

L. Rich. You may rave, Madam, but if you will not do me a favour, there are wiser people enow will ——I fix'd on you out of a particular regard to you; for I think when a man is to lay out his money, he is always to do it with his friends.

Mrs Mo. I'll bear it no longer. [*Going.*

L. Rich. Nor I. [*Going.*

Mrs Mo. Stay, my lord, can you be so cruel?

L. Rich. Pshaw! [*Going.*

Mrs Mo. Oh! stay! stay!——you know my necessities,

L. Rich. And, I think, I propose a very good cure for them.

Mrs Mo. Lend me a hundred guineas.

L. Rich. I will do more.

Mrs Mo. Generous creature!

L. Rich. I'll give you—twenty.

Mrs Mo. Do you jest with my necessity!

L. Rich. Look'e, Madam, if you will do a good-natur'd thing for me, I'll oblige you in return, as I promis'd you before, and I think that very good payment.

Mrs Mo. Pray, my lord, use me with decency at least.

L. Rich. Why should we use more decency to an old acquaintance, than you ladies do to a new lover, and have more reason for so doing? You often belye your hearts when you use us ill—In using you so, we follow the dictates of our natures.

Enter a servant, who delivers a letter to Mrs Modern.

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Mrs Mo. Ha! it is Bellamant's hand——and the note that I desir'd———This is lucky, indeed.

SCENE VIII.

Lord RICHLY, *Mr* GAYWIT, EMILIA, *Lady* CHARLOTTE, *Captain* BELLAMANT, *Mrs* MODERN.

L. Rich. So! here's an end of my business for the present, I find.

La. Char. Oh, dear Modern! I am heartily glad to see you are alive; for you must know, I thought it impossible for any one to be alive, and not be at the rehearsal of the new opera.

Cap. Bel. How can you be surpris'd at one of no taste, lady Charlotte?

Mrs Mo. I suppose it was very full.

La. Char. Oh! ev'ry body was there; all the world.

Mr Gay. How can that be, lady Charlotte, when so considerable a part, as Mrs Modern, was wanting?

Mrs Mo. Civil creature! when will you say such a thing?

Cap. Bel. When I am as dull, Madam.

L. Rich. Very true! no one makes a compliment but those that want wit for satire.

Mr Gay. Right, my lord. It is as great a sign of want of wit to say a good-natur'd thing, as want of sense to do one.

La. Char. Oh! I wou'd not say a good-natur'd thing for the world. Captain Bellamant, did you ever hear me say a good-natur'd thing in your life?

Mr Gay. But I am afraid, lady Charlotte, tho' wit be a sign of ill-nature, ill-nature is not always a sign of wit.

La. Char. I'll give you leave to say any thing, after what I have said this morning—— Oh! dear Modern, I wish you had seen Emilia's dressing box! such japoning ——he! he! he!—she hath varnished over a windmill ten several times, before she discover'd she had placed the wrong side upwards.

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Mrs Mo. I have had juſt ſuch another misfortune. I have laid out thirty pounds on a cheſt, and now I diſlike it of all things.

La. Char. Oh! my dear, I do not like one thing in twenty that I do myſelf.

Emi. You are the only perſon that diſlikes, I dare ſay, Lady Charlotte.

La. Char. Oh, you flattering creature! I wiſh you cou'd bring my papa to your opinion. He ſays, I throw away more money in work than in play.

Mrs Mo. But you have not heard half my misfortune; for when I ſent my cheſt to be ſold, what do you think I was offer'd for my thirty pounds worth of work?

La. Char. I don't know; fifty guineas, perhaps.

Mrs Mo. Twenty ſhillings, as I live.

La. Char. Oh! intolerable! Oh! inſufferable!

Cap. Bel. But are we to have no Hazard this morning?

Mrs Mo. With all my heart——lord Richly, wh t ſay you?

L. Rich. My vote always goes with the majority, Madam.

Mrs Mo. Come then, the ſhrine is within, and you that will offer at it, follow me.

SCENE IX.

Mr GAYWIT, EMILIA.

Emi. Mr Gaywit, are you no gameſter?

Mr Gay. No, Madam; when I play 'tis the utmoſt ſtretch of my complaiſance.

Emi. I am glad I can find one who is as great an enemy to play as myſelf; for I aſſure you, we are both of the ſame opinion.

Mr Gay. I wiſh we were ſo in ev'ry thing.

Emi. Sir!

Mr Gay. I ſay, Madam, I wiſh all of my opinions were as well ſeconded; and yet, methinks, I wou'd not have your thoughts the ſame with mine.

Emi. Why ſo, pray?

Mr Gay. Becauſe you muſt have then many an unhappy

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unhappy hour, which that you may ever avoid, will be ſtill my heartieſt prayer.

Emi. I am obliged to you, Sir.

Mr Gay. Indeed you are not. It is a ſelf intereſted wiſh: for, believe me, to ſee the leaſt affliction attend you, wou'd give this breaſt the greateſt agony it is capable of feeling.

Emi. Nay, this is ſo extravagant a flight, I know not what to call it.

Mr Gay. Nor I. Call it a juſt admiration of the higheſt worth, call it the tendereſt friendſhip, if you pleaſe; though much I fear it merits the ſweeteſt, ſofteſt name that can be given to any of our paſſions. If there be a paſſion pure without alloy, as tender and ſoft, as violent and ſtrong, you cannot ſure miſcall it by that name.

Emi. You grow now too philoſophical for me to underſtand you: beſides, you would, I am ſure, be beſt underſtood ironically; for who can believe any thing of Mr Gaywit, when he hath aſſerted that he is unhappy?

Mr Gay. Nay, I will leave my caſe to your own determination when you know it. Suppoſe me obliged to marry the woman I don't like, debarr'd for ever from her I love, I dote on, the delight of my eyes, the joy of my heart. Suppoſe me obliged to forſake her, and marry — another.

Emi. But I cannot ſuppoſe you obliged to that.

Mr Gay. Were it not an impertinent trouble, I cou'd convince you.

Emi. I know not why I may not be excuſed a little concern for one who hath expreſſed ſo much for me.

Mr Gay. Then, Madam, the ſettlement of my whole fortune obliges me to marry Lady Charlotte Gaywit.

Emi. How! ——but ſuppoſe the refuſal were on Lady Charlotte's ſide.

Mr Gay. That is my only hope.

Emi. And I can aſſure you, your hope is not ill-grounded.

Mr Gay. I know ſhe hath expreſſed ſome diſlike to

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me; but she is a woman of that sort, that it is as difficult to be certain of her dislike, as her affection; and whom the prospect of grandeur would easily make obedient to her father's commands.

Emi. Well, if you are sincere, I pity you heartily.

Mr Gay. And if you are sincere, I never knew happiness till this dear moment.

SCENE X.

Mr GAYWIT, EMILIA, *Lord* RICHLY, *Mrs* MODERN, *Lady* CHARLOTTE, *Cap.* BELLAMANT.

Mrs Mo. Victoria! Victoria!

Cap. Bel. Stript, by Jupiter!

La. Char. Eleven mains together, Modern; you are a devil.

Emi. What's the matter, Lady Charlotte?

La. Char. Oh, my dear, you never saw the like—Modern has held nine thousand mains in one hand, and won all the world.

Mr Gay. She has always great luck at Hazard.

L. Rich. Surprising to-day, upon my word.

Mrs Mo. Surprising to me; for it is the first success I have had this month; and I am sure, my Quadrille makes every one a sufficient amends for my Hazard.

L. Rich. You are one of those whose winning nobody ever heard of, or whose losing no one ever saw.

Cap. Bel. But you forgot the auction, Lady Charlotte.

La. Char. What have I to do at an auction, that am ruin'd and undone?

Mr Gay. As much as many that are undone; bid out of whim, in order to raise the price, and ruin others. Or if the hammer should fall upon you, before you expect it, take a sudden dislike to the goods, or dispute your own words, and leave them upon the hands of the seller.

Mrs

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Mrs Mo. How polite is that now? Gaywit will grow ſhortly as well-bred as Madcap.

Cap. Bel. We ſhall have him there too, and he is the life of an auction.

La. Char. Oh! the moſt agreeable creature in the world—he has more wit than any body, he has made me laugh five hundred hours together. Emilia, we will juſt call there, and then I'll ſet you down at home.

Emi. Let us but juſt call then.

La. Char. That caution is admirable from you, when you know I never ſtay above ſix minutes any where. Well, you never will reform.

L. Rich. I deſire, Charlotte, you wou'd be at home by four.

La. Char. I ſhall very eaſily, my lord; for I have not above fourteen or fifteen places to call at.——— Come, dear creature, let us go, for I have more buſineſs than half the world upon my hands, and I muſt poſitively call at the auction.

Mr Gay. Where you have no buſineſs, it ſeems.

La. Char. Impertinent! Modern, your ſervant.

SCENE XI.

Lord RICHLY, *Mrs* MODERN.

L. Rich. I only waited till you were alone, Madam——to renew my buſineſs.

Mrs Mo. If you intend to renew your impertinence, I wiſh you wou'd omit both.

L. Rich. So, I find I have my work to do over again.

Mrs Mo. But if you pleaſe, my lord, to truce with your propoſals, and let Piquet be the word.

L. Rich. So you have taken money out of my daughter's hands, to put it into mine.

Mrs Mo. Be not confident——I have been too hard for you before now.

L. Rich. Well, and without a compliment, I know none whom I wou'd ſooner loſe to than yourſelf; for to any one who loves play as well as you, and

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plays as ill, the money we loſe, by a ſurpriſing ill fortune, is only lent.

Mrs Mo. Methinks, my lord, you ſhou'd be fearful of deterring me by this plain-dealing.

L. Rich. I am better acquainted with your ſex. It is as impoſſible to perſuade a woman that ſhe plays ill, as that ſhe looks ill. The one may make her tear her cards, and the other break her looking-glaſs.

Her want of ſkill, for want of luck muſt paſs;
As want of beauty's owing to her glaſs.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Continues.*

Lord RICHLY, *Mrs* MODERN.

Mrs MODERN.

CAN you be ſo cruel?

L. Rich. Ridiculous! you might as well aſk me for my whole eſtate; I am ſure, I wou'd as ſoon give it you.

Mrs Mo. An everlaſting curſe attend the cards! —— to be repiqu'd from forty, when I play'd but for five! My lord, I believe you a cheat.

L. Rich. At your ſervice, Madam ——when you have more money, if you will honour me with notice, I will be ready to receive it.

Mrs Mo. Stay, my lord——give me the twenty guineas.

L. Rich. On my conditions.

Mrs Mo. Any conditions.

L. Rich. Then you muſt contrive, ſome way or other, a meeting between me and Mrs Bellamant, at your houſe.

Mrs Mo. Mrs Bellamant!

L. Rich. Why do you ſtart at that name?

Mrs Mo. She has the reputation of the ſtricteſt virtue of any woman in town.

L. Rich.

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L. Rich. Virtue! ha, ha, ha! ſo have you, and ſo have ſeveral of my acquaintance; there are as few women who have not the reputation of virtue, as that have the thing itſelf.

Mrs Mod. And what do you propoſe by meeting her here?

L. Rich. I am too civil to tell you plainly what I propoſe; tho' by your queſtion one wou'd imagine you expected it.

Mrs Mo. I expect any thing from you, rather than civility, my lord.

L. Rich. Madam, it will be your own fault, if I am not civil to you. Do this for me, and I'll deny you nothing.

Mrs Mo. There is one thing which tempts me more than your gold, which is the expectation of ſeeing you deſert her, as you have done me.

L. Rich. Which is a pleaſure you'll certainly have; and the ſooner you compaſs my wiſhes, the ſooner you may triumph in your own: nay, there is a third motive will charm thee, my dear Hillaria, more than the other two. When I have laid this paſſion, which hath abated that for you, I may return to your arms with all my former fondneſs.

Mrs Mo. Excuſe my incredulity, my lord; for tho' love can change its object, it can never return to the ſame again.

L. Rich. I may convince you of the contrary—but to our buſineſs; fortune hath declar'd on our ſide already, by ſending Bellamant hither: cultivate an acquaintance with him, and you cannot avoid being acquainted with his wife. She is the perfect ſhadow of her huſband; they are as inſeparable as lady Coquette and her lapdog.

Mrs Mo. Yes, or as her ladyſhip and her impertinence; or her lapdog and his ſmell. Well, it is to me ſurpriſing, how women of faſhion can carry huſbands, children, and lapdogs about with them; three things I never could be fond of.

L. Rich. If the ladies were not fonder of their lapdogs than of their huſbands, we ſhou'd have no more

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more dogs in St James's parish, than there are lions at the Tower.

Mrs Mo. It is an uncommon bravery in you, to single out the woman who is reputed to be the fondest of her husband.

L. Rich. She that is fond of one man, may be fond of another. Fondness, in a woman's temper, like the love of play, may prefer one man, and one game; but will incline her to try more, especially when she expects greater profit; and there, I am sure, I am superior to my rival: if flattery will allure her, or riches tempt her, she shall be mine; and those are the two great gates by which the devil enters the heart of womankind——Pshaw! He here!——

SCENE II.

Lord RICHLY, *Mr* MODERN, *Mrs* MODERN.

Mr Mo. I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

L. Rich. Have you seen this new opera, Madam?

Mrs Mo. I have heard vast commendations of it; but I cannot bear an opera, now poor La Dovi's gone.

L. Rich. Nor I, after poor A la Fama.

Mrs Mo. Oh! Cara la Dovi! I protest, I have often resolv'd to follow her into Italy.

L. Rich. You will allow A la Fama's voice, I hope.

Mrs Mo. But the mein of La Dovi, then her judgment in singing; the moment she enter'd the stage, I have wish'd myself all eyes.

L. Rich. And the moment A la Fama sung, I have wish'd myself all ears.

Mr Mo. I find, I am no desir'd part of this company. I hope your lordship will pardon me; business of the greatest consequence requiring my attendance, prevents my waiting on your lordship according to my desires.

SCENE

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SCENE III.

Lord RICHLY, *Mrs* MODERN.

L. Rich. This unſeaſonable interruption has quite cut the thread of my deſign. Pox on him, a huſband, like a fool in a play, is of no uſe but to cauſe confuſion.

Mrs Mo. You wou'd have an opportunity at my houſe, and to procure it, I muſt be acquainted with Mrs Bellamant; now, there is a lucky accident which you are not apprized of——Mr Bellamant is an humble ſervant of mine.

L. Rich. That is lucky indeed; cou'd we give her a cauſe of ſuſpicion that way, it were a lively proſpect of my ſucceſs; as perſuading a thief that his companion is falſe, is the ſureſt way to make him ſo.

Mrs Mo. A very pretty compariſon of your Lordſhip between the two ſtates.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, Mr Bellamant deſires to know if your Ladyſhip is at home.

Mrs Mo. I am.——Bring him into the dining-room.

L. Rich. Thou dear creature, let me but ſucceed in this affair, I'll give thee millions.

Mrs Mo. More gold, and fewer promiſes, my Lord.

L. Rich. An hundred guineas ſhall be the price of our firſt interview.

Mrs Mo. Be punctual, and be confident. Go out the back-way, that he may not ſee you.

L. Rich. Adieu, my Machiavel.

SCENE IV. *Mrs* Bellamant's *Houſe.*

Mrs BELLAMANT, *Mr* GAYWIT, EMILIA.

Mrs Bel. And ſo, Lady Willitt, after all her proteſtations againſt matrimony, has at laſt generouſly beſtowed herſelf on a young fellow with no fortune, the famous beau Smirk.

Emi.

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Emi. She was proof againſt every thing but charity.

Mr Gay. To which all other virtues ſhould be ſacrificed, as it is the greateſt; the ladies are apt to value themſelves on their virtue, as a rich citizen does on his purſe; and I do not know which is of the greateſt uſe to the public.

Mrs Bel. Nor I, which are the ofteneſt bankrupts.

Mr Gay. And as, in the city, they ſuſpect a man who is oſtentatious of his riches; ſo ſhould I the woman, who makes the moſt noiſe of her virtue.

Mrs Bel. We are all the leaſt ſollicitous about perfections, which we are well aſſured of our poſſeſſing. Flattery is never ſo agreeable as to our blind ſide. Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honeſty, and they will receive you into their boſoms.

Emi. Nay, I have known a pretty lady who was vain of nothing but her falſe locks; and have ſeen a pair of ſquinting eyes, that never ſmiled at a compliment made to any other feature.

Mr Gay. Yes, Madam, and I know a pretty gentleman, who obliges me very often with his ill ſpelt ſongs; and a very ugly poet who hath made me a preſent of his picture.

Emi. Well, ſince you ſee it is ſo agreeable to flatter one's blind-ſide, I think you have no excuſe to compliment on the other.

Mr Gay. Then I ſhall have a very good excuſe to make you no compliment at all. But this I aſſure you, Emilia, the firſt imperfection I diſcover, I will tell you of it with the utmoſt ſincerity.

Emi. And I aſſure you with the utmoſt ſincerity, I ſhall not thank you for it.

Mrs Bel. Then without any flattery, you are two of the moſt open plain-dealers I have met with.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Mrs BELLAMANT, EMILIA, *Lady* CHARLOTTE, *Mr* GAYWIT.

La. Char. Dear Mrs Bellamant, make ſome excuſe for me; I ſee Emilia is going to chide me for ſtaying ſo long. When, did ſhe know the fatigue I had this afternoon—I was juſt going into my coach, when lady Twitter came in, and forc'd me away to a fan-ſhop. Well, I have ſeen a ſet of the prettieſt fans to-day. My dear creature, where did you get that lace? I never ſaw any thing ſo raviſhing.

Emi. I cannot ſee any thing ſo extraordinary in it.

La. Char. It could not coſt leſs than ten pounds a yard——Oh! Mr Gaywit, are you here?

Emi. He goes with us to the play.

La. Char. Oh hateful! how can you bear him? I would as ſoon to the chapel with lady Prude: I ſaw the ridiculous creature cry at a tragedy.

Mrs Bel. Do you think he need be aſham'd of that, lady Charlotte?

La. Char. I wou'd as ſoon laugh at a comedy, or fall aſleep at an opera.

Mrs Bel. What is the play to-night?

La. Char. I never know that. Miſs Rattle and I ſaw four acts the other night, and came away without knowing the name. I think, one only goes to ſee the company, and there will be a great deal to-night; for the Ducheſs of Simpleton ſent to me this morning. Emilia, you muſt go with me after the play: I muſt make juſt fourteen viſits between nine and ten; yeſterday was the firſt payment I have made ſince I came to town, and I was able to compaſs no more than three and forty; tho' I only found my lady Sober at home, and ſhe was at quadrille—Lud, Mrs Bellamant, I think you have left off play, which is to me ſurpriſing, when you play'd ſo very well.

Mrs Bel. And yet I believe you hardly ever ſaw me win.

La. Char. I never mind whether I win or no, if I make no miſtakes.

Mr

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Mr Gay. Which you never fail of doing as often as you play.

La. Char. Do you hear him?

Emi. Oh! he ſets up for a plain-dealer, that is, one who ſhews his wit at the expence of his breeding.

La. Char. Yes, and at the expence of his truth.

Emi. Never mind him, lady Charlotte, you will have the town on your ſide.

Mr Gay. Yes, they will all ſpeak for you that play againſt you.

La. Char. This is downright inſupportable.

SCENE VI.

Mrs BELLAMANT, EMILIA, *Mr* GAYWIT, *Lady* CHARLOTTE, *Captain* BELLAMANT.

La. Char. Oh! here's Captain Bellamant ſhall be my voucher.

Cap. Bel. That you may be aſſured of, lady Charlotte, for I have ſo implicit a faith in your ladyſhip, that I know you are in the right before you ſpeak.

La. Char. Mr Gaywit does not allow me to play at quadrille.

Cap. Bel. He may as well deny that your ladyſhip ſees; beſides, I do not lay a great deal of weight on his judgment, whom I never ſaw play at all.

La. Char. Oh! abominable! then he does not live at all. I wiſh my whole life was one party at quadrille.

Cap. Bel. As a Spaniard's is a game at cheſs, egad.

Mrs Bel. I never intend to ſacrifice my time entirely to play, till I can get no one to keep me company for nothing.

Mr Gay. Right, Madam, I think the votaries to gaming, ſhou'd be ſuch as want helps for converſation: and none ſhould have always cards in their hands, but thoſe who have nothing but the weather in their mouths.

Mrs

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Mrs Bel. Thus gaming wou'd be of ſervice to the public of wit, by taking away the encouragers of nonſenſe; as a war is of ſervice to a nation, by taking the idle people out of it.

La. Char. Intolerable! Mrs Bellamant an advocate againſt play——

SCENE VII.

Lord RICHLY, *Mr* GAYWIT, *Captain* BELLAMANT, *Lady* CHARLOTTE, EMILIA, *Mrs* BELLAMANT.

L. Rich. Who is an advocate againſt play?

La. Char. Mrs Bellamant, my lord.

L. Rich. She is grown a perfect deſerter from the Beau Monde: ſhe has declar'd herſelf againſt Mr Crambo too.

La Char. Againſt dear Mr Crambo!

Mrs Bel. I am only for indulging reaſon in our entertainments, my lord. I muſt own, when I ſee a polite audience pleas'd at ſeeing Bedlam on the ſtage, I cannot forbear thinking them fit for no other place.

L. Rich. Now I am never entertain'd better.

La. Char. Nor I. Oh dear Bedlam! I have gone there once a week for a long time. I am charm'd with thoſe delightful creatures, the kings and the queens.

Cap. Bel. And your ladyſhip has contributed abundance of lovers, all kings, no doubt: for he that cou'd have the boldneſs to attempt you might with much leſs madneſs dream of a throne.

La. Char. Well, I ſhould like to be a queen. I fancy, 'tis very pretty to be a queen.

Cap. Bel. Were I a king, lady Charlotte, you ſhou'd have your wiſh.

La. Char. Ay, but then I muſt have you too—— I wou'd not have an odious, filthy he-creature for the world.

Mr. Gay. Faith you cannot eaſily find any who is leſs of the he-creature. [*aſide.*

Emi But, lady Charlotte, we ſhall be too late for the play.

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La. Char. I believe the first act is over, so we'll go. I don't believe I ever saw the first act of a play in my life-- ut do Byou think I'll suffer you in my coach?

Mr Gay. At least, you'll suffer me to put this lady into it.

Cap. Bel. And me to put your ladyship in.

La. Char. Dear Mrs Bellamant, your humble servant.

L. Rich. Shall I have the honour, in the mean time, of entertaining you at Piquet?

Mrs Bel. Your Lordship has such a vast advantage over me———

L. Rich. None in the least: but if you think so, Madam, I'll give you what points you please.

Mrs Bel. For one party then, my lord,——Get cards there—Your lordship will excuse me a moment.

L. Rich. Charming woman! and thou art mine, as surely as I with thee.—Let me see--she goes into the country in a fortnight——Now if I compass my affair in a day or two, I shall be weary of her by that time, and her journey will be the most agreeable thing that can happen.

SCENE VIII. *Mrs* Modern's *House.*

Mrs MODERN, *Mr* BELLAMANT.

Mrs Mo. Is it not barbarous, nay, mean, to upbraid me with what nothing but the last necessity could have made me ask of you.

Mr Bel. You wrong me; I lament my own necessities, not upbraid yours. My misfortune is too public for you not to be acquainted with it; and what restrains me from supporting the pleasures of the best wife in the world, may, I think, justly excuse me from supporting those of a mistress.

Mrs Mo. Do you insult me with yonr wife's virtue! You! who have robb'd me of mine?——yet Heaven will, I hope, forgive me this first slip; and if henceforth I ever listen to the Siren persuasions of your false ungraetful sex, may I——

Mr

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Mr Bel. But hear me, Madam.

Mrs Mo. Would I had never heard, nor ſeen, nor known you.

Mr Bel. If I alone have robb'd you of your honour, it is you alone have robb'd me of mine.

Mrs Mo. Your honour! ridiculous! the virtue of a man!

Mr Bel. Madam, I ſay, my honour; if to rob a woman who brought me beauty, fortune, love and virtue; if to hazard the making her miſerable, be no breach of honour, robbers and murderers may be honourable men: yet, this I have done, and this I do ſtill for you.

Mrs Mo. We will not enter into a detail, Mr Bellamant, of what we have done for one another: perhaps the balance may be on your ſide; if ſo, it muſt be ſtill greater; for I have one requeſt which I muſt not be denied.

Mr Bel. You know, if it be in my power to grant, it is not in my power to deny you.

Mrs Mo. Then, for the ſake of my reputation, and to prevent any jealouſy in my huſband, bring me acquainted with Mrs Bellamant.

Mr Bel. Ha!

Mrs Mo. By which means we ſhall have more frequent opportunities together.

Mr Bel. Of what what uſe your acquaintance can be, I know not.

Mrs Mo. Do you ſcruple it? This is too plain an evidence of your contempt of me: you will not introduce a woman of ſtain'd virtue to your wife: can you, who cauſed my crime, be the firſt to condemn me for it?

Mr Bel. Since you impute my caution to ſo wrong a cauſe, I am willing to prove your error.

Mrs Mo. Let our acquaintance begin this night then; try if you can bring her hither now.

Mr Bel. I will try, nay, and I will ſucceed: for oh! I have ſacrificed the beſt of wives to your love.

Mrs Mo. I envy, not admire her for an affection which any woman might preſerve to you.

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Mr Bel. I fly to execute your commands.

Mrs Mo. Stay——I——

Mr Bel. Speak.

Mrs Mo. I muſt aſk one laſt favour of you—and yet I know not how—tho' it be a trifle, and I will repay it——only lend me another hundred guineas.

Mr Bel. Your requeſt, Madam, is always a command. I think time flies with wings of lead till I return.

SCENE IX.

Mrs MODERN, *ſola.*

And I ſhall think you fly on golden wings, my dear gallant. Thou aſs, to think that the heart of a woman is to be won by gold as well as her perſon; but thou wilt find, though a woman often ſells her perſon, ſhe always gives her heart.

SCENE X. *Mrs* BELLAMANT'*s Houſe.*

Lord RICHLY, *Mrs* BELLAMANT, *at Piquet.*

L. Rich. Six parties ſucceſſively: ſure Fortune will change ſoon, or I ſhall believe ſhe is not blind.

Mrs Bel. No, my lord, you either play with too great negligence, or with ſuch ill luck that I ſhall preſs my victory no farther at preſent. Beſides, I can't help thinking five points place the odds on my ſide.

L. Rich. Can you change this note, Madam?

Mrs Bel. Let it alone, my lord.

L. Rich. Excuſe me, Madam, if I am ſuperſtitiouſly obſervant to pay my loſings, before I riſe from the table.——Beſides, Madam, it will give me an infinite pleaſure to have the fineſt woman in the world in my debt. Do but keep it till I have the honour of ſeeing you again. Nay, Madam, I muſt inſiſt on it, tho' I am forced to leave it in your hands thus——

SCENE

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SCENE XI.

Mrs BELLAMANT, *ſola.*

Mrs Bel. What can this mean!——I am confident too that he loſt the laſt party deſignedly. I obſerved him fix his eyes ſtedfaſtly on mine, and ſigh, and ſeem careleſs of his game.——It muſt be ſo——he certainly hath a deſign on me. I will return him this note immediately, and am reſolved never to ſee him more.

SCENE XII.

Mr BELLAMANT, *Mrs* BELLAMANT.

Mrs Bel. My dear! where have you been all day? I have not had one moment of your company ſince dinner.

Mr Bel. I have been upon buſineſs of very great conſequence, my dear.

Mrs Bel. Is it fit for me to hear?

Mr Bel. No, my dear, it would only make you uneaſy.

Mrs Bel. Nay, then I muſt hear it, that I may ſhare your concern.

Mr Bel. Indeed, it would rather aggravate it: it is not in your power to aſſiſt me; for ſince you will know it, an affair hath happen'd, which makes it neceſſary for me to pay an hundred guineas this very evening.

Mrs Bel. Is that all?

Mr Bel. That, indeed, was once a trifle——but now it makes me uneaſy.

Mrs Bel. So it doth not me, becauſe it is in my power to ſupply you.—Here is a note for that ſum; but I muſt be poſitively repaid within a day or two; it is only a friend's money truſted in my hands.

Mr Bel. My dear, ſure when Heaven gave me thee, it gave me a cure for every malady of the mind, and it hath made thee ſtill the inſtrument of all its good to me.

Mrs Bel. Be aſſured, I deſire no greater bleſſing than the continual reflection of having pleaſed you.

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Mr Bel. Are you engaged, my love, this evening?

Mrs Bel. Whatever engagement I have, it is in your power to break.

Mr Bel. If you have none, I will introduce you to a new acquaintance: one whom I believe you never visited, but must know by sight——Mrs Modern.

Mrs Bel. It is equal to me in what company I am, when with you. My eyes are so delighted with that principal figure, that I have no leisure to contemplate the rest of the piece. I'll wait on you immediately.

SCENE XIII.

Mr BELLAMANT, *solus.*

Mr Bel. What a wretch am I! Have I either honour or gratitude, and can I injure such a woman? How do I injure her! while she perceives no abatement in my passion, she is not injur'd by its inward decay: nor can I give her a secret pain, while she hath no suspicion of my secret pleasures. Have I not found too an equal return of passion in my mistress? Does she not sacrifice more for me than a wife can? The gallant is, indeed, indebted for the favours he receives: but the husband pays dearly for what he enjoys. I hope, however, this will be the last hundred pounds I shall be asked to lend. My wife's having this dear note, was as lucky as it was unexpected——Ha!——the same I gave this morning to Mrs Modern. Amazement! what can this mean?

SCENE XIV.

Mr BELLAMANT, *Mrs* BELLAMANT.

Mr Bel. My dear, be not angry at my curiosity, but pray tell me——how came you by this?

Mrs Bel. Pardon me, my dear, I have a particular reason for not telling you.

Mr Bel. And I have a particular reason for asking it.

Mrs

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Mrs Bel. I beg you not to preſs me: perhaps you will oblige me to ſacrifice a friend's reputation.

Mr Bel. The ſecret ſhall reſt in my boſom, I aſſure you.

Mrs Bel. But ſuppoſe I ſhould have promiſed not to ſuffer it from my own.

Mr Bel. A huſband's command breaks any promiſe.

Mrs Bel. I am ſurpriſed to ſee you ſo ſollicitous about a trifle.

Mr Bel. I am rather ſurpriſed to find you ſo tenacious of one; beſides, be aſſured, you cannot have half the reaſon to ſuppreſs the diſcovery, as I to inſiſt upon it.

Mrs Bel. What is your reaſon?

Mr Bel. The very difficulty you make in telling it.

Mrs Bel. Your curioſity ſhall be ſatisfied then; but I beg you will defer it now. I may get abſolved from my promiſe of ſecrecy. I beg you would not urge me to break my truſt.

Mr Bel. [*Aſide.*] She certainly hath not diſcovered my falſehood, that were impoſſible: beſides, I may ſatisfy myſelf immediately by Mrs Modern.

Mrs Bel. What makes you uneaſy? I aſſure you, there is nothing in this worth your knowing.

Mr Bel. I believe it, at leaſt I ſhall give up my curioſity to your deſire.

Mrs Bel. I am ready to wait on you.

Mr Bel. I muſt make a ſhort viſit firſt on what I told you, and will call on you immediately.

SCENE XV.

Mrs BELLAMANT *ſola.*

Mrs Bel. What can have given him this curioſity I know not; but ſhould I have diſcovered the truth, who can tell into what ſuſpicions it might have betrayed him? his jealous honour might have reſolved on ſome fatal return to Lord Richly, had he taken it in the ſame way as I do; whereas by keeping the ſecret, I preſerve him every way from danger; for

I

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I myſelf will ſecure his honour without expoſing his perſon. I will myſelf give Lord Richly his diſcharge. How near have I been unawares to the brink of ruin! For ſurely, the lighteſt ſuſpicion of a huſband, is ruin indeed!

When innocence can ſcarce our lives defend;
What dangers muſt the guilty wife attend?

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Mrs* Modern's *Houſe*.

Mr MODERN, *Mrs* MODERN.

Mr MODERN.

IN ſhort, Madam, you ſhall not drive a ſeparate trade at my expence. Your perſon is mine: I bought it lawfully in the church; and unleſs I am to profit by the diſpoſal, I ſhall keep it all for my own uſe.

Mrs Mo. This inſolence is not to be borne.

Mr Mo. Have I not winked at all your intrigues? Have I not pretended buſineſs, to leave you and your gallants together? Have I not been the moſt obſequious, obſervant——

Mrs Mo. Out with it; you know what you are.

Mr Mo. Do you upbraid me with your vices, Madam?

Mrs Mo. My vices!——Call it obedience to a huſband's will. Can you deny that you have yourſelf perſuaded me to the undertaking? Can you forget the arguments you uſed to convince me that virtue was the lighteſt of bubbles?

Mr Mo. I own it all; and had I felt the ſweets of your pleaſures, as at firſt, I had never once upbraided you with them; but as I muſt more than ſhare the diſhonour, it is ſurely reaſonable I ſhould ſhare the profit.

Mrs Mo. And have you not?

Mr

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Mr Mo. What if I have———

Mrs Mo. Why do you complain then?

Mr Mo. Becauſe I find thoſe effects no more. Your cards run away with the lucre of your other pleaſures—and you loſe to the knaves of your own ſex what you get from the fools of ours.

Mrs Mo. 'Tis falſe; you know I ſeldom loſe——— Nor indeed can I conſiderably; for I have not lately had it in my power to ſtake high: Lord Richly, who was the fountain of our wealth, hath long been dry to me.

Mr Mo. I hope, Madam, this new gallant will turn to a better account.

Mrs Mo. Our amour is yet too young to expect any fruit from thence.

Mr Mo. As young as it is, I have reaſon to believe it is grown to perfection. Whatever fruits I may expect from him, it is not impoſſible, from what hath already happened, but I may expect ſome from you, and that is not golden fruit. I am ſure if women ſprung from the earth, as ſome philoſophers think, it was from the clay of Egypt, not the ſands of Peru. Serpents and crocodiles are the only fruit they produce.

Mrs Mo. Very true; and a wife contains the whole ten plagues of her country. [*Laughing.*

Mr Mo. Why had I not been a Turk, that I might have enſlaved my wife; or a Chineſe, that I might have ſold her!

Mrs Mo. That would have been only the cuſtom of the country: you have done more, you have ſold her in England; in a country, where women are as backward to be ſold to a lover as to refuſe him; and where cuckold is almoſt the only title of honour that can't be bought.

Mr Mo. This ludicrous behaviour, Madam, as ill becomes the preſent ſubject, as the entertaining new gallants doth the tenderneſs you this morning expreſſed for your reputation. In ſhort, it is impoſſible that your amours ſhould be ſecret long; and however careleſs you have been of me whilſt I have had my horns

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horns in my pocket, I hope you'll take care to gild them when I am to wear them in public.

Mrs Mo. What would you have me to do?

Mr Mo Suffer me to discover you together; by which means we may make our fortunes easy all at once. One good discovery in Westminster-hall will be of greater service than his utmost generosity—The law will give you more in one moment, than his love for many years.

Mrs Mo. Don't think of it.

Mr Mo. Yes, and resolve it; unless you agree to this, Madam, you must agree immediately to break up our house, and retire into the country.

Mrs Mo. Racks and tortures are in that name.

Mr Mo. But many more are in that of a prison: so you must resolve either to quit the town, or submit to my reasons.

Mrs Mo. When reputation is gone, all places are alike: when I am despised in it, I shall hate the town as much as now I like it.

Mr Mo. There are other places, and other towns; the whole world is the house of the rich, and they may live in what apartment of it they please.

Mrs Mo. I cannot resolve.

Mr Mo. But I can: if you will keep your reputation, you shall carry it into the country, where it will be of service—In town it is of none—or if it be, 'tis, like clogs, only to those that walk on foot; and the one will no more recommend you in an assembly than the other.

Mrs Mo. You never had any love for me.

Mr Mo. Do you tax me with want of love for you? Have I not, for your sake, stood the public mark of infamy? Would you have had me poorly kept you, and starv'd you?——No——I could not bear to see you want; therefore have acted the part I've done: and yet, while I have wink'd at the giving up your virtue, have I not been the most industrious to extol it every where?

Mrs Mo. So has Lord Richly, and so have all his creatures; a common trick among you, to blazon

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blazon out the reputation of women whose virtue you have destroyed, and as industriously blacken them who have withstood you: a deceit so stale, that your commendation would sully a woman of honour.

Mr Mo. I have no longer time to reason with you: so I shall leave you to consider on what I have said. [*Exit.*

Mrs Mo. What shall I do! can I bear to be the public scorn of all the malicious and ugly of my own sex, or retire with a man whom I hate and despise? Hold, there is a small glimpse of hope that I may avoid them both. I have reason to think Bellamant's love as violent as he avers it. Now could I persuade him to fly away with me —— Impossible! he hath still too much tenderness for his wife.

SCENE II.

Lord RICHLY, *Mrs* MODERN.

L. Rich. What success, my angel?

Mrs Mo. Hope all, my lord, that lovers wish, or husbands fear: she will be here.

L. Rich. When?

Mrs Mo. Now, to night, instantly.

L. Rich. Thou glory of intrigue! what words shall thank thee?

Mrs Mo. No words at all, my lord; a hundred pounds must witness the first interview.

L. Rich. They shall; and if she yields, a thousand.

Mrs Mo. That you must not expect yet.

L. Rich. By Heaven, I do; I have more reason to expect it than you imagine: I have not been wanting to my desires since I left you. Fortune too seems to have watched for me. I got her to piquet, threw away six parties, and left her a bank-note of a hundred for the payment of six pounds.

Mrs Mo. And did she receive it?

L. Rich. With the same reluctance that a lawyer or physician would a double fee, or a court-priest a plurality.

Mrs Mo. Then there is hope of success, indeed.

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L. Rich. Hope; there is certainty: the next attempt must carry her.

Mrs Mo. You have a hundred friends in the garrison, my lord.

L. Rich. And if some of them do not open the gates for me, the devil's in it. I have succeeded often by leaving money in a lady's hands: she spends it, is unable to pay, and then I, by virtue of my mortgage, immediately enter upon the premises.

Mrs Mo. You are very generous, my lord.

L. Rich. My money shall always be the humble servant of my pleasures: and it is the interest of men of fortune to keep up the price of beauty, that they may have it more among themselves.

Mrs Mo. I am as much pleased as surprised at this your prospect of success; and from this day forward I will think with you all virtue to be only pride, caprice, and the fear of shame.

L. Rich. Virtue, like the Ghost in Hamlet, is here, there, every where, and no where at all; its appearance is as imaginary as that of a ghost; and they are much the same sort of people who are in love with one, and afraid of the other. It is a ghost which hath seldom haunted me, but I had the power of laying it.

Mrs Mo. Yes, my lord, I am a fatal instance of that power.

L. Rich. And the dearest, I assure you, which is some sacrifice to your vanity; and shortly I will make an offering to your revenge, the two darling passions of your sex.

Mrs Mo. But how is it possible for me to leave you together without the most abrupt rudeness?

L. Rich. Never regard that; as my success is sure, she will hereafter thank you for a rudeness so seasonable.

Mrs Mo. Mr Bellamant too will be with her.

L. Rich. He will be as agreeably entertained with you in the next room; and as he does not suspect the least design in me, he will be satisfied with my being in her company.

Mrs

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Mrs Mo. Sure you will not attempt his wife while he is in the houſe.

L. Rich. Piſh! he is in that dependence on my intereſt, that, rather than forfeit my favour, he would be himſelf her pander. I have made twenty ſuch men ſubſcribe themſelves cuckolds, by the proſpect of one place, which none of them ever had.

Mrs Mo. So that your fools are not caught like the fiſh in the water by a bait, but like the dog in the water by a ſhadow.

L. Rich. Beſides, I may poſſibly find a pretence of ſending him away.

Mrs. Mo. Go then to the chocolate houſe, and leave a ſervant to bring you word of their arrival. It would be better you ſhould come in to them than they find you here.

L. Rich. I will be guided by you in all things; and be aſſured the conſummation of my wiſhes ſhall be the ſucceſs of your own. [*Exit Lord* Richly.

Mrs Mo. That they ſhall, indeed, tho' in a way you little imagine. This forwardneſs of Mrs Bellamant's meets my ſwifteſt wiſhes. Could I once give Bellamant reaſon to ſuſpect his wife, I deſpair not of the happieſt effect of his paſſion for me.——Ha! he's here, and alone.

SCENE III.

Mr BELLAMANT, *Mrs* MODERN.

Mrs Mo. Where's Mrs Bellamant?

Mr Bel. She will be here immediately. But I choſe a few moments privacy with you; firſt to deliver you this, and next to aſk you one queſtion, which do not be ſtartled at. Pray, how did you employ that note you received this morning?

Mrs Mo. Nay, if you expect an account of me, perhaps you will ſtill do ſo: ſo let me return you this

Mr Bel. Do not ſo injuriouſly miſtake me. Nothing but the moſt extraordinary reaſon could force me to aſk you; know then, that the very note you had

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had of me this morning, I received within this hour from my wife.

Mrs Mo. Ha, ha, ha!

Mr Bel. Why do you laugh, Madam?

Mrs Mo. Out of triumph, to see what empty politicians men are found, when they oppose their weak heads to ours! On my conscience a parliament of women would be of very great service to the nation.

Mr Bel. Were all ladies capable as Mrs Modern, I should be very ready to vote on their side.

Mrs Mo. Nay, nay, Sir, you must not leave out your wife, especially you that have the best wife in the world, ha, ha, ha!

Mr Bel. Forgive me, Madam, if I have been too partial to a woman whose whole business hath been to please me.

Mrs Mo. Oh! you have no reason to be ashamed of your good opinion; you are not singular in it, I assure you; Mrs Bellamant will have more votes than one.

Mr Bel. I am indifferent how many she has, since I am sure she will make interest but for one.

Mrs Mo. "It is the curse of fools to be secure,
"And that be thine and Altamont's."
Ha, ha, ha!

Mr Bel. I cannot guess your meaning.

Mrs Mo. Then to introduce my explanation, the note you lent me I lost at Piquet to Lord Richly.

Mr Bel. To Lord Richly!

Mrs Mo. Who perhaps might dispose of it to some who might lend it to others, who might give it to those who might lose it to your wife.

Mr Bel. I know not what to suppose.

Mrs Mo. Nor I; for sure one cannot suppose especially since you have the best wife in the world; one cannot suppose that it could be a present from Lord Richly to herself; that she received it; that in return she hath sent him an assignation to meet her here.

Mr

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Mr Bel. Suppoſe, hell and damnation! No.

Mrs Mo. But certainly one could not affirm that this is truth.

Mr Bel. Affirm!

Mrs Mo. And yet all this is true; as true as ſhe is falſe. Nay, you ſhall have an inſtance; an immediate, undeniable inſtance. You ſhall ſee it with your own eyes, and hear it with your own ears.

Mr Bel. Am I alive?

Mrs Mo. If all the huſbands of theſe beſt wives in the world are dead, we are a ſtrange nation of ghoſts. If you will be prudent, and be like the reſt of your brethren, keep the affair ſecret; I aſſure you I'll never diſcover it.

Mr Bel. Secret! yes, as inward fire, till ſure deſtruction ſhall attend its blaze. But why do I rage? It is impoſſible; ſhe muſt be innocent.

Mrs Mo. Then Lord Richly is ſtill a greater villain, to belie that innocence to me. But give yourſelf no pain or anxiety, ſince you are ſo ſhortly to be certain. Go fetch her hither: Lord Richly will be here almoſt as ſoon as you: then feign ſome excuſe to leave the room; I will ſoon follow you, and convey you where you ſhall have an opportunity of being a witneſs either to her innocence or guilt.

Mr Bel. This goodneſs, my ſweeteſt creature, ſhall bind me yours for ever.

Mrs Mo. To convince you that is all I deſire, I am willing to leave the town and reputation at once, and retire with you where-ever you pleaſe.

Mr Bel. That muſt be the ſubject of our future thoughts: I can think of nothing now but ſatisfaction in this affair. [*Exit.*

Mrs Mo. Do you demur to my offer, Sir? oh, the villain! I find I am to be only a momentary object of his looſer pleaſures, and his wife yet ſits neareſt his heart. But I ſhall change the angel form ſhe wears into a devil's——Nor ſhall my revenge ſtop there—But at preſent I muſt reſolve my temper into a calm ——Lately.

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SCENE IV.

Mrs MODERN, LATELY.

Mrs Mo. Come hither, Lately; get me ſome citron-water. I am horribly out of order.

Late. Yes, Madam.

Mrs Mo. To be ſlighted in this manner! inſupportable!——What is the fool doing?

Late. There is no citron-water left. Your ladyſhip drank the laſt half-pint this morning.

Mrs Mo. Then bring the cinnamon-water, or the ſurfeit-water, or the anniſed water, or the plague-water, or any water.

Late. Here, Madam.

[*Brings the bottle and glaſs, and fills.*

Mrs Mo. [*Drinks. Looks in the glaſs.*]—Lord, how I look!——Oh! frightful—I am quite ſhocking.

Late. In my opinion your ladyſhip never looked better.

Mrs Mo. Go, you flatter, I look like my Lady Grim.

Late. Where are your Ladyſhip's little eyes, your ſhort noſe, your wan complexion, and your low forehead.

Mrs Mo. Which nature, in order to hide, hath carefully placed between her ſhoulders; ſo that if you view her behind, ſhe ſeems to walk without her head, and leſſens the miracle of St Dennis.

Late. Then her left hip is tucked up under her arm, like the hilt of a beau's ſword; and her diſdainful right is never ſeen, like its blade.

Mrs Mo. Then ſhe has two legs, one of which ſeems to be the dwarf of the other, and are alike in nothing but their crookedneſs.

Late. And yet ſhe thinks herſelf a beauty.

Mrs Mo. She is, indeed, the perfection of uglineſs.

Late. And a wit, I warrant you.

Mrs Mo. No doubt ſhe muſt be very quick-ſighted, for her eyes are almoſt crept into her brain.

Late.

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Late. } He, he, he!
Mrs Mo. }

Mrs Mo. And yet the deteſtable creature hath not had ſenſe enough, with all her deformity, to preſerve her reputation.

Late. I never heard, I own, any thing againſt that.

Mrs Mo. You hear, you fool, you dunce, what ſhould you hear? Have not all the town heard of a certain Colonel?

Late. Oh! lud! what a memory I have! Oh, yes, Madam, ſhe has been quite notorious. It is ſurpriſing a little diſcretion ſhould not preſerve her from ſuch public——

Mrs Mo. If ſhe had my diſcretion, or yours, Lately.

Late. Your Ladyſhip will make me proud, indeed, Madam.

Mrs Mo. I never could ſee any want of ſenſe in you, Lately. I could not bear to have an inſenſible creature about me. I know ſeveral women of faſhion I could not ſupport for a tiring-woman. What think you of Mrs Charmer?

Late. Think of her! that were I a man, ſhe ſhould be the laſt woman I attacked. I think her an ugly, ungenteel, ſquinting, flirting, impudent, odious, dirty, puis,

Mrs Mo. Upon my word, Lately, you have a vaſt deal of wit too.

Late. I am beholden for all my wit, as well as my clothes, to your Ladyſhip. I wiſh your Ladyſhip wore out as much clothes as you do wit, I ſhould ſoon grow rich.

Mrs Mo. You ſhall not complain of either. Oh! [*Knocking.*] They are come, and I will receive them in another room. [*Exit.*

Late. I know not whether my talent of praiſe or of ſlander is of more ſervice to me; whether I get more by flattering my Lady, or abuſing all her acquaintance.

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SCENE V.

JOHN, LATELY.

John. So, Mrs Lately, you forget your old acquaintance; but times are coming when I may be as good as another, and you may repent your inconstancy.

Late. Odious fellow!

John. I would have you to know I look on myſelf to be as good as your new ſweetheart, though he has more lace on his livery, and may be a year or two younger, and as good a man I am too; and ſo you may tell him. Why does not he ſtay at home? What does he come into our family for?

Late. Who gave you authority to enquire, Sirrah?

John. Marry, that did you when you gave me a promiſe to marry me: well, I ſhall ſay no more; but times are coming, when you may wiſh you had not forſaken me. I have a ſecret.

Late. A ſecret! Oh, let me hear it.

John. No, no, miſtreſs; I ſhall keep my ſecrets as well as you can yours.

Late. Nay, now you are unkind; you know, tho' I ſuffer Tom Briſk to viſit me, you have my heart ſtill.

John. Ah, you do but ſay ſo! You know too well how much I love you. Then I'll tell you, my dear; I am going to the devil for you.

Late. The devil you are! Going to the devil for me! what does the fool mean?

John. Ay, I am to get an hundred pounds that you may marry me.

Late. A hundred pounds! and how are you to get a hundred pounds, my dear John?

John. Only by a little ſwearing.

Late. What are you to ſwear?

John. Nay, if I tell you, it would be double perjury; for I have ſworn already I would not truſt it with any body.

Late. Oh, but you may truſt me.

John. And if you ſhould truſt ſomebody elſe——

Late.

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Late. The devil fetch me if I do.

John. Then my maſter is to give me an hundred pounds to ſwear that he is a cuckold.

Late. What's this?

John. Why, my maſter has offered me an hundred pounds, if I diſcover my lady and Mr Bellamant in a proper manner; and let me but ſee them together, I'll ſwear to the manner, I warrant you.

Late. But can you do this with a ſafe conſcience?

John. Conſcience, pſhaw; which would you chuſe, a huſband with a hundred pound, or a ſafe conſcience? Come, give me a dram out of your miſtreſs's cloſet; and there I'll tell you more.

Late. Come along with me.

SCENE VI.

SCENE *changes to another apartment.*

Lord RICHLY, *Mr* BELLAMANT, *Mrs* BELLAMANT, *Mrs* MODERN.

L. Rich. Well, madam, you have drawn a moſt delightful ſketch of life.

Mrs Mo. Then it is ſtill life; for I dare ſwear there never were ſuch people breathing.

Mrs Bel. Don't you believe then, madam, it is poſſible for a married couple to be happy in one another, without deſiring any other company.

Mrs Mo. Indeed, I do not know what it may have been in the plains of Arcadia; but truly, in thoſe of Great Britain, I believe not.

L. Rich. I muſt ſubſcribe to that too.

Mrs Bel. Mr Bellamant, what ſay you?

Mr Bel. Oh! my dear, I am entirely of your mind.

L. Rich. This is a miracle almoſt equal to the other, to ſee a huſband and wife of the ſame opinion. I muſt be a convert too; for it would be the greateſt miracle of all to find Mrs Bellamant in the wrong.

Mrs Bel. It would be a much greater to find want of complaiſance in Lord Richly.

Mr

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Mr Bel. [*Aſide.*] Confuſion!

Mrs Mo. Nay, madam, this is hardly ſo; for I have heard his lordſhip ſay the ſame in your abſence.

L. Rich. Dear Bellamant, I believe I have had an opportunity to ſerve you this afternoon. I have ſpoke to lord Powerful; he ſays, he is very willing to do for you. Sir Peter, they tell me, is given over, and I fancy you may find my lord at home now.

Mr Bel. I ſhall take another opportunity, my lord, a particular affair now preventing me.

L. Rich. The loſs of an hour hath been often the loſs of a place; and unleſs you have ſomething of greater conſequence, I muſt adviſe you as a friend.

Mr Bel. I ſhall find a method of thanking you.

[*Aſide.*

Mrs Mo. Make this a handle to ſlip out, I'll come into the next room to you.

[*Aſide to Mrs* Bellamant.

Mr Bel. My lord, I am very much obliged to your friendſhip. My dear, I'll call on you in my return: Mrs Modern, I am your humble ſervant.

SCENE VII.

Lord RICHLY, *Mrs* BELLAMANT, *Mrs* MODERN.

L. Rich. I wiſh you ſucceſs; you may command any thing in my power to forward it.

Mrs Bel. Mr Bellamant is more indebted to your lordſhip, than he will be ever able to pay.

L. Rich. Mr Bellamant, madam, has a friend, who is able to pay more obligations than I can lay on him.

Mrs Mo. I am forc'd to be guilty of a great piece of rudeneſs, by leaving you one moment.

L. Rich. And I ſhall not be guilty of loſing it.

[*Aſide.*

Mrs Bel. What can this mean? [*Aſide.*

SCENE

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SCENE VIII.

Lord RICHLY, *Mrs* BELLAMANT.

L. Rich. And can you think, Madam, of retiring from the general admiration of mankind?

Mrs Bel. With pleaſure, my lord, to the particular admiration of him who is to me all mankind.

L. Rich. Is it poſſible any man can be ſo happy?

Mrs Bel. I hope, my lord, you think Mr Bellamant ſo.

L. Rich. If he be ſo, I pity him much leſs for his loſſes, than I envy him the love of her in whoſe power it may be to redreſs them.

Mrs Bel. You ſurpriſe me, my lord: in my power!

L. Rich. Yes, madam; for whatever is in the power of man, is in yours: I am ſure, what little aſſiſtance mine can give, is readily at your devotion. My intereſt and fortune are all in theſe dear hands; in ſhort, madam, I have languiſh'd a long time for an opportunity to tell you, that I have the moſt violent paſſion for you.

Mrs Bel. My lord, I have been unwilling to underſtand you; but now your expreſſions leave me no other doubt, but whether I hate or deſpiſe you moſt.

L. Rich. Are theſe the ungrateful returns you give my love?

Mrs Bel. Is this the friendſhip you have profeſs'd to Mr Bellamant?

L. Rich. I'll make his fortune. Let this be an inſtance of my future favours.

[*Puts a bank note into her hand: ſhe throws it away.*

Mrs Bel. And this of my reception of them. Be aſſured, my lord, if you ever renew this unmannerly attack on my honour, I will be reveng'd; my huſband ſhall know his obligations to you.

L. Rich. I have gone too far to retreat, madam; if I cannot be the object of your love, let me be oblig'd to your prudence. How many families are ſupported by this method which you ſtart at? Does not many

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many a woman in this town drive her husband's coach?

Mrs Bel. My lord, this insolence is intolerable, and from this hour I will never see your face again.

[*A noise without.*

L. Rich. Hey! what is the meaning of this?

SCENE IX.

Mr MODERN, *with servants*, *Mr* BELLAMANT, *Mrs* MODERN, *Lord* RICHLY, *Mrs* BELLAMANT.

Mr Mo. Come out, strumpet, show thy face and thy adulterer's before the world; thou shalt be a severe example of the vengeance of an injur'd husband.

L. Rich. I have no farther business here at present; for I fear, more husbands have discover'd injuries than one. [*Exit.*

Mrs Bel. Protect me, Heavens! what do I see!

Mr Bel. This was a master-piece of my evil genius.

Mrs Mo. Sir, this insult upon my reputation shall not go unreveng'd; I have relations, brothers, who will defend their sister's fame from the base attacks of a perfidious husband, from any shame he would bring on her innocence.

Mr Mo. Thou hast a forehead that would defend itself from any shame whatsoever; that you have grafted on my forehead, I thank you, and this worthy gentleman.

Mrs Mo. Sir, you shall smart for the falsehood of this accusation. [*Exit.*

Mr Mo. Madam, you shall smart for the truth of it; this honest man, [*Pointing to the servant.*] is evidence of the fact, of your dishonour and mine. And for you, Sir, [*To* Bellamant,] you may depend upon it, I shall take the strictest satisfaction which the law will give me: so I shall leave you at present, to give satisfaction to your wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE

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SCENE X.

Mr BELLAMANT, *Mrs* BELLAMANT.

Mr Bel. [*After ſome pauſe.*] When the criminal turns his own accuſer, the merciful judge becomes his advocate: guilt is too plainly written in my face to admit of a denial, and I ſtand prepar'd to receive what ſentence you pleaſe.

Mrs Bel. As you are your own accuſer, be your own judge; you can inflict no puniſhment on yourſelf equal to what I feel.

Mr Bel. Death hath no terrors equal to that thought. Ha! I have involv'd thee too in my ruin, and thou muſt be the wretched partaker of my misfortunes.

Mrs Bel. While I was aſſur'd of your truth, I could have thought that happineſs enough; yet, I have ſtill this to comfort me, the ſame moment that has betray'd your guilt, has diſcover'd my innocence.

Mr Bel. Oh! thou ungrateful fool, what ſtores of bliſs hait thou in one vicious moment deſtroy'd! [*To himſelf.*] Oh! my angel, how have I requited all your love and goodneſs? For what have I forſaken thy tender virtuous paſſion?

Mrs Bel. For a new one. How could I be ſo eaſily deceiv'd? How could I imagine there was ſuch truth in man, in that inconſtant fickle ſex, who are ſo prone to change; that to indulge their fondneſs for variety, they would grow weary of a paradiſe to wander in a deſert.

Mr Bel. How weak is that compariſon to ſhew the difference between thee, and every other woman!

Mrs Bel. I once had that eſteem of you; but hereafter, I ſhall think all men the ſame; and when I have wean'd myſelf of my love for you, will hate them all alike.

Mr Bel. Thy ſentence is too juſt. I own, I have deſerv'd it; I never merited ſo good a wife. Heaven ſaw it had given too much, and thus has taken the bleſſing from me.

Mrs Bel. You will ſoon think otherwiſe. If abſence from me can bring you to thoſe thoughts, I am reſolv'd to favour them,

Mr

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Mr Bel. Thou ſhalt enjoy thy wiſh; we will part, part this night, this hour. Yet, let me aſk one favour; the ring which was a witneſs of our meeting, let it be ſo of our ſeparation. Let me bear this as a memorial of our love. This ſhall remind me of all the tender moments we have had together, and ſerve to aggravate my ſorrows: henceforth I'll ſtudy only to be miſerable; let Heaven make you happy, and curſe me as it pleaſes.

Mrs Bel. It cannot make me more wretched than you have made me.

Mr Bel. Yet, do believe me when I ſwear, I never injur'd you with any other woman. Nay, believe me when I ſwear, how much ſoever I may have deſerv'd the ſhame I ſuffer, I did not now deſerve it.

Mrs Bel. And muſt we part?

Mr Bel. Since it obliges you.

Mrs Bel. That I may have nothing to remember you by, take back this, and this, and this, and all the thouſand embraces thou haſt given me —— till I die in thy lov'd arms —— and thus we part for ever.

Mr Bel. Ha!

Mrs Bel. Oh! I forgive thee all: forget it as a frightful dream —— it was no more, and I awake to real joy.

Mr Bel. Oh! let me preſs thee to my heart; for every moment that I hold thee thus, gives bliſs beyond expreſſion, a bliſs no vice can give. Now life appears deſirable again. Yet ſhall I not ſee thee miſerable? Shall I not ſee my children ſuffer for their father's crime?

Mrs Bel. Indulge no more uneaſy thoughts; fortune may have bleſſings yet in ſtore for us and them.

Mr Bel. Excellent goodneſs! My future days ſhall have no wiſh, no labour, but for thy happineſs; and from this hour, I'll never give thee cauſe of a complaint.

And whatſoever rocks our fates may lay
In life's hard paſſage to obſtruct our way,
Patient, the toilſome journey I'll abide;
And bleſs my fortune with ſo dear a guide.

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ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Mr* Bellamant's *Houſe.*

EMILIA *ſpeaking to a ſervant, afterwards Lady* CHARLOTTE.

EMILIA.

IT is very ſtrange you will not give me the liberty of denying myſelf; that you will force me to be at home, whether I will or no.

Serv. I had no ſuch orders from your Ladyſhip.

Emi. Well, well, go wait upon her up. I am but in an ill humour to receive ſuch a viſit; I muſt try to make it as ſhort as I can.

La. Char. Emilia, good-morrow: am not I an early creature? I have been ſo frightened with ſome news I have heard —— I am heartily concerned for you, my dear, I hope the fright has not done you any miſchief.

Emi. I am infinitely obliged to you, Lady Charlotte.

La. Char. Oh! I could not ſtay one moment; you ſee I hurried into my chair to you half undreſt; never was creature in ſuch a pickle, ſo frightful; Lud! I was obliged to draw all the curtains round me.

Emi. I don't perceive that you had any reaſon for that, Lady Charlotte.

La. Char. Why, did you ever ſee any thing ſo hideous, ſo odious as this gown? Well, Emilia, you have certainly the prettieſt fancy in the world. I like what you have on now, better than Lady Pinup's, tho' hers coſt ſo much more. Some people have the ſtrangeſt way of laying out their money. You remember our engagement to-night.

Emi. You muſt excuſe me; it will look very odd to ſee me abroad on this occaſion.

La. Char. Not odd in the leaſt. No-body minds theſe things. There's no rule upon ſuch occaſions. Sure, you don't intend to ſtay at home, and receive formal viſits.

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Emi. No; but I intend to ſtay at home, and receive no viſits.

La. Cha. Why, child, you will be laugh'd at by all the town. There never was ſuch a thing done in the world; ſtaying at home is quite left off upon all occaſions; a woman ſcarce ſtays at home a week for the death of a huſband. Dear Emilia, don't be ſo awkward: I can make no excuſe for you; Lady Polite will never forgive you.

Emi. That I ſhall be ſorry for: but I had rather not be forgiven by her, than by myſelf.

SCENE II.

Captain BELLAMANT, *Lady* CHARLOTTE, EMILIA.

Cap. Bel. Siſter, good-morrow; Lady Charlotte abroad ſo early?

La. Char. You may well be ſurprized; I have not been out at this hour theſe fifty years.

Cap. Bel. You will never be able to hold it out till night.

Emi. [*Aſide.*] I am ſure if ſhe ſhould take it in her head to ſtay with me, I ſhall not: and unleſs ſome dear creature, like herſelf, ſhould come and take her away, I ſeem to be in danger.

La. Char. [*To* Bellamant, *after a whiſper.*] Don't tell me of what I ſaid laſt night. Laſt night was laſt year; an age ago; and I have the worſt memory in the world.

Cap. Bel. You ſeem to want one, egad!

La. Char. Indeed, I do not. A memory would be of no uſe to me; for I was never of the ſame mind twice in my life: and though I ſhould remember what I ſaid at one time, I ſhould as certainly remember not to do it another.

Cap. Bel. You dear agreeable creature! ſure, never two people were ſo like one another as you and I are. We think alike, we act alike, and ſome people think, we are very much alike in the face.

La. Char. Do you hear him, Emilia? He has made one of the moſt ſhocking compliments to me; I believe,

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I believe, I shall never be able to bear a looking-glass again

Cap. Bel. Faith, and if it was not for the help of a looking-glass, you would be the most unhappy creature in the world.

La. Char. Impertinent!

Cap. Bel. For then you would be the only person debarr'd from seeing the finest face in the world.

Emi. Very fine indeed.

La. Char. Civil enough. I think I begin to endure the wretch again now.

Cap. Bel. Keep but in that mind half an hour—

La. Char. Emilia, good-morrow; you will excuse the shortness of my visit.

Emi. No apologies on that account, lady Charlotte,

La. Char. You are a good creature, and know the continual hurry of business I am in——Don't you follow me, you thing you. [*To Cap.* Bellamant.

Cap. Bel. Indeed, lady Charlotte, but I shall, and I hope to some purpose. [*Aside.*

SCENE III.

EMILIA *alone.*

Emi. So I am once more left to my own thoughts. Heaven knows, they are like to afford me little entertainment. Oh! Gaywit, too much I sympathize with thy uneasiness. Didst thou know the pangs I feel on thy account, thy generous heart would suffer more on mine. Ha! my words have rais'd a spirit.

SCENE V.

EMILIA, *Mr* GAYWIT.

Mr Gay. I hope, madam, you will excuse a visit at so unseasonable an hour.

Emi. Had you come a little earlier, you had met a mistress here.

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Mr. Gay. I met the lady you mean, madam, at the door, and captain Bellamant with her.

Emi. You are the moſt cavalier lover I know; you are no more jealous of a rival with your miſtreſs, than the moſt polite huſband is of one with his wife.

Mr Gay. A man ſhould not be jealous of his friend, madam; and I believe, captain Bellamant will be ſuch to me in the higheſt manner. I wiſh I were ſo bleſt in another heart as he appears to be in lady Charlotte's. I wiſh I were as certain of gaining the woman I do love, as of loſing her I do not.

Emi. I ſuppoſe, if your amour be of any date, you can eaſily gueſs at the impreſſions you have made.

Mr Gay. No, nor can ſhe gueſs at the impreſſion ſhe has made on me; for unleſs my eyes have done it, I never acquainted her with my paſſion.

Emi. And that your eyes have done it, you may be aſſured, if you have ſeen her often. The love that can be conceal'd, muſt be very cold indeed: but, methinks, it is ſomething particular in you to deſire to conceal it.

Mr Gay. I have been always fearful to diſcloſe a paſſion, which I know not whether it be in my power to purſue. I would not even have given her the uneaſineſs to pity me, much leſs have tried to raiſe her love.

Emi. If you are ſo tender of her, take care you never let her ſuſpect ſo much generoſity. That may give her a ſecret pang.

Mr Gay. Heaven forbid it ſhould, one equal to thoſe I feel; leſt, while I am endeavouring to make my addreſſes practicable, ſhe ſhould unadviſedly receive thoſe of another.

Emi. If ſhe can diſcover your love as plain as I can, I think you may be eaſy on that account.

Mr Gay. He muſt dote like me who can conceive the ecſtaſy theſe words have given.

Emi. [*knocking.*] Come in.

Serv. Your honour's ſervant, Sir, is below.

Mr Gay. I come to him—Madam, your moſt obedient ſervant; I go on buſineſs which will by noon give

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give me the satisfaction of thinking I have preserv'd the best of fathers to the best of women. [*Exit.*

Emi. I know he means mine; but why do I mention that, when every action of his life leaves me no other doubt than whether it convinces me more of his love, or his deserving mine?

SCENE V. *Lord* RICHLY'S *House.*

Lord RICHLY, SERVANT.

L. Rich. Desire Mr Bellamant to walk in. What can the meaning of this visit be? Perhaps he comes to make me propositals concerning his wife; but my love shall not so far get the better of my reason, as to lead me to an extravagant price; I'll not go above two thousand, that's positive.

SCENE VI.

Lord RICHLY, *Mr* BELLAMANT.

L. Rich. My dear Bellamant.

Mr Bel. My lord, I have receiv'd an obligation from you, which I thus return.

[*Gives him a bank-bill.*

L. Rich. Pish! trifles of this nature can hardly be call'd obligations; I would do twenty times as much for dear Jack Bellamant.

Mr Bel. The obligation, indeed, was to my wife, nor hath she made you a small return; since it is to her intreaty you owe your present safety, your life.

L. Rich. I am not appriz'd of the danger; but would owe my safety to no one, sooner than to Mrs Bellamant.

Mr Bel. Come, come, my lord; this prevarication is low and mean: you know you have us'd me basely, villainously; and under the cover of acquaintance and friendship, have attempted to corrupt my wife; for which, but that I would not suffer the least breath of scandal to sully her reputation, I would exact such vengeance on thee ——

L. Rich. Sir, I must acquaint you, that this is a language I have not been us'd to.

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Mr Bel. No, the language of flatterers and hireling ſycophants has been what you have dealt in—wretches, whoſe honour and love are as venal as their praiſe. Such your title might awe, or your fortune bribe to ſilence; ſuch you ſhould have dealt with, and not have dared to injure a man of honour.

L. Rich. This is ſuch preſumption——

Mr Bel. No, my lord, yours was the preſumption, mine is only juſtice, nay, and mild too; unequal to your crime, which requires a puniſhment from my hand, not from my tongue.

L. Rich. Do you conſider who I am?

Mr Bel. Were you as high as heraldry could lift you, you ſhould not injure me unpuniſh'd. Where grandeur can give licence to oppreſſion, the people muſt be ſlaves, let them boaſt what liberty they pleaſe.

L. Rich. Sir, you ſhall hear of this.

Mr Bel. I ſhall be ready to juſtify my words by any action you dare provoke me to: and be aſſur'd of this, if ever I diſcover any future attempts of yours to my diſhonour, your life ſhall be its ſacrifice. Henceforward, my lord, let us behave as if we had never known one another. [*Exit.*

L. Rich. Here's your man of ſenſe now.——He was half ruin'd in the houſe of lords a few days ago, and is in a fair way of going the other ſtep in Weſtminſter-hall in a few days more; yet has the impudence to threaten a man of my fortune and quality, for attempting to debauch his wife; which many a fool who rides in his coach and ſix, would have had ſenſe enough to have wink'd at.

SCENE VII.

Lord RICHLY, *Mr* GAYWIT.

Mr Gaywit. Your lordſhip is contemplative.

L. Rich. So, nephew, by this early viſit, I ſuppoſe you had ill luck laſt night; for where fortune frowns on you, ſhe always ſmiles on me, by bleſſing me with your company.

Mr Gay. I have long ſince put it out of the power of fortune to do me either favour or injury.

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jury. My happineſs is now in the power of another miſtreſs.

L. Rich. And thou art too pretty a fellow not to have that miſtreſs in your power.

Mr Gay. The poſſeſſion of her, and in her of all my deſires, depends on your conſent.

L. Rich. You know, Harry, you have my conſent to poſſeſs all the women in town, except thoſe few that I am particular with; provided you fall not foul of mine, you may board and plunder what veſſels you pleaſe.

Mr. Gay. This is a veſſel, my Lord, neither to be taken by force, nor hired by gold. I muſt buy her for life, or not board her at all.

L. Rich. Then the principal thing to be conſidered is her cargo. To marry a woman merely for her perſon, is buying an empty veſſel; and a woman is a veſſel, which a man will grow curſed weary of in a long voyage.

Mr Gay. My Lord, I have had ſome experience in women, and I believe, that I never could be weary of the woman I now love.

L. Rich. Let me tell you, I have had ſome experience too, and I have been weary of forty women that I have loved.

Mr Gay. And perhaps, in all that variety, you may not have found one of equal excellence with her I mean.

L. Rich. And pray, who is this paragon you mean?

Mr Gay. Muſt I, my Lord, when I have painted the fineſt woman in the world, be obliged to write Miſs Bellamant's name to the picture.

L. Rich. Miſs Bellamant!

Mr Gay. Yes, Miſs Bellamant.

L. Rich. You know Mr Bellamant's loſſes; you know what happened yeſterday, which may entirely finiſh his ruin; and the conſequence of his ruin muſt be the ruin of his daughter: which will certainly throw her virtue into your power; for poverty as ſurely brings a woman to capitulation, as ſcarcity of proviſion does a garriſon.

Mr

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Mr Gay. I cannot take this advice, my Lord: I would not take advantage from the misfortunes of any; but surely, not of the woman I love.

L. Richly. Well, Sir, you ſhall aſk me no more; for if my conſent to your ruin will oblige you, you have it.

Mr Gay. My Lord, I ſhall ever remember this goodneſs, and will be ready to ſign any inſtrument to ſecure a very large fortune to Lady Charlotte when you pleaſe.

SCENE VIII.

Lord RICHLY, *ſolus.*

Now, if he takes my conſent from my own word, I may deny it afterwards, ſo I gain the whole eſtate for my daughter, and bring an entire deſtruction upon Bellamant and his whole family. Charming thought! that would be a revenge, indeed; nay, it may accompliſh all my wiſhes too; Mrs Bellamant may be mine at laſt.

SCENE IX.

Lord RICHLY, *Mr* MODERN.

Mr Mo. My Lord, I was honoured with your commands.

L. Rich. I believe I ſhall procure the place for you, Sir.

Mr Mo. My obligations to your Lordſhip are ſo infinite, that I muſt always be your ſlave.

L. Rich. I am concerned for your misfortune, Mr Modern.

Mr Mo. It is a common misfortune, my Lord, to have a bad wife. I am ſomething happier than my brethren in the diſcovery.

L. Rich. That, indeed, may make you amends more ways than one. I cannot diſſuade you from the moſt rigorous proſecution; for though dear Jack Bellamant be my particular friend, yet in caſes of this nature, even friendſhip itſelf muſt be thrown up. Injuries of this kind are not to be forgiven.

Mr.

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Mr Mo. Very true, my lord; he has robb'd me of the affections of a wife, whom I lov'd as tenderly as myself; forgive my tears, my lord——I have loft all I held dear in this world.

L. Rich. I pity you indeed; but comfort yourself with the hopes of revenge.

Mr Mo. Alas! my lord, what revenge can equal the difhonour he has brought upon my family? Think on that, my lord; on the difhonour I muft endure. I cannot name the title they will give me.

L. Rich. It is fhocking, indeed!

Mr Mo. My eafe for ever loft, my quiet gone, my honour ftain'd; my honour, my lord. Oh! 'tis a tender wound.

L. Rich. Laws cannot be too rigorous againft offences of this nature: juries cannot give too great damages. To attempt the wife of a friend.——To what wickednefs will men arrive?——Mr Modern, I own, I cannot blame you in puhing your revenge to the utmoft extremity.

Mr Mo. That I am refolv'd on. I have juft receiv'd an appointment from your lordfhip's nephew, Mr Gaywit; I fuppofe to give me fome advice in the affair.

L. Rich. [*Afide.*] Ha! that muft be to diffuade him from the profecution.——Mr Modern, if you pleafe, I'll fet you down; I have fome particular bufinefs with him: befides, if he knows any thing that can be of fervice to you, my commands fhall enforce the difcovery. Bid the coachman pull up.

Mr Mo. I am the moft oblig'd of all your lordfhip's flaves.

SCENE X. *Another apartment.*

Lady CHARLOTTE, *Captain* BELLAMANT, *and* SERVANT.

La. Char. My lord gone out! then, d'ye hear, I am at home to nobody.

Cap. Bel. That's kind, indeed, lady Charlotte, to let me have you all to myfelf.

La.

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La. Char. You! you confident thing! how came you here? Don't you remember, I bad you not to follow me?

Cap. Bel. Yes, but it's so long ago, that I'm surpris'd you should remember it.

La Char. Indeed, Sir, I always remember to avoid what I don't like. I suppose you don't know that I hate you of all things.

Cap. Bel. Not I, upon my soul! the duce take me, if I did not think you had lik'd me, as well as I lik'd you, ha, ha.

La. Char. I like you, impossible! why, don't you know, that you are very ugly?

Cap. Bel. Pshaw! that's nothing; that will all go off; a month's marriage takes off the homeliness of a husband's face, as much as it does the beauty of a wife's

La. Char. And so you would insinuate that I might be your wife? O horrible! shocking thought!

Cap. Bel. Nay, Madam, I am as much frighten'd at the thoughts of marriage as you can be.

La. Char. Indeed, Sir, you need not be under any apprehensions of that kind, upon my account.

Cap. Bel. Indeed, but I am, Madam; for what an unconsolable creature wou'd you be, if I should take it in my head to marry any other woman?

La. Char. Well, he hath such an excessive assurance, that I am not really sure whether he is not agreeable. Let me die, if I am not under some sort of suspense about it—and yet I am not neither——for to be sure I don't like the thing—and yet methinks, I do too—and yet I do not know what I should do with him neither—Hi, hi, hi! this is the foolishest circumstance that ever I knew in my life.

Cap. Bel. Very well! sure marriage begins to run in your head at last, madam.

La. Char. A propos! do you know that t'other day, lady Betty Shuttlecock and I laid down the prettiest scheme for matrimony, that ever enter'd into the taste of people of condition.

Cap. Bel. Oh! pray let's hear it.

La. Char. In the first place then, whenever she

or

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or I marry, I am resolv'd positively to be mistress of myself; I must have my house to myself, my coach to myself, my servants to myself, my table, time, and company to myself; nay, and sometimes, when I have a mind to be out of humour, my bed to myself.

Cap. Bel. Right, Madam; for a wife and husband always together, are, to be sure, the flattest company in the world.

La. Char. O detestable! Then I will be sure to have my own humour in every thing; to go, come, dine, dance, play, sup, at all hours, and in whatever company I have a mind to: and if ever he pretends to put on a grave face upon my enjoying any one of those articles, I am to burst out in his face a laughing. Won't that be prodigious pleasant? Ha! ha! ha!

Cap. Bel. O charmingly charming! Ha! ha! what a contemptible creature is a woman, that never does any thing without consulting her husband?

La. Char. Nay, there you're mistaken again, sir: for I would never do any thing without consulting my husband.

Cap. Bel. How so, dear Madam?

La. Char. Because sometimes one may happen to be so low in spirits, as not to know one's own mind; and then, you know, if a foolish husband should happen to say a word on either side, why one determines on the contrary, without any farther trouble.

Cap. Bel. Right, Madam; and a thousand to one, but the happy rogue, your husband, might warm his indolent inclinations too from the same spirit of contradiction, ha, ha.

La. Char. Well, I am so passionately fond of my own humour, that let me die, if a husband were to insist upon my never missing any one diversion this town affords, I believe in my conscience, I should go twice a day to church to avoid them.

Cap. Bel. O fy! you would not be so unfashionable a creature!

La. Char. Ay, but I would tho'. I do not care what I do, when I'm vext.

Cap. Bel. Well! let me perish, this is a most delectable

delectable ſcheme. Don't you think, Madam, we ſhall be vaſtly happy?

La. Char. We! what we? Pray, who do you mean, Sir?

Cap. Bel. Why, lady Betty Shuttlecock and I: why, you muſt know this is the very ſcheme ſhe laid down to me laſt night; which ſo vaſtly charm'd me, that we reſolv'd to be married upon it to-morrow morning.

La. Char. What do you mean?

Cap. Bel. Only to take your advice, Madam, by allowing my wife all the modiſh privileges that you ſeem ſo paſſionately fond of.

La. Char. Your wife? why, who's to be your wife, pray? You don't think of me, I hope.

Cap. Bel. One wou'd think, you thought I did: for you refuſe me as oddly, as if I had aſk'd you the queſtion: not, but I ſuppoſe, you would have me think now, you have refus'd me in earneſt.

La. Char. Ha! ha! ha! that's well enough; why, ſweet Sir, do you really think I am not in earneſt?

Cap. Bel. No, faith, I can't think you are ſo ſilly, as to refuſe me in earneſt, when I only aſk'd you in jeſt. [*Both.*] Ha! ha! ha!

La. Char. Ridiculous!

Cap. Bel. Delightful! Well, after all, I am a ſtrange creature, to be ſo merry, when I am juſt going to be married.

La. Char. And had you ever the aſſurance to think I would have you?

Cap. Bel. Why, faith! I don't know but I might, if I had ever made love to you—Well, lady Charlotte, your ſervant. I ſuppoſe you'll come and viſit my wife, as ſoon as ever ſhe ſees company.

La. Char. What do you mean?

Cap. Bel. Seriouſly what I ſay, Madam; I am juſt now going to my lawyer to ſign my marriage articles with Lady Betty Shuttlecock.

La. Char. And are you going in earneſt?

Cap. Bel. Poſitively, ſeriouſly.

La. Char. Then I muſt take the liberty to tell

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you, Sir, you are the greateſt villain that ever liv'd upon the face of the earth. [*She burſts into tears.*

Cap. Bel. Ha! what do I ſee? is it poſſible! O my dear, dear Lady Charlotte, can I believe myſelf the cauſe of theſe tranſporting tears! O! till this inſtant never did I taſte of happineſs.

La. Cha. Ha, ha! nor I, upon my faith, Sir! Ha, ha!

Cap. Bel. Hey day! what do you mean?

La Cha. That you are one of the ſilliеſt animals that ever open'd his lips to a woman.——Ha, ha! O I ſhall die! Ha, ha!

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, here's a letter for you.

Cap. Bel. So, it's come in good time. If this does not give her a turn, egad, I ſhall have all my pla[illegible] to go over again ——Lady Charlotte, you'll give me leave.

La. Char. O Sir! billet-doux are exempt from ceremony.

Cap. Bel. [*After reading to himſelf.*] Ha, ha! Well, my dear lady Charlotte, I am vaſtly glad to ſee you ſo eaſy. Upon my ſoul, I was afraid you was really in love with me: but ſince I need have no farther apprehenſions of it, I know you won't take it ill if I obey the ſummons of my wife that is to be—— Lady Betty has ſent for me.——You'll excuſe me if I am confin'd a week or two with my wife for the preſent: when that's over, you and I will laugh and ſing and coquette as much as ever we did: and ſo, dear Lady Charlotte, your humble ſervant. [*Exit.*

La. Char. What can the creature mean? I know not what to think of him! Sure it can't be true! But if it ſhould be true——I can't believe it true.—And yet it may be true too———I am reſolv'd to be ſatisfied———Here, who's there? Will no body hear? Who's there, I ſay?

Enter SERVANT.

Deſire Captain Bellamant to ſtep back again.

Serv. He's juſt gone out, Madam,

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La. Char. Then it's certainly true.——Get me a chair this moment— this inſtant——Go, run, fly! I am in ſuch a hurry, I don't know what I do. O hideous! I look horridly frightful—But I'll follow him juſt as I am——I'll go to Lady Betty's.——If I find him there, I ſhall certainly faint.——I muſt take a little hartſhorn with me. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Mr GAYWIT, *Mrs* MODERN, *meeting in his lodgings.*

Mr Gay. This is exactly the time I appointed her to meet me here. Ha! ſhe comes. You are punctual as a young lover to his firſt appointment.

Mrs Mo. Women commonly begin to be moſt punctual when men leave it off: our paſſions ſeldom reach their meridian before yours ſet.

Mr Gay. We can no more help the decreaſe of our paſſions than you the increaſe of yours; and tho' like the ſun I was obliged to quit your hemiſphere, I have left you a moon to ſhine in it.

Mrs Mo. What do you mean?

Mr Gay. I ſuppoſe you are by this no ſtranger to the fondneſs of the gentleman I introduc'd to you; nor will you ſhortly be to his generoſity. He is one who has more money than brains, and more generoſity than money.

Mrs Mo. Oh, Gaywit, I am undone: you will too ſoon know how; will hear it perhaps with pleaſure, ſince it is too plain, by betraying me to your friend, I have no longer any ſhare in your love.

Mr Gay. Blame not my inconſtancy, but your own.

Mrs Mo. By all our joys, I never loved another.

Mr Gay. Nay, will you deny what conviction has long ſince conſtrain'd you to own? Will you deny your favours to Lord Richly?

Mrs Mo. He had indeed my perſon, but you alone my heart.

Mr Gay. I always take a woman's perſon to be

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be the ſtrongeſt aſſurance of her heart. I think the love of a miſtreſs who gives up her perſon, is no more to be doubted than the love of a friend who gives you his purſe.

Mrs Mo. By Heavens, I hate and deſpiſe him equal with my huſband: and as I was forced to marry the latter by the commands of my parents, ſo I was given up to the former by the intreaties of my huſband.

Mr Gay. By the intreaties of your huſband!——

Mrs Mo. Hell and his blacker ſoul both know the truth of what I ſay————That he betrayed me firſt, and has ever ſince been the pander of our amour. To you my own inclinations led me. Lord Richly had paid for his pleaſures: to you they have ſtill been free. He was my huſband's choice: but you alone were mine.

Mr Gay. And have you not complied with Bellamant too!

Mrs Mo. Oh! blame not my neceſſities: he is, indeed, that generous creature you have ſpoke him.

Mr Gay. And have you not betrayed this generous creature to a wretch?

Mrs Mo. I ſee you know it all.————By Heavens, I have not: it was his own jealouſy, not my deſign: nay, he importuned me to have diſcovered Lord Richly in the ſame manner. Oh! think not any hopes could have prevailed on me to blaſt my fame. No reward could make me amends for that loſs. Thou ſhalt ſee by my retirement I have a ſoul too great to encounter ſhame.

Mr Gay I will try to make that retirement eaſy to you; and call me not ungrateful for attempting to diſcomfit your huſband's purpoſe, and preſerve my friend.

Mrs Mo. I myſelf will preſerve him: if my huſband purſue his intentions, my woman will ſwear that the ſervant own'd he was hir'd to be a falſe evidence againſt us.

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Mr Gay. Then, ſince the ſtory is already public, forgive this laſt bluſh I am obliged to put you to.

Mrs Mo. What do you mean?

Mr Gay. Theſe witneſſes muſt inform you.

SCENE XII.

Mr GAYWIT, *Mr* BELLAMANT, *Mrs* BELLAMANT, *Mrs* MODERN, EMILIA, *Capt.* MERIT.

Mrs Mo. Diſtraction! tortures!

Mr Gay. I have with difficulty brought myſelf to give you this ſhock; which nothing but the preſervation of the beſt of friends could have extorted, and which you ſhall be made amends for.

Mr Bel. Be not ſhock'd, Madam, it ſhall be your huſband's fault if you are farther uneaſy on this account.

Mr Gay. Come, Madam, you may yourſelf reap a benefit from what I have done, ſince it may prevent your being expoſed in another place.

Mrs Mo. All places to me are equal, except this. [*Exit.*

Mr Bel. Her misfortune moves my compaſſion.

Mr Gay. It is generous in you, Madam, to pity the misfortunes of a woman, whoſe faults are more her huſband's than her own.

SCENE XIII.

Lord RICHLY, *Mr* MODERN, *Mr* GAYWIT, *Mr* BELLAMANT, *Captain* MERIT, *Mrs* BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

L. Rich. Mr Gaywit, upon my word, you have the moſt ſplendid levee I have ſeen.

Mr Gay. I am ſorry, my lord, you have increaſed it by one who ſhould only grace the keeper of Newgate's levee; a fellow whoſe company is ſcandalous to your lordſhip, as it is odious to us all.

Mr

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Mr Bel. His Lordſhip is not the only man who goes abroad with his cuckold.

L. Rich. Methinks you have invited a gentleman to a very ſcurvy entertainment.

Mr Gay. You'll know, my lord, very ſhortly, wherefore he was invited, and how much you yourſelf are obliged to his kind endeavours: for would his wife have conſented to his intreaties, this pretended diſcovery had fallen on you, and you had ſupplied that gentleman's place.

L. Rich A diſcovery on me!

Cap Me. Yes, my lord, the whole company are witneſſes to Mrs Modern's confeſſion of it; that he betray'd her to your embraces with a deſign to diſcover you in them.

Mr Mo. My lord, this is a baſe deſign to ruin the humbleſt of your creatures in your lordſhip's favour.

L. Rich. How it ſhould have that effect I know not; for I do not underſtand a word of what theſe gentlemen mean.

Mr Gay. We ſhall convince your lordſhip.——— In the mean time I muſt beg you to leave this apartment: you may proſecute what revenge you pleaſe; but at law we ſhall dare to defy you. The damages will not be very great which are given to a voluntary cuckold.

Emi. Tho' I ſee not why! for it is ſurely as much a robbery to take away a picture unpaid for from the painter who would ſell it, as from the gentleman who would keep it.

Mr Mo. You may have your jeſt, Madam; but I will be paid ſeverely for it. I ſhall have a time of laughing in my turn. My Lord, your moſt obedient ſervant.

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SCENE XIV.

Lord RICHLY, *Mr* GAYWIT, *Mr* BELLAMANT, *Captain* BELLAMANT, *Lady* CHARLOTTE, *Mrs* BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

Mr Gay. He will find his miſtake and our conqueſt ſoon enough. And now, my lord, I hope you will ratify that conſent you gave me this morning, and complete my happineſs with this lady.

L. Rich. Truly, nephew, you miſunderſtood me, if you imagined I promiſed any ſuch thing. However, tho' you know I might inſiſt on my brother's will, yet let Mr Bellamant give his daughter a fortune equal to yours, and I ſhall not oppoſe it: and till then I ſhall not conſent.

Mr Gay. Ha!

Cap. Bel. I hope your lordſhip has not determined to deny every requeſt; and therefore I may hope your bleſſing. [*Kneels.*

L. Rich. What does this mean?

Cap. Bel. Lady Charlotte, my lord, has given me this right. Your daughter———

L. Rich. What of her?

Cap. Bel. Is my wife.

L. Rich. Your wife!

Cap. Bel. Nay, if you will not give me your bleſſing you may let it alone: I would not kneel any longer to you, tho' you were the Great Mogul.

L. Rich. Very well! This is your doing, Mr Bellamant, or rather my own. Confuſion! my eſtate, my title, and my daughter, all contribute to aggrandize the man I muſt hate, becauſe he knows I would have wrong'd him! Well, Sirs, whatever pleaſures you may ſeem to take at my ſeveral diſappointments, I ſhall take very little trouble to be revenged on any of you; being heartily convinced that in a few months you will be ſo many mutual plagues to one another.

SCENE

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SCENE *the laſt*,

Mr GAYWIT, *Mr* BELLAMANT, *Captain* BELLAMANT, *Lady* CHARLOTTE, *Mrs* BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

Mr Bel. Methinks I might have been conſulted on this affair.

La. Char. We had no time for conſultation; our amour has been of a very ſhort date.

Cap. Bel. All our love is to come, Lady Charlotte.

La. Char. I expect a deal of love after marriage, for what I have bated you before it.

Cap. Bel. I never aſked you the queſtion till I was ſure of you.

La. Char. Then you knew my mind better than myſelf; for I never reſolved to have you till I had you.

Mr Gay. Now, my dear Emilia, there is no bar in our way to happineſs. Lady Charlotte has made my Lord's conſent unneceſſary too. Your father has already bleſſed me with his; and it is now in your power to make me the happieſt of mankind.

Emi. I ſuppoſe you follow my brother's method, and never aſk till you are ſure of obtaining.

Mr Bel. Gaywit, my obligations to you are beyond my power of repaying; and while I give you what you aſk, I am ſtill heaping greater favours on myſelf.

Mr Gay. Think not ſo when you beſtow on me more than any man can merit.

Mr Bel. Then take the little all I have! and may you be as happy with her as I am in theſe arms [*Embracing Mrs* Bellamant.]——whence the whole world ſhall never eſtrange me more.

Mrs Bel. I am too happy in that reſolution.

Mr Gay. Lady Charlotte, I made a promiſe this day to your father in your favour, which I am reſolved to keep, though he hath broken his. I know your good-nature and good-ſenſe will forgive a fault which love has made me commit—Love, which directs our inclinations, in ſpite of equal and ſuperior charms.

La. Char. No excuſes, dear Sir; my inclinations were as whimſical as yours,

Cap.

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Cap. Bel. You have fairly got the ſtart, Lady Charlotte.

Mr Gay. My Bellamant! my friend! my father! what a tranſport do I feel from the proſpect of adding to your future happineſs! Let us henceforth be one family, and have no other conteſt but to outvie in love.

Mr Bel. My ſon! Oh, what happineſs do I owe to thy friendſhip! And may the example of my late misfortune warn thee to fly all ſuch encounters: and ſince we are ſetting out together in the road to happineſs, take this truth from an experienced traveller:

> However ſlight the conſequence may prove
> Which waits unmarried libertines in love,
> Be from all vice divorc'd before you wed,
> And bury falſehood in the bridal bed.

EPI-

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EPILOGUE.

Written by COLLY CIBBER Esq;

Spoken by Mrs HERON.

AS malefactors, on their dying day,
Have always something at the tree, to say:
So I, before to exile I go down,
With my hard helpless fate will warn the town.
Fatal Quadrille! Fly! fly the tempting evil!
For when our last stake's lost, 'tis sure the devil!
With curst Quadrille avoid my fatal shame,
Or if you can't—at least—play all the game.
Of spotless fame, be chary as your lives!
Keep wide of proof, and you're the best of wives!
Husbands most faults, not public made, connive at;
The trip's a trifle—when the frailty's private.
What can a poet hope, then, that reveals 'em?
The fair might like the play, whose plot conceals 'em:
For who would favour plays to be thus us'd?
None ever were by operas abus'd!
Or could they warble scandal out at random,
Where were the harm, while none could understand 'em?
But I no more must hear those melting strains,
Condemn'd, alas! to woods and lonely plains!
Gay masquerades now turn'd to country-fairs,
And croaking rooks supply soft eunuch's airs.
No Ring, no Mall—no rat, tat, tat, at doors:
And O hard fate! for dear Quadrille—All-fours.
No more new plays: but that's a small offence,
Your taste will shortly banish them from hence.
Yet e'er I part, methinks it were to wrong you,
Not to bequeath some legacies among you.

My

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EPILOGUE.

My reputation I for prudes intend,
In hopes their ſtrictneſs what's amiſs will mend.
My young gallants let ancient maidens kill;
And take my huſband—any ſoul that will!
Our author to the ſpotleſs fair I give,
For his chaſte wife to grant him a reprieve:
Whatever faults to me may be imputed,
In her you view your virtues unpolluted.
In her ſweet mind even age and wand'ring youth
Muſt own the tranſport of connubial truth.
Thus each extreme is for inſtruction meant,
And ever was the ſtage's true intent,
To give reward to virtue, vice its puniſhment.

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EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs HERON.

IN dull retirement ere I go to grieve,
Ladies, I am return'd, to take my leave.
Prudes, I suppose, will, with their old good-ntaure,
Shew their great virtue, and condemn the creature:
They fail not at th' unfortunate to flout,
Not because naughty—but because——found out.
Why, faith——if these discoveries succeed,
Marriage will soon become a trade, indeed!
This trade, I'm sure, will flourish in the nation;
'Twill be esteem'd below no man of fashion,
To be a member of the——Cuckold's corporation!
What interest will be made! what mighty doing! -
To be directors for the year ensuing!
And 'tis exceeding difficult to say,
Which end of this chaste town wou'd win the day.
Oh! shou'd no chance this corporation stop,
Where shou'd we find one house without a shop?
How wou'd a wife, hung out, draw beaux in throngs!
To hire your dears, like Dominos, at Long's!
There would be dainty days! when every ninny
Might put them on and off—for half-a-guinea!
Oh! to behold th' embroider'd trader grin,
"My wife's at home—Pray, gentlemen, walk in!"
Money alone men will no more importune,
When ev'ry beauty makes her husband's fortune!

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EPILOGUE.

While juries value virtue at this rate,
Each wife is (when diſcover'd) an eſtate!
A wife with gold is mixing gall with honey;
But here you loſe your wife by what you gain your ***money.***
And now, t'obey a dull poetic ſentence,
In lonely woods I muſt purſue repentance!
Ye virgins pure, ye modeſt matrons, lend
Attentive ears to your departing friend.
If fame unſpotted be the thing ye drive at,
Be virtuous, if you can; if not, be private—
But hold!—Why ſhou'd I leave my ſiſter-ſinners,
To dwell 'mongſt innocents, or young beginners?
Frailty will better with the frail go down:
So hang the ſtupid Bard!—I'll ſtay in town.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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